

FOUR FAMOUS SOLDIERS

SIR CHARLES NAPIER,
HODSON OF HODSON'S HORSE,
SIR WILLIAM NAPIER, SIR HERBERT EDWARDS.

BY

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PREFACE.

OF the four biographies collected in this volume, those of Hodson and Sir William Napier, and the earlier portion of that of Sir Herbert Edwardes, originally appeared in the *National Review*. They have, however, been carefully revised. *Sir William Napier* remains almost untouched : but the other two have undergone, in parts, considerable change. A few slight errors of detail have been corrected, a few sentences re-written : what appeared superfluous has been struck out ; and important additions have been made. The biography of Sir Charles Napier and the latter part of that of Sir Herbert Edwardes are published now for the first time. To each of the four a bibliographical note is appended, with critical remarks on such of the authorities as seemed to call for criticism. In narrating those parts of the lives of Sir Charles Napier, Hodson, and Sir Herbert Edwardes which have been the subject of controversy, I have

given specific references for my statements; and, wherever my information has been derived from private correspondence or conversation, I have, I think, said enough to show the trustworthiness of the authority.

Short though these biographies are, they are based upon exhaustive research. Nor have I written with more brevity than seemed consistent with doing the fullest justice of which I was capable to the subject. I tried simply to consider what there was in the story of each of my four heroes that deserved remembrance: I set it down as well as I could; and I left the number of pages to take care of itself.

In writing the life of Sir Charles Napier, I have, of course, devoted particular attention to the conquest and administration of Scinde. I have tried to place myself at the standpoint of the enquirer whose sole aim is, objective truth, and therefore, also, in a sympathetic spirit, at the standpoints of the various actors; and I hope I have succeeded in throwing some light upon what was before obscure.

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SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

CHARLES JAMES, the eldest son of Colonel the Honourable George and Lady Sarah Napier, was born at Whitehall on the 10th of August, 1782. On the side of his father, he was descended from Montrose and from the Napier who invented logarithms; on that of his mother, a daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, from Charles the Second, and therefore also from Henry of Navarre. He always believed that his father was, in genius, at least the equal of Wellington, and accounted for his not having risen to eminence by the theory that men in power feared him and resented his want of subservience. Whatever may be the value of this estimate, George Napier was certainly a remarkable man. Six feet three in height, and built in proportion, he was spoken of by Sir Joshua Reynolds as a model of strength and manly beauty; and all who knew him were impressed by the force, the disinterestedness, and the generosity of his character.

When his eldest son was three years old, Colonel Napier settled at Celbridge, a small town on the Liffey, ten miles from Dublin. Owing to an accident,

caused by the carelessness of his nurse, Charles was often ailing as a child ; and, in strange contrast to his herculean father, he grew up a small and meagre boy. But he very early gave promise of future greatness. Even in childhood he passionately longed for fame, and dreamed of winning it in war ; yet he was so tender and sympathetic, that it grieved him to think that the meanest animal was in pain. Once, while still so young that he could barely speak, hearing a crow caw, he began to cry, and, stretching out his little hands, exclaimed, "What matta, poor bird? What matta?" Nor would he be quieted until he had been told, over and over again, that the bird was not unhappy. So sensitive a child could not but be alive to every danger : but, stimulated by love of glory and admiration for heroism, whenever he felt fear he would force himself to beat it down. One day, in his eleventh year, having gone out angling, he had just caught a fish, when, before he had time to secure it, a large eagle swooped down, perched upon his shoulders, and carried it off. Undaunted, he pursued his sport, and, as soon as he had caught another fish, held it up, challenging the eagle to attack again, and brandishing the spear-end of his rod.

In 1794, at the age of twelve, he received a commission in the 33rd regiment, of which the future Duke of Wellington was then major. Soon afterwards he was transferred to the 89th, forming part of an army, of which his father was assistant quarter-

master-general, assembled, at Notley Camp under Lord Moira. Young Napier was taken to the camp; and there, although he did not actually join his regiment, he naturally became familiar with military life. After a short stay, he was sent back to Ireland, and exchanged into the 4th regiment; but, as he was still too young to join, was placed as a day-boy at Celbridge School.

His precocious intimacy with soldiers had already left its mark upon his character. In manner and habits he had little in common with the ordinary schoolboy. He bore himself, indeed, as if he were conscious that he was already an officer. All boys hate injustice; but Napier was so exceptionally sensitive to it, that once, when his master had struck him for a supposed offence, he shut himself up in a closet for hours, weeping and brooding over his grievance, and did not regain his equanimity for a week. He never quarrelled or fought. Yet, quiet and reserved as he was, he rapidly established an almost absolute ascendancy over his school-fellows. Signs of coming rebellion were already manifest in Ireland; and young Napier, noting that in many places bodies of yeomanry were being raised, determined to organise the boys of his school as a corps of volunteers. The idea was as daring as it was original; for nearly all the boys belonged to Catholic families, who were naturally indisposed to support the Government. Napier, however, persuaded the boys to consent to his project; and uniforms, flags,

drums, and rude fusils, were provided by their parents. The corps formed, a party of the boys tried to secure the command for John Judge, one of the seniors, the best pugilist in the school, and the foremost in all games ; but, with singular good sense, the lad snubbed his would-be supporters, and insisted that Napier, as the only one who had any knowledge of military affairs, should be elected chief. The faction submitted ; and the slender, sensitive boy formed and inspired his volunteers, some of whom were five years older than himself, while nearly all had been taught to regard him as a heretic, and to abhor the Government which he desired to uphold.

Meanwhile events were passing around him which caused young Napier to reflect with a seriousness disproportionate to his age. The loyal and the disaffected were equally savage. Bands of malcontents in quest of arms nightly attacked Protestant houses ; while poor peasants were often carried into the town, dead or dying from wounds which had been inflicted upon them by passing soldiers or yeomen. When, in 1798, the rebellion broke out, Colonel Napier, refusing to follow the example of the families who fled to Dublin, fortified his house, armed his five sons, and awaited an attack, which, though often threatened, was never delivered. At a later period, he was accepted as the virtual commander of a company of militia, stationed at Castletown, and, accompanied by his eldest son, often scoured the country at their head. The boy's mind, thus early habituated to

scenes of bloodshed and civil strife, was quickened by intercourse with two old family servants, a nurse and a butler, who, with natural eloquence, strove to nourish every aspiration of his soul.

In 1799 this unconventional, yet fitting education came to an end; and Charles Napier, then a boy of seventeen, commenced his public career as aide-de-camp to Sir James Duff, the commander of the Limerick district. Towards the end of 1800 he was appointed to a lieutenancy in the 95th, or Rifle Corps, and proceeded to join his new comrades at Blatchington. A cordial friendship soon arose between him and his captain, Cameron, a youth scarcely older than himself, and holding opinions similar to his own. From the more boisterous acquaintances into whose society he was cast he learned a habit of swearing, which, though he blamed himself for it, he never overcame. At the same time he imbibed other lessons which he never had reason to forget. It was borne in upon his mind that discipline is the greatest secret of war, and that one of the most important duties of an officer is to acquire a thorough knowledge of his men. Nevertheless, as his prospects of active service appeared to recede, and he became oppressed by the contrast between the excitement of his boyhood and the monotony of barrack life, his spirits fell. The news of the peace of Amiens filled him with anxiety for his future. "Sometimes," he wrote to his mother, with whom he kept up a regular correspondence, "my thought is to sell my commission, and purchase

one in Germany or elsewhere : but my secret wish cannot be fulfilled, which is to have high command with British soldiers. Rather let me command Esquimaux than be a subaltern of Rifles forty years old." Though still only nineteen, he led a life very different from that of the ordinary subaltern. Except on the rare occasions when he went to evening parties, he had little amusement. Billiards he was fond of : but fearing to be drawn into playing for money, he hardly ever touched a cue. Every moment that he could spare in the day-time he devoted to reading ; and from five o'clock, when the mess was over, he read on again till ten. Home-sickness early seized him ; and it needed all his force of will and all the distraction afforded by the company of pretty girls to enable him to fight against it. "I am a determined rake," he wrote, "in love with four misses at once ! I rode across the Downs, twelve miles after dark, to dance with one of them, and then came home at day-break. Yet would to heaven I could get home !"

After a short visit to London, where, with an austere resolution, he checked the longings of his passionate nature for pleasure, Napier was sent on a recruiting mission to Ireland, and thence proceeded to Shorncliffe, to rejoin his regiment. In the following June, 1803, he went over to Dublin, to join his cousin, General Fox, who, having been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the troops in Ireland, had given him a place on his staff. Soon afterwards, Fox was

transferred to the London district, and Napier accompanied him thither. The income of the young officer was inadequate to his expenses in the capital: he was again attacked by melancholy; and hearing that his brother William had been gazetted in the 52nd regiment, he fretted at not being able to join him. "What a curse," he complained, "to have a turn of mind similar to mine. Great exertion or perfect tranquillity is necessary to me, who have not that superior intellect which can regulate itself." But his gloomiest descriptions of his own melancholy were generally lighted up by a flash of humour. "Last night," he told his mother, "I sat up till two o'clock, writing on the old subject of grievances, and lashing myself into a fury with everything. Abusing the army, pulling off my breeches, cursing creditors, and putting out the candle all in a minute, I jumped into bed, and lay there blaspheming, praying, and perspiring for two hours, when sleep came. What I wrote is not worth sending, however, being full of jokes, politics, and blue devils."

Towards the end of the year he was gazetted in the staff corps; but the promotion gave him no pleasure. He had come more and more to detest the army, and almost despaired of being able to conquer the feeling. "To me," he wrote, "military life is like dancing up a long room with a mirror at the end against which we cut our faces; and so the deception ends. It is thus gaily men follow their trade of blood, thinking it glitters; but to me it appears with-

out brightness or reflection—a dirty red!” But feelings of this sort, in a nature so ardent as his, must either be subdued, and transmuted into a generous enthusiasm, or lead to aimless perturbation of soul, blank despair, and moral wreck. Confronted by the alternatives of forcing himself cordially to embrace, if he could never love, his profession, of degenerating into a pitiful grumbler, or of starving, Napier made a supreme effort, and braced himself to make the best of his lot. He soon felt that the crisis was over. “My low spirits,” he confessed, “are thrown off in a great degree; not quite, but I am now as eager to carry all by storm as I was to desert five days ago. Not that my opinion or dislike is changed, but that no man can make a figure in anything who does not go heart and hand to work.”

About this time, he was startled by the death of his friend Cameron: but, when the first force of the shock had passed, he was astonished and half ashamed to find that hardly a trace of grief remained. In the autumn of the same year his father also died; and thenceforth his mother became more to him than she had ever been.

In the middle of the following year, 1805, his quarters were removed to Hythe. He was now under the command of Sir John Moore. The example of that heroic man stamped an ineffaceable impression upon his character and opinions. Sir John Moore was not only the creator of the Light Division: he breathed the breath of a new life into the British

army. While devising numerous reforms in matters of detail, he introduced a vital, not merely a mechanical discipline, for the enforcement of which he taught his officers to feel individually responsible. The coldest nature could not fail to be set aglow by the fire of his enthusiasm ; and in Charles Napier he found a disciple after his own heart. Never drinking, never gambling, keeping himself rigidly apart from familiarity with the society of the mess-room, Napier thenceforth bent all his energies to fit himself for success in his profession.

A turning-point in his life soon appeared. In 1806 his cousin, Charles James Fox, gave him a majority in a Cape Colonial corps. Having failed in an attempt to exchange from this regiment into another, forming part of a division commanded by Moore, he was about to embark for the Cape, when adverse winds detained him at Portsmouth. There he found himself in the society of the officers of the 50th regiment, who soon conceived for him so strong a liking that they urged him to exchange from his new regiment into theirs. He refused to pay for his exchange, as such a course would be contrary to the regulations ; whereupon they contrived, by some means which he never discovered, to have him gazetted free of cost.

At this time the British troops, conscious of their power to fight, their rivalry stimulated by the exploits of Nelson's men, were looking impatiently for war. Not less eager than any other for action and for glory,

Napier schooled himself nevertheless to struggle conscientiously through his monotonous daily work, resolving, if fame should be denied him, to remain satisfied with obscurity. His aspirations, however, were soon to be realised. After a year spent chiefly at Bognor, and diversified by nothing more exciting than a trip to Guernsey, where he became a Freemason, and some new flirtations, he was summoned, in 1808, to join the first battalion of the 50th at Lisbon. As the colonel had obtained leave of absence, Napier commanded the regiment, which was incorporated by Sir John Moore in the army about to enter Spain.

II.

DURING the fatal retreat which Moore was soon forced to make, Napier showed what profit he had derived from the years which he had devoted to study. Keeping his men together in compact order throughout the ordeal of that march, he led them with unbroken ranks into battle at Corunna. There they charged and hurled back the greatest of the hostile columns, under the eye of Sir John Moore, who, warmly praising their conduct, ordered their attack to be supported. Just at that moment, however, Moore fell; and Lord William Bentinck, in spite of his order, commanded the 50th to fall back. Unaware of this command, and separated from his men, Napier was

shot in the leg and stabbed in the back, and, overpowered by numbers, was on the point of being slain, when Guibert, a French drummer, swung aside the foremost of his assailants, and saved his life. Flung into a filthy room in a dismantled house, he lay two days and nights, pinched by extreme cold, tortured by his wounds, insulted by brutal soldiers, continually expecting that they would kill him, and full of shame at the fancy that the regiment in which he took such pride had disgraced its colours. At length he was taken to the quarters of Soult, who treated him kindly, and finally he was placed in the house of a banker, where he stayed for the next two months. Owing to a difficulty which arose about his exchange, he remained for some time longer virtually a prisoner, and did not return to his regiment until January, 1810. In the following May he joined, as a volunteer, the Light Division under General Craufurd, and in July fought in the disastrous battle of the Coa. On the evening after the fight, he found time to jot down in his journal, with a resolve to profit by the warning, a long list of the errors which his general had committed. The army was obliged to retreat; and Napier was engaged in a series of skirmishes that occurred before Wellington, who had joined it, halted on the Busaco mountain, and offered battle to the pursuers. Just before the action began, Napier and his two brothers, George and William, were told that their sister was dead. Silently they embraced each other and went to their posts. Charles's

was close to Lord Wellington. At one time, when the hostile fire was so terrible that every volunteer but one and every staff-officer had dismounted, Napier, the only man of the group who was wearing a red coat, remained sitting on his horse. Urged by a comrade to alight, or at least to put on his great-coat, lest he should be marked down, he answered, "No! this is the uniform of my regiment, and in it I will show or fall this day." Almost before he had finished speaking, he fell. His jaw-bone was shattered. As he was being carried away, sinking from loss of blood, he took off his hat and waved it, saying, "I could not die at a better moment." His wound, however, was not mortal. Next day he mounted his horse, and started to ride, under a burning sun, to Lisbon, where he was joined by his brother George, who had also received a wound. In his letters to his mother, who was now old and blind, he joked about his sufferings. George was soon obliged to leave him; and he spent some tedious weeks alone in Lisbon. In March, 1811, he heard that Massena had retreated from Santarem, and that the Light Division was pursuing him. Instantly he rode off to join his comrades. As he approached them, he heard the distant thunder of artillery, and had hourly to enquire of wounded men if his brothers were still alive. On the 14th he met a party of soldiers, carrying a litter. He stopped them. "What wounded officer is that?" he said. "Captain Napier of the 52nd," was the reply; "a broken limb." "Who is

that?" he asked the bearers of another litter. "Captain Napier, 43rd," they answered, "mortally wounded."* Pausing a moment to look at his brothers, Charles rode on to take part in the battle that was raging in front. Two months later, at Fuentes d'Onoro, he fought for the last time in the Peninsular War. He had long felt it an intolerable grievance that, while other majors of his own or inferior standing had received brevet rank, he, notwithstanding his services and wounds, had received nothing; and he assured his mother that, if the Commander-in-Chief rejected his claims any longer, he would appeal to the Regent, and, if disappointed then, would throw up his commission. Lady Sarah used all her interest: Charles himself wrote to the Prince; and at last, in July, 1811, he was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy, —but of the 102nd, a regiment which lay under the stigma of recent mutiny. Still he approached his new duties in a cheery spirit. "To get a regiment that is in bad order is agreeable," he wrote; "my fear was a good one, where no character could be gained, and some might be lost."

On the 25th of August he quitted the Peninsula, and, after a tedious voyage, reached his home. For a long time he continued to feel the effects of the hardships which he had undergone: but his sufferings were more than compensated by the happiness which it gave him to be with his mother. In consideration

* So it was thought at the moment. But William Napier survived to write the history of the war.

of his services and wounds, Lord Liverpool bestowed upon him the sinecure government of the Virgin Isles : but, after little more than a year, when pensions for wounds were granted, he resigned it, saying that he would not take two rewards for the same service.

Meanwhile, in January, 1812, he had joined his new regiment at Guernsey. He hoped that his destination would be the Peninsula ; but in June he was ordered to proceed to Bermuda. On the 12th of September, after a narrow escape from shipwreck at the entrance of the harbour, he reached the island. The long voyage had given a rude shock to his enfeebled constitution ; and, depressed as he was by the monotony of his new life, his old dislike of soldiering revived. He clung to the hope of being able to quit the army, and lead a peaceful country life with his mother. Writing to her on the first day of the new year, " Oh," he said, " may I have the delight of being within reach of you next New Year's Day. I would take another shot through the head to be as near you as I was in Lisbon last year." And again, " Anything, so as to be living with you, and to pitch my sword where it ought to be,—with the devil. I could get on with a duck, a chicken, a turkey, a horse, a pig, a cat, a cow, and a wife, in a very contented way." The news of the brilliant victory of Salamanca increased the disgust with which he approached the daily round of dull routine : but he daily resolved that duty, however irksome, must be faithfully done ; and it was the force of this resolve, not the secret

weariness of his heart, that impressed those with whom he came in contact. From the moment when the 102nd landed in Bermuda the most casual observers saw that the colonel was no ordinary man ; and all who heard him talk on military subjects foretold that sooner or later he would achieve greatness. Mindful of the example of Sir John Moore, he now set himself to teach the lessons which he had learned in the camp at Shorncliffe. He acted himself as the drill-sergeant of his regiment ; and all ranks felt bound to do their best for a commanding officer who, except beating a drum, knew how to teach, aye, and to perform, every part of the duty of every non-commissioned officer and man. Among the hills and cedar-groves of the island he taught his soldiers to study ground and movements. He never kept himself aloof : he taught every one under his command to regard him as a friend and comrade ; and yet he enforced perfect discipline. Still, though by effort he controlled his melancholy, he could not banish it. "To be an exile," he wrote, "deprived of the only comfort of an exile, the seeing new countries and manners, is dreadful. Here we look north, and all is sea ; south and all is sea ; on our right, sea ; on our left, sea ! It is a ship on the ocean, without the feeling that the voyage must end."

The end, however, was at hand. In May, Sir Sydney Beckwith, who had served with distinction in the Peninsula, arrived in Bermuda with a force destined to take part in the war then raging between

Great Britain and the United States ; and Napier was informed that he was to accompany the expedition as second in command. Beckwith divided his force into two brigades, the larger of which he assigned to Napier. Self-confidence, Napier acknowledged, made him wish for the chief command : yet, as he confessed, he was afraid that he overestimated his own powers. Moreover, it troubled him to think that his men, after all the pains which he had taken to perfect their discipline, would be demoralised by an expedition that was sure to be accompanied by the plundering of towns. "I will, with my own hand," he declared, "kill any perpetrator of brutality under my command." "Nevertheless," he added, with a touch of his quaint humour, "a pair of breeches must be plundered, for mine are worn out, and better it will be to take a pair than shock the Yankee dames by presenting myself as a *sans culotte*."

About the middle of June, the fleet that carried the force anchored in Lynhaven Bay, with the object of attacking Norfolk ; but, after some days of inactivity, it beat up under a terrific storm to Hampton Roads. Some days later Hampton was captured and plundered, though Napier forced the reluctant soldiers of his own regiment to keep their ranks. Towards the end of the month he was sent with the admiral to the coast of North Carolina ; but the enterprise was unsuccessful. On his return, he joined in a futile attack on St Michael's Town. He congratulated himself on having learned much from the series of

operations: but in his journal he severely censured the divided counsels to which he attributed their comparative failure.

In September, having exchanged into the 50th regiment, in the hope of seeing some service in the Pyrenees, Napier bade farewell to the 102nd, and was presented by the officers with a sword of honour. On arriving in England, he learned that the war was over. Accordingly he remained with his regiment until, in December, 1814, he was reduced to half pay, and entered the Military College at Farnham. There his brother William joined him. About his chance of passing a good examination he was indifferent: he simply aimed at fortifying his genius by study. Feeling that he possessed a capacity for administration as well as for war, he included in his course of reading treatises on history and civil government. On hearing the news of Napoleon's return to France, he went as a volunteer to Ghent, and there waited the summons to take part in the impending struggle. Scarcely, however, had the French passage of the Sambre been announced at Ghent when the battle of Waterloo was fought. Napier had to content himself with joining in the assault on Cambray. Returning to England, he sank into a melancholy mood. Poverty held him fast; and his prospects appeared all but hopeless. Still he toiled on, resolving to prepare himself for the high destiny in which he never quite ceased to believe. At the end of 1817 he passed his examination at Farnham, gaining the

first certificate. In the following March he went to St. Omer, and lived there until November. Next spring, having sustained more than one rebuff in reply to applications to the Commander-in-Chief, he was appointed an inspecting field-officer in the Ionian Isles.

III.

THROUGH France, Switzerland, and Italy, he travelled to his destination, trying to inform himself about the manners and the morals of the people, and feasting his eyes with the beauty of lakes, mountains, valleys, domes, and spires. In July he landed at Corfu, and found, to his disgust, that his duties were merely nominal. Next year he was sent by the Lord High Commissioner of the islands, Sir Thomas Maitland, on a secret mission to Ali Pasha of Joannina, who, having revolted from the Porte, desired to gain the countenance of the British Government. Reporting on his mission, Napier urged that the British Government ought to help Ali, and encourage any insurrectionary movement in Greece, since otherwise England would probably lose a golden opportunity of preventing Russia from extending her dominion to the Mediterranean. But he soon found that the Pasha was a man upon whom all help would be thrown away. Believing, however, that something might be

done for the Greeks themselves, and enthusiastic in their cause, he obtained leave in 1821 to travel in Greece, and, with a soldier's eye, studied the features of the country. In March, 1822, he was appointed Military Resident of Cephalonia.

This island was dominated by two great mountains, broken up by numerous valleys, the inhabitants of which, stimulated by lawless chiefs, lived in internecine war. Agriculture had almost perished. Trade languished for want of the means of communication. The judges were overawed by the chiefs; the prisons were hotbeds of disease. Slave-hunting, rape, and murder were rife. Thus in his kingdom, as he loved to call it, Napier saw an inexhaustible field for the energy of a reformer.

The prospect filled him with delight. His master passion was the love of being useful in his generation; and for the first time in his life he felt that he had the power fully to gratify it. His authority was practically unlimited; and, as his work was congenial, its amount simply exhilarated him. "My predecessor," he wrote, "is going home half dead from the labour; but to me it is health, spirit, everything! I live for some use now."

His duties were as varied as they were engrossing. For three months after his appointment, martial law prevailed; and, in addition to the financial, military and other administrative business, he had to devote six hours a day to deciding the causes of the litigious Greeks. He generally rose at four; worked, with a

short interval for breakfast, till noon, and sometimes till three ; then bathed and dined ; and afterwards mounted his horse and rode forth to superintend the various public works that were proceeding. " I take no rest myself," he said, " and give nobody else any." He organised a corps of military police ; built a model prison ; demolished unhealthy dwellings and formed wide streets ; constructed markets, quays, and light-houses ; taught the peasants how to farm their land ; humbled the rebellious chiefs, and strengthened the authority of the courts of law. But the work which he had most at heart, and in which he took most pride, was the making of roads for the development of traffic and the promotion of harmonious intercourse between the turbulent groups of inhabitants. Over the Black Mountain he carried a road more than a hundred miles long, and in elevation but little inferior to Napoleon's road over Mont Cenis. In this and other works he was aided by Captain John Kennedy, an able officer of the Royal Engineers, with whom he soon formed a friendship that was destined to be life-long. Every peasant was forced to labour one day in each week on the road. The gentry were delighted at the prospect of easier travelling : but, when they found that they too must either work with their own hands or pay, they clamoured against the Resident. Deaf to their remonstrances, Napier compelled them to do his bidding, and, to the huge delight of the poor people, forced even the priests to share in the burden. Whenever a dangerous spot was reached, he and his

friend led the way, and more than once barely saved themselves, by seizing chance shrubs, from falling headlong over the rocky ledges. "If ever," Napier afterwards wrote, "anything has been done by me worth my hire, which is doubtful, it is these roads. Many a poor mule's soul will say a good word for me at the last day, when they remember the old road."

When, however, the first glow of his enthusiasm had subsided, discontent began to steal over him again. Sir Frederick Adam, a Peninsular veteran, had for a time taken the place of Maitland; and by this official Napier was thwarted, and, as he believed, deliberately insulted. The truth was that his sensitive vanity led him to interpret as a personal attack, and his combative temper fiercely to resent any official rebuke. Still, what he had to endure was in itself enough to irritate a man conscious of real superiority, and panting for liberty to execute the policy which he knew to be good. Supplies for his public works were doled out with so niggardly a hand that it was only by the most vigilant economy that he could make both ends meet. One day he received from Adam a letter, calling his attention to a regulation which forbade officers to wear mustaches: half amused, half angry at the pettiness of the communication, he revenged himself by sending off the hairs, wrapped up in a parcel, to Government House. The irritation which he had to endure, combined with excessive toil, affected his liver and his nervous system. Moreover, he was eager to see his mother,

whose great age caused him anxiety. Early in 1834, therefore, he returned to England.

On his arrival he attempted to carry out a project which he had long formed. In the midst of his occupations at Cephalonia he had often dreamed of leading the struggle for Greek independence. Lord Byron, whom he had met in the preceding summer, and between whom and himself a strong mutual liking had arisen, had given him a letter of recommendation to the London committee for the Greek loan. He soon found, however, that the committee did not desire his aid; and, as the Government refused to let his serving in Greece pass unnoticed, and the Greek deputies, though they offered him a high command in their army, would not make it worth his while to resign his commission, his hopes were shattered. In May, 1825, he landed for the second time in Cephalonia. The Greek leaders again made flattering overtures to him: but difficulties arose; and he was again disappointed. Still, with undiminished zeal, he continued to devote himself to his work. But, in September, 1826, he was summoned to England by the news that his mother had died. For more than forty years he had loved her with ever-growing fervour. Now that she was dead, he wrote no word of his feelings, but remained for some months bowed down in silent grief.

In April, 1827, he was married to Elizabeth Oakley a widow some years older than himself; and in July returned with her to Cephalonia.

Sir Frederick Adam, who had, in 1824, been definitely appointed Lord High Commissioner, continued, in various ways, to thwart his schemes. Still, he never relaxed his efforts to benefit the islanders. Nor did he go unrewarded. The chiefs, indeed, whose tyranny he restrained, chafed against his rule; but the bulk of the inhabitants regarded him with gratitude and affectionate esteem. Though, however, he took pleasure and pride in looking back upon all that he had achieved, there were moments when his anxious conscience told him that he was, after all, an unprofitable servant. "Two years," he wrote, "ought to have sufficed for all my works; and yet I have a name for being active, and am so, compared with the drones around; but not when conscience is called in to witness, and when the sense of what a man can do, if all his energies are put forth, is consulted. Man! man! thou art a beast in whose sides the spur should be ever plunged!" But, such as it was, his work was nearly done. In 1830 his wife suddenly fell sick; and he was obliged to leave Cephalonia for England. People of every rank swarmed down to the shore, and, with emotion, bade him farewell. On his way home, he touched at Gorfú, and was received by Adam with demonstrations of cordial friendship. When he was about to leave, Adam accompanied him to the ship. "Good-bye, Napier," he said; "stay as long as you please; but remember that the longer you stay, the worse for us." But, sincere though his words may

have been, his actions belied them. Soon afterwards he stopped Napier's public works ; and some months later, listening to the slanders of an interested faction, he sent to Lord Goderich, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, a long list of charges against him. Nay, he declared of the man for whose return he had professed himself eager, that his tyranny was such that he could not allow him to resume his office. These charges were easily refuted. But the most conclusive proof of their falseness was the fact that, after the departure of Napier from Cephalonia, the peasants voluntarily cultivated a piece of land which he had neglected, and annually sent him the value of the produce.*

This, however, and other unsought testimonials, were of no avail. It was in vain that Napier importuned the Secretary to do him justice. His wife was an invalid: he had two children as well as her to provide for ; and he was still a poor man. He had lived nearly half a century; yet he felt that he had done nothing to fulfil his early dreams of fame. Nay, after thirty-seven years' faithful service, he found himself turned adrift to live as best he could. But he determined that, even if his efforts were doomed to pass unrecognised, he would still be of use to his fellow-creatures. Settling first in Berkshire, and

* For Napier's work in Cephalonia, see, besides vol. i. of the biography, by Sir W. Napier, his own *Memoir on the Roads of Cephalonia*, his *Colonies*, pp. 415, 428-30, 438, 440, 534, 540, 543 note, 573, and A. Von Reumont's *General Sir F. Adam*.

afterwards in Hampshire, he made it his business to ameliorate the lot of his poorer neighbours. Afterwards he took a house at Bath. There he narrowly escaped death by cholera; and on the 31st of July, 1833, he saw his wife die. Deeply as he had grieved for the loss of his mother, he found this a far heavier blow. "O! God!" he wrote, "Merciful, inscrutable Being! give me power to bear this thy behest! Hitherto I had life and light; but now all is as a dream, and I am in darkness, the darkness of death, the loneliness of the desert! I see life and movement and affection around me, but I am as marble. O God, defend me, for the spirit of evil has struck a terrible blow!"

But, as the months passed away, and he remembered the claims of the living, his sorrow was assuaged. His religious belief too afforded him consolation. While still a very young man, he had begun to reflect on religious matters; and, though he acknowledged that he could find no evidence for accepting the dogma of the Divinity of Christ, he firmly believed in the immortality of the soul, and was convinced that, after death, he should again be joined to his wife in an everlasting union. In the autumn he went to live at Caen, and there did his best to teach his daughters as his wife would have taught them. Early in 1834, Lord Hill offered him an appointment in Canada, which he refused. "To do good," he said, "I would take anything, though ambition and desire of life have passed from me, and my only wish is

death; but the thought of serving under imbeciles like the present ministers is hateful." A few months later he heard that there was an idea of offering him the government of a new colony in Australia. For some time he was kept in suspense. In April, 1835, he was so confident of obtaining the appointment that, with the view of giving himself a companion and his girls a protectress in their future home, he married Mrs. Alcock, a widow whose friendship he had long enjoyed. Scarcely had he taken this step, when he was informed that the conditions upon which he was willing to undertake the government would not be accepted.

To remain idle, however, was for Napier impossible. Towards the end of 1836 he again settled at Bath, and, in default of any other outlet for his energies, flung himself eagerly into politics. He avowed himself a Radical. Universal suffrage, annual parliaments, and systematic education were among the reforms which he advocated: he inveighed against privilege; and he defended the freedom of the Press. But, in some respects, his Radicalism was heterodox. Law, order, imperial greatness were cardinal points of his creed. Like Cromwell, he desired that the people should govern themselves: but, like Cromwell, he was so anxious for their well-being that, if they had ignorantly misused their power, he would have driven them perforce into the more excellent way. Indeed, he was by temperament unfitted for the rôle of a constitutional politician: nature had formed him to enact the benevolent despot.

Heavily the years rolled by; and Napier, while he felt himself approaching old age, had still fresh troubles to contend with. Just after he had increased his family, the savings of his life, which he had invested in the Philadelphian funds, were temporarily lost. While living at Bath, he suffered from congestion of blood in the eyelids, and feared that he would become blind. In 1838 he had the mortification of seeing one of his juniors appointed to a command in Ireland; and the remonstrances which he addressed to the Military Secretary were unavailing. The truth was that, since his difference with Adam, whom in a book on the Colonies he had held up to public contempt, he had been represented to the Horse Guards as an impracticable man, who was ready to quarrel with everybody. "I am low," he wrote; "life is a wet day to all, and lucky are they who have their daily bread, the shelter of a house and a home." He applied for the Lieutenant-Governorship of Jersey, which had fallen vacant; but he met with a refusal. Meanwhile, having at length been forced to the conclusion that his fate was to live and die obscure, he had again tried his hand at writing. He published an edition of De Vigny's and Blase's *Lights and Shadows of Military Life*, and a treatise called *Military Law*, and wrote a historical romance called *Harold*, which Colburn would have published if he had not insisted that it should appear without his name. After the refusal of the Lieutenant-Governorship of Jersey, he went to Dublin, intending

to join his old friend Kennedy in a scheme for improving education and agriculture in Ireland. And now, at last, the clouds were beginning to break. In July, 1838, he was made a Knight Commander of the Bath; and in February, 1839, he was appointed to the command of the Northern District of England.

For some time past the English working classes, especially those in the manufacturing districts of the north, had suffered so grievously from bad laws, bad harvests, and industrial changes, that they were almost ripe for insurrection. It was, therefore, with an anxious sense of responsibility that Napier looked forward to his new work. In his heart he warmly sympathised with the discontented; indeed, as he told one of his officers, his own political opinions were very similar to theirs: nevertheless he was resolved to prevent them from attempting to gain their ends by force. On his arrival at Nottingham, where his headquarters were, he found that he would have many difficulties to contend with, and could not help feeling that want of practice had, to some extent, unfitted him for military duty. His district embraced the counties of Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Flint, and Denbigh.* To control this extensive tract, he had an army of only four thousand men, scattered far and wide in twenty-six detachments. In some cases, owing to the nervousness of

* *Army List*, 1841.

the magistrates, each one of whom was anxious to secure military aid, the principle of subdivision had been carried to a ridiculous extreme. For example, in Halifax forty-two troopers were quartered in twenty-one distant billets. "Fifty resolute Chartists," wrote Napier, "might disarm and destroy the whole in ten minutes."

Within a week after his arrival at Nottingham, he had formed his plans. He exerted all his eloquence to convince the magistrates that their idea of protecting the country by small detachments was impracticable, and that the country gentlemen and yeomanry must gird up their loins, and prepare to beat off local attacks by their own strength. Supported by the Home Secretary, he succeeded partially in improving the distribution of the troops: but the opposition of the magistrates was too strong to be entirely overcome. On the 5th of May he received alarming news from Manchester, and immediately hurried off to that city. A popular rising was expected to take place on Whit-Monday. A hand-bill, copies of which were posted up, ended with these lines:—

"Let England's sons then prime her guns,
And save each good man's daughter;
In tyrant's blood baptise your sons,
And every villain slaughter.
By pike and sword your freedom strive to gain,
Or make one bloody Moscow of old England's plain."

But Napier was unequal to the occasion. He obtained a secret introduction to a conclave of

Chartist leaders. "I understand," he told them, "you are to have a great meeting on Kersal Moor, with a view to laying your grievances before Parliament. You are quite right to do so, and I will take care that neither soldier nor policeman shall be in sight to disturb you. But meet peaceably! For if there is the least disturbance, I shall be amongst you; and, at the sacrifice of my life, if necessary, do my duty. Now go and do yours." The meeting was held in perfect peace.

The crisis having apparently passed, Napier was for some time occupied with less exciting, but not less toilsome, duties. In June he went on a tour of inspection through his district, and half forgot his worries amid the delights of the Lake country. Towards the end of July, however, rumours of coming insurrection were again heard. Napier was again tormented by the magistrates with demands for troops. "God forgive me," he said, in a letter to one of his officers; "but sometimes they tempt me to wish they and their mills were all burned together." The more obstinate of them succeeded in thwarting him; for the Home Office, in spite of the vehement remonstrances with which he assailed it, no longer gave him adequate support. But his vigilance was unceasing: he kept himself constantly informed of the designs of the Chartists; and their leaders were so impressed by his reputation for firmness and humanity, that they readily yielded to his influence. With the exception of one feeble and ill-arranged

outbreak at Sheffield, which was suppressed by a few dragoons, without the loss of a single life, no breach of the peace occurred during the remaining period of his command.

However engrossing might be his public duties, Napier always contrived to make time for social intercourse, for self-examination, and for meditation on the mysteries of life. He was haunted, at times, by a dream of saintly perfection to which he might, it seemed, but never would, attain. In his complex nature there was a vein of what some would call fanaticism. Thinking of a friend whose bent was serious, he remarked, half in jest, "Robertson tries hard, but cannot make me a saint." He loved the world, though he had never really been of it, and it had not given him much. He would try to do his duty like an honest man: he would spend and be spent for his fellows: but the love of glory must be gratified; there were heights of holiness, he doubted, to which he could not climb.

On his fifty-eighth birthday, recalling the adventures of his past life, he penned this strange forecast,—“Eventful as my life has been, my present high position and the threatening state of the country render it probable that the short portion which is left for me of life may be the most eventful of the whole.” In the following April he was offered an appointment on the Indian staff, and asked his brother William whether he should accept it. “Go,” replied William, “if you feel a call for such a service; if not, remain at home.” Reflecting that his girls were penniless, and that it was

his duty, at any personal sacrifice, to provide for them, Napier accepted the offer. But his heart was very heavy. "It will be sorrowful," he said, "to leave you all, for it is late in life, and I am much worn." He left England in October. On the 13th of December he landed at Bombay, and gave the purser of the ship a bill for five hundred pounds, in payment for the voyage from Suez. He received in exchange two pounds,—all the money that was left to him in the world.

IV.

Charles Napier was now fifty-nine years old. Ploughed by deep wounds, and aged by toil, and love, and sorrow, his body was so worn that no office would insure his life: but he knew that, when it came to a trial of stamina and spirit, he could outlast many a younger man. Abstemious he had always been. If it had laboured terribly, that lean, sinewy, nervous frame had never been shaken by excess. Though he did not stand above the middle height, his aspect was noble and commanding; and, when he smiled, of winning sweetness. Wavy locks of iron gray, clustering above a broad, massive forehead, a nose curved like the eagle's beak, dark eyes gazing with piercing intensity through spectacles that seemed inseparable from the face,—in that look, though ambition had

grown weary with waiting, was the certain promise of heroic deeds.

On the 28th of December, the general assumed command at Poonah. The times were critical. Deep gloom oppressed the British in India; for the terrible disasters of the Afghan war had but lately occurred. Napier had not been a month at Poonah, when he heard that the political prospect in Scinde was causing anxiety, and that he would probably soon be sent thither. Though such a mission would involve separation from those whom he loved best, the news stimulated his old military ardour. "To try my hand with an army," he wrote, "is a longing not to be described; yet it is mixed with shame for the vanity which gives me such confidence." Meanwhile he was making his influence felt in his district with an energy which gave considerable offence. Hearing that a regiment at Mulligaum was in a state of mutiny, he wrote very sharply to the officer in command for neglecting to send him adequate information. "I expect," he ended, "to hear by express that you have put down the mutiny within two hours after the receipt of this letter." On the 24th of July, the thirty-second anniversary of the battle of the Coa, he learned definitely that he was to take command of Upper and Lower Scinde. Just before the transport that was to convey him to Kurrachee weighed anchor, he wrote this entry in his journal: "Charles! Charles Napier! take heed of your ambition for military glory; you had scotched that snake, but this high command will, unless you

are careful, give it all its vigour again. Get thee behind me, Satan.”* . . .

The voyage was one of the most perilous incidents of his eventful life. The ship had scarcely cleared the harbour when a man was reported sick. Cholera had broken out ; and soon the deck was strewn with prostrate bodies. As men died, they were instantly flung overboard. Through the darkness of the night rain rushed down in torrents : the straining ship ploughed through the lashing waves ; and above the monotonous beat of the engines sounded the screams of the writhing victims, mingled with the lamentations of their surviving friends, any one of whom might be the next to die ; while the burial service, read by the glimmer of a single lantern, added solemnity to the dreadful scene. In such misery three days and nights were passed. On the night of the 9th of September the steamer approached Kurra-chee : but most of the crew were now drunk ; and it was only the firmness and seamanship of the captain, aided by the support which Napier gave him in maintaining order, that saved the passengers from destruction.†

At the point which this narrative has now reached, the biography of Sir Charles Napier merges itself in the history of the British Empire. Before following him through the stirring scenes of his Scindian career, it will be well to take a bird's-eye view of the country

* Sir W. Napier's *Life of Sir C. Napier*, vol. ii. pp. 159-66, 173-74, 177-78, 189.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 190-93.

which he was about to enter, and to learn something of the past relations of its rulers with the British Government.

Scinde, which covers an area about equal to that of England and Wales, is bounded on the north by Bhawulpore, on the east by the Great Desert, on the west by the mountains of the Hala range, and on the south by the Indian Ocean. Right down the centre of the country, from north to south, run the lower waters of the Indus, now rushing past some rocky island with overwhelming violence, now flowing in a tranquil, majestic stream, until finally they pass through many mouths into the Arabian Sea. The general appearance of the country, dotted here and there by towns, and intersected by watercourses and dry river-beds, was that of a jungle-covered wilderness; for, though naturally fertile, it had suffered from long continued maladministration. The population, numbering about a million, was composed of divers groups, the chief of whom were Beloochees, Scindians, Hindoos of Punjaubee origin, and Afghans. The Beloochees were the dominant race. In the latter years of the eighteenth century, a Beloochee tribe, the Talpoorees, had conquered Scinde; and the country was now divided into three states,—Khyrpore or Upper Scinde, Hyderabad or Lower Scinde, and Meerpore,—which were ruled by princes called Ameers, the descendants of the original conquerors.*

* Postans's *Personal Observations in Scinde*, pp. 4, 30-31, 69; A. W.

The government of the Ameers, judged even by the low standard of native Indian governments, was selfish, oppressive, and ruinous alike to the development of the natural resources of their country and to the progress of civilisation among their subjects. All that they cared for was to enjoy themselves, to hoard treasure, and to conciliate the feudal chiefs, who were the only check upon their power. The mass of the people, knowing that whatever increase of wealth they might gain they would have to disgorge to the farmers of the taxes, were hopelessly apathetic, and exerted themselves no more than was necessary to earn the bare subsistence which alone they were allowed to retain. The Hindoos, indeed, by virtue of their intelligence and capacity for business, exercised considerable influence: but they were habitually scorned, and often plundered by the Mahometan Beloochees; and, if they had not, like the Jews in early English history, made themselves indispensable to the Government, even their marvellous cunning, vigilance, and perseverance would hardly have enabled them to hold their own. In the courts of justice, both plaintiff and defendant had to pay heavily before they could obtain a hearing, and still more heavily for a verdict. Humble offenders were punished with merciless rigour; while criminals who could afford to bribe the judges got off scot free. The various clans lived

Hughes's *Gazetteer of the Province of Sind*, pp. 1-2, 35-36; Burton's *Sindh*, p. 3; *Selections from the Records of the Bombay Government*, No. xvii., New Series, p. 105

in constant internecine feud. High and low alike were sunk in barbarous ignorance; and ignorance was accompanied by unnatural crime. The Ameers and their feudatories were in the habit of destroying their illegitimate female children; and to slaughter a faithless wife was regarded as a just vindication of the injured husband's honour. The ferocity of this custom might be excused by the profligacy of the women: but a mere assertion of guilt sufficed: and it often happened that domestic tyrants murdered their wives in an outburst of rage, or even to get rid of them. The Ameers themselves, by their very amusements, caused wide-spread suffering. The most absorbing of all their passions was a love of sport; and to this pursuit a large portion of Lower Scinde was completely sacrificed. The fertile country extending along the banks of the Indus, and far to the eastward, was covered by vast forests called *shikargahs*, which swarmed with game; and William the Conqueror did not guard his hunting grounds with more ruthlessly stringent laws than the Ameers of Scinde. "We value them," said one chief to Colonel Pottinger, "as much as our wives and children." When the Ameers went hunting, the villagers who lived near the forest had no peace. The numerous retainers of the Ameers lived at free quarters among them, and paid little or nothing for their entertainment. Hindoos were dragged from their shops, and husbandmen from their ploughs, to act as beaters; and, while the Ameers sat and fired in luxurious ease, many were slain or

lacerated by the 'wild beasts. Sometimes, indeed, when no Beloochees were by, the peasants openly expressed their detestation of the reigning family, and their hope that the government would soon pass into British hands.

On the other hand, it would be unjust to affirm that the Ameers were personally worse rulers than the other native princes of India. Those who knew them best described them as averse from tyranny, and willing to listen to popular complaints. Their underlings, rather than they, were responsible for the worst acts of oppression from which the people suffered. And, indeed, we are too prone, when we read of the sins of an Oriental despot, to imagine that his subjects suffered as acutely as we should have suffered ourselves. Habituated to the system under which they lived, and ignorant of the meaning of good government, the mass of the people existed, if not contentedly, at least in dull apathy, under an administration which, to a European, would have been intolerable. *

The earliest occasion on which the East India Company had dealings with Scinde was in 1758; but, although several treaties were concluded between the two Governments in the early part of the nineteenth century, it was not until 1831 that the British at-

* *Ibid.*, pp. 30-31, 261, 495-96, 645, 652-53; Burton, pp. 44, 244; *Parl. Papers*, 1854 (483), xlix. 1. (Sir G. Clerk's *Minute*, par. 71 [11-12] pp. 230-32, 242-43); J. Burnes's *Narrative of a Visit to the Court of Sind*, pp. 66-70, 76-86, 100-1, 113-14; Postans, pp. 8, 21, 55-57, 63-64, 72, 78-79, 212, 218, 220-23, 225, 227-32, 246, 251-53. A. Burnes's *Travels in Bokhara* (2nd edition), vol. i. pp. 61-62. (See Appendix A).

tempted to gain anything like a real footing in the land. In that year Alexander Burnes was ordered to explore the Indus, with the object of utilising it as a highway for commerce. "The mischief is done," said a native who fell in with the explorer; "you have seen our country." But it was Lord Auckland who first began to interfere, as the representative of the Paramount Power, in Scindian affairs. In 1836 the famous Runjeet Singh, Maharajah of the Punjaub, invaded the country of the Mazarees, a tribe nominally subject to the Ameers, and threatened to invade Scinde itself. Auckland, fearing that, if war were allowed to break out, the prospects of British commerce on the Indus would suffer, and desiring to seize the opportunity of establishing British influence in Scinde, resolved to prevent him from executing his design. He therefore proposed to the Ameers of Hyderabad that he should mediate between them and the Maharajah, on condition of their receiving a British political agent, with a military escort, the cost of which they should defray. The proposal was received with apparent cordiality: but a hitch soon occurred. Colonel Pottinger, the British Envoy, gave the Ameers a guarantee that, if Runjeet refused to withdraw his troops, the Governor-General would compel him to do so. Auckland declined to confirm this promise; and the Ameers, who cared nothing for the mere offer of mediation, became convinced that his real design was to clutch at their possessions. Nor were they careful themselves to avoid giving

cause of offence. With the levity of barbarians, they frequently violated the provisions of earlier treaties. Still the Envoy persevered: he hinted that, unless they accepted his offers, the warriors of Runjeet might be suffered to attack them; and in April, 1838, a treaty was concluded in accordance with the terms which the Governor-General had proposed. But Auckland did not stop here. It was about this time that, with the object of checking the growing influence of Russia in Central Asia, he determined to invade Afghanistan, and place upon its throne, as his dependent, an exile, Shah Sooja, whom the bulk of the Afghans abhorred. It is needless to repeat the denunciations which have so often been levelled against the folly of this resolve. As a preliminary step, Auckland concluded with Shah Sooja and Runjeet Singh a treaty, the main object of which was to secure a line of operations through Scinde for the contemplated invasion. It was also provided that the Shah should relinquish certain claims upon the Ameers, on condition of receiving from them an annual tribute, to be determined by the British Government. The Ameers were, for some weeks, left in ignorance of this agreement. When the time came to make the announcement, Pottinger was instructed to point out the magnitude of the benefit which the British Government had conferred upon them: but at the same time he was to demand that they should allow a British army to march through their country on its way to Afghanistan, and to tell

them that an article in a former treaty, which prohibited the conveyance of military stores by the Indus, must be suspended. Pottinger had no scruples about enforcing the authority of his Government ; but there was a tone about his instructions that he did not like. He plainly told his master that many besides the Scindians would believe that we were simply making use of Shah Sooja to revive a claim which had been long deemed obsolete. Nor did the Ameers at all appreciate the benevolence of the Governor-General : on the contrary, they startled Pottinger by producing releases, signed by Shah Sooja himself, from their liability to all claims. Auckland, however, curtly declined to admit the validity of these documents. In view of his Afghan policy, he felt that he must, at any cost, establish a control over Scinde. His Government had, for a generation, been acknowledged as the Paramount Power in India ; and he insisted on his right to expect the loyal co-operation of the Ameers. He was anxious to treat them fairly : but yield they must ; and he maintained that their previous hostility had given him a right to coerce them. Stimulated, therefore, by despatches from the seat of Government, Pottinger did his best alternately to argue and to frighten the Ameers into submission. The Ameers replied by protestations of devotion, by cajolery, by useless remonstrances, and by still more useless bravado. Meanwhile they did all they could to impede the operations of our troops ; and the demeanour of the Beloochees became so menacing that a reserve force was sent from Bombay to Kurrachee.

Though, however, the Ameers now avowed that they regarded the British as a pestilence in their land, they had not the courage to proceed to open war; and, under severe pressure, they were induced, in March 1839, to assent to a new treaty. Tolls on trading boats going up or down the Indus were to be abolished: the Ameers were recognised as absolute rulers in their several principalities: any quarrels that might arise among them were to be referred to the mediation of the Resident: their lands were to be under British protection; and their foreign policy was to be subject to British control. They were also to pay a subsidy, amounting to about thirty thousand a year, towards the expense of a British force, to be stationed in their country. Two months before, a similar treaty, omitting the demand for a subsidy, had been accepted by Rostum, the principal Ameer of Khyrpore: and, with a bitter sense of humiliation, he had been induced, to surrender, for a time, to the Governor-General the fortress of Bukkur, which commanded the Indus at the point where the British army was to cross.

The Resident was ill satisfied with the result of his work. Shams and half measures were, in his eyes, an abomination. "It seems to me," he wrote, "that it would be better at once to take possession of Scinde by force, than to leave it nominally with the Ameers, and yet deal with it as though it were our own. The one line is explicit and dignified, and cannot be misunderstood; the other I conceive to be unbecoming

our power, and it must lead to constant heartburnings and bickerings, if not to a rupture of all friendly relations." But this was too heroic a remedy to be accepted by an English statesman.

In the following year, Major James Outram succeeded to the office of Resident. During the greater part of the Afghan War, the Ameers, won by his honesty, his devotion to their interests, and his diplomatic skill, if they were not loyal, at least refrained from active hostility. At last, however, encouraged by the disaster at Cabul, Nusseer of Hyderabad, Nusseer of Khyrpore, and Futch Mahomed, the minister of Roostum, began to intrigue with neighbouring powers against the British Government. Outram did not regard these intrigues as formidable: still, he was anxious to use them as a ground for requiring the Ameers to sign a new treaty, which should definitely settle various disputed points, and, in return for the remission of tribute, secure for the British permanent possession of Kurrachee and the other places that had been temporarily occupied by their troops. Meanwhile Auckland was succeeded by Lord Ellenborough; and a new era in Scindian history began.*

* Postans, pp. 283-323; A. Burnes, vol. i. p. 15; Outram's *Conquest of Scinde*,—*a Commentary*, pp. 31-43; *Selections from the Records* (*ut supra*), pp. 108-11; *Correspondence relative to Sind*, 1836-38, pp. 1, 3, 8-21, 32; *Ibid.*, 1838-43, No. 9-10, 14 (par. 6), 16, 18, 21, 26 (par. 6), 37-38, 45, 104-5, 131, 138, 144, 161, etc. For the sake of brevity this correspondence will, in future notes, be quoted as "C. S."; the Blue Book "supplementary to the papers presented to Parliament in 1843" as "C. S. Suppl."

After a short stay, at Kurrachee, where he was accidentally wounded in the leg by the bursting of a rocket, Napier proceeded up the Indus for Hyderabad, and landed there on the 25th of September. On the same day he was received by the Amciers with great state. But he would not suffer ceremony to distract his attention from the stern realities of his position; for he had just written an official letter to his entertainers, charging them with having committed various breaches of treaty, and peremptorily ordering them to keep faith for the future. "Possibly," he noted, "this may be the last independent reception they may give as princes to a British general."* * *

Next day he quitted Hyderabad, and on the 5th of October reached Sukkur, an old town on the right bank of the Indus in the northern portion of Scinde. There he found a letter from the Governor-General, informing him that it was his intention to signally punish any Ameer who, during the recent war, had evinced hostile designs against the British Government, but that he would not pronounce sentence unless he received the most ample and convincing evidence of guilt. Napier already felt that the opinions of Ellenborough were in complete accord with his own, and that to work under such a chief would be a pleasure. Ellenborough thought that the question whether Auckland had or had not treated

* *Outram*, pp. 62-68; R. Napier's *Remarks on Lieut.-Col. Outram's Work*, pp. 48, 50-56; *C. S.*, pp. 174-75, 229, 353, 355, 357-59, 364 (par. 17); *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 193-99.)

the Ameers with injustice was one with which he had no concern; that he could only accept the political situation of Scinde as he found it; and therefore that it was his duty, especially considering the critical state of affairs on the north-western frontier of India, to establish British influence in Scinde, once for all, on a firm basis, and prevent British interests from being imperilled by the intrigues of the Ameers. In Napier's mind, however, as might have been expected by those who knew with what earnest benevolence he had laboured for the people of Cephalonia, the desire to strengthen a buttress of the British Empire was less powerful than the desire to rescue the people of Scinde from an effete despotism. The reflexions which he committed to paper on his voyage up the Indus show how passionately he longed to do this:—
“The wild beast only thrives here, and the Ameers torment even him: their diversions are destruction, their sole business to hoard gold! Their extortions impoverish their own treasury, they kill the goose for the golden eggs; but the last egg, I suspect, is laid. My object will be to resuscitate the goose; but while doing so the Ameers may go by the board; if so, it is their own fault. Did God give a whole people to half a dozen men to torment? I will strive to teach the Ameers a better use of their power; and if they break their treaties, the lesson shall be a rough one.” And, though he was determined to restrain himself from using force unless force should be imperatively required, he even now dimly foresaw that the goal of

his labours would be the annexation of Scinde. "Mene! Mene! tekeli, upharsin! We have no right to seize Scinde; yet we shall do so, and a very advantageous, useful, humane piece of rascality it will be."*

It was not long before Napier received from Outram information tending to prove that certain of the Ameers were guilty of the hostile designs which the Governor-General had suspected. Letters had been intercepted, apparently written by Nusseer Khan of Hyderabad to a chief called Beebruck Bhoogtie, and by Roostum of Khyrpore to Shere Singh, Maharajah of Mooltan, in each of which the person addressed was incited to hostility against the British Government. It was also alleged that Futteh Mahomed had compassed the escape of a state prisoner named Mahomed Shurcef. Napier accordingly wrote and despatched to the Governor-General a memorandum on the condition of Scinde, accompanied by a detailed return of the various offences with which the Ameers were charged. Two alternatives only, he contended, lay open to us. Should we at once evacuate Scinde, or should we permanently maintain our footing in the country? If we adopted the former course, we should, sooner or later, be compelled, by the force of circumstances, to return. If, on the other hand, we remained, the Ameers would incessantly commit breaches of treaty, and carry on petty hostilities against us. So unsatis-

* *Ibid.*, pp. 202, 204, 209, 218, 222; C. S., No 364, 371.

factory a state of things could not last: it would surely, therefore, be better to hasten the inevitable crisis. The numerous breaches of treaty already committed by the Ameers gave the British Government a right to coerce them. Let it therefore annex the important posts of Kurrachee, Sukkur, Bukkur, Shikarpore, and Subzulcote; let it, in return, release the Ameers from all tribute; and, making one of them answerable for the rest, call upon him to sign a fresh treaty. On the day on which he wrote this memoir, he made an entry in his journal, which expressed his views even more plainly. "Barbaric chiefs," he remarked, "must be bullied, or they think you are afraid: they do not understand benevolence or magnanimity. 'Porus did,' says the scholar. True, bookworm!—but he was confoundedly thrashed first!"*

Ellenborough carefully considered the memoir and its enclosures; and on the 12th of November Napier received from him a despatch, containing the draft of a new treaty. Ellenborough, however, stated distinctly that the treaty rested for its justification upon the assumption that Futteh Mahomed was really guilty, and that the letters alleged to have been written by Nusseer and Roostum were genuine; and he left to Napier the task of proving this assumption, believing that he and the experienced officers who surrounded him were best qualified to form an opinion. Outram, who had come to believe that it

was impossible to furnish positive proof of the charges, suggested that it would be more honest to base the treaty upon certain minor offences* which the Ameers had committed. This advice Napier disregarded: nevertheless he set himself to pursue his enquiries in the spirit of an impartial judge. Conflicting with and prevailing over that love of military glory against which he was ever on his guard, was a most sincere desire to avoid the shedding of blood. "My ambition," so ran one of many such entries in his journal, "my ambition is not for a butcher's bill. The fear of creating such bloody work is always in my mind: my wish is to save them, and I am likely to succeed." At the same time he was undoubtedly eager to prove that the Ameers were guilty. Outram and the other officers whom he consulted agreed that the seal on the letter alleged to have been written by Nusseer Khan was genuine. It did not, indeed, exactly coincide in size with another seal, which unquestionably belonged to Nusseer; but Napier was informed that the Ameers kept two seals, one of which they used for secret purposes, while, if their letters were intercepted, they would produce the ordinary seal, and attempt to prove their innocence by pointing out the dissimilarity between the two. The forging of seals, however, was so common a practice in Scinde, that any evidence to be derived from them was of doubtful value. As to the other

* In violation of the article which forbade the imposition of tolls on trading boats.

letter, Outram was uncertain whether Roostum had really been privy to it: but, though proof was not forthcoming, no one but Outram doubted that it bore Roostum's seal, and had been written by his minister; and Napier strenuously urged that a sovereign ought to be held responsible for the acts of his agents. Again, the conduct of the Ameers in other matters had been such as to support the direct evidence for the genuineness of the letters. The offence with which Futteh Mahomed was charged, Outram described as only one of many underhand efforts which the Ameers had for several months past made to incite insurrection against the British Government. Moreover, another letter from Roostum to Nusseer had recently been intercepted, proposing that they two should form a defensive alliance against the British; and this document was believed by Outram to be genuine.* On the whole, then, it may be concluded that, while the guilt of the Ameers in the cases laid down by the Governor-General as the base of the new treaty was far from being satisfactorily proved,† yet, from the testimony of men whose opinions could not but carry weight, it appeared certain enough, morally, to justify him, at so critical a period, in demanding guarantees for their good behaviour. But he might have escaped much

* *Ibid.*, pp. 227-8; R. Napier, pp. 71-83; *Outram*, pp. 68-79; C. S., Inc. 3 and 32 in No. 371, No. 381, 386-9, 398, 409-10, 414. See Appendix B.

† Futteh Mahomed's guilt in the matter of Mahomed Shureef was unquestioned.

hostile criticism if he had founded the treaty, not upon these particular charges alone, but also upon the minor offences of the Ameers and the general tenor of their recent policy.

After sending off an account of his investigations, Napier had some time to wait before he could receive the Governor-General's decision. In the interval he was not idle. He had, some days previously, been startled by an order to abolish the political agency. The truth was that Ellenborough thought very lightly of Outram's abilities, and considered that the resolute soldier whom he had chosen to execute his policy ought to have undivided power: but the change, while it alarmed the Ameers, added seriously for a time to the burdens of Napier. Besides the labour of an immense correspondence and of anxious meditation, he had to force the troops at Sukkur to conform to his ideas of discipline. The younger officers had got into the habit of riding furiously through the camp and the bazaar.* Napier accordingly issued a general order, the humour of which won their goodwill, while its vigorous tone taught them that their chief was not to be trifled with. "Gentlemen as well as beggars," he wrote, "may, if they like, ride to the devil when they get on horseback; but neither gentlemen nor beggars have a right to send other people there, which will be the case if furious riding be allowed in camp or bazaar." Meanwhile, the information which he received from his Intelligence officers

* Bazaar, —a permanent market or street of shops.

showed that the Ameers were becoming more and more restless. It had long been evident that they feared and resented the intrusion of the British; and now, hearing rumours of the new treaty, which were naturally exaggerated by the gossips of the bazaars, they imagined that the intruders would be satisfied with nothing less than the conquest of their country. At this delicate conjuncture the influence of a diplomatist who understood the temper of the Ameers, and would have quietly convinced them that, while they must obey, they were to be treated with every consideration, might have been invaluable. Napier did nothing to disarm their suspicions, or to explain to them the real tenor of the treaty. On the contrary, the dictatorial tone which he had assumed towards them, and the military preparations which he was known to be making, increased their alarm. A report spread that he was about to march on Khyrpore; and messengers were despatched in hot haste to summon the neighbouring clans. Roostum, so the spies said, had taunted the princes of Lower Scinde with holding back; whereupon Nusseer had bidden him be of good cheer, and promised to send an army to his aid. The notorious Futteh Mahomed had advised that, as soon as hostilities broke out, a religious war should be proclaimed; and Roostum and his kinsmen, hoping, perhaps, by assuming an air of resolution, to obtain easier terms, boasted that, if any cession of territory were demanded from them, they would resist

the demand by force. Napier, on his part, was becoming daily more imbued with a belief in the villainy of the whole clan; and, mistaking the bluster which really arose from fear for aggressive enmity, he persuaded himself that they were only waiting for an opportunity to attack him.* "My mind is made up," he wrote: "if they fire a shot, Scinde shall be annexed to India." Already his views were beginning to diverge from those of Outram, who, although it had been his duty to testify against the intrigues of the Ameers, had, on the eve of his departure, pleaded earnestly in their favour, and done his best to minimise the evil notoriety of their government. At his first meeting with Outram, Napier had conceived a warm admiration for his generous and manly character: it was he who had conferred upon him the happy title of the Bayard of India; and, while their acquaintance lasted, he never ceased to regard him with goodwill. He had, too, the highest opinion of his ability, so long as their political views appeared to coincide. But, as he once naïvely confessed, he could not thoroughly like those who differed from him in argument; and he was now beginning to be irritated by symptoms of opposition. "Outram provokes me," he said; "he pities those rascals, who are such atrocious tyrants that it is virtuous to roll them over like ninepins."†

* See Appendix C and Addenda.

† C.S., No. 384-85, 403-5, 408, 420; R. Napier, pp. 83-87, 95-100, *Outram*, pp. 81-83; *Life*, vol. ii., pp. 222, 236, 240, 292.

The period of suspense was soon at an end. On the last day of November, Napier received a letter from the Governor-General, directing him to require the consent of the Ameers to the new treaty. Two separate drafts had been prepared for presentation to the Ameers of Hyderabad and of Khyrpore respectively; but the spirit of both documents was essentially the same. The Ameers were to renounce the right of coining money, which was thenceforth to be exercised for them by the British Government: the towns of Kurrachee and Tatta, belonging to the Ameers of Hyderabad, and the towns of Sukkur, Bukkur, and Roree, belonging to the Ameers of Khyrpore, were to be ceded, together with adjacent strips of territory, stretching along the banks of the Indus, to the British; and the districts of Subzulcote and Bhoong Bhara, as well as the country between Bhoong Bhara and Rorce, were to be ceded to the Nabob of Bhawulpore, to whom a portion of them had formerly belonged. On the other hand, the Ameers of Hyderabad were to be relieved from the payment of their subsidy; and, as it considerably exceeded the revenue of the lands which they were to cede, lands of equal value to the surplus were to be devoted to indemnifying the Ameers of Khyrpore for the cessions demanded from them. They also were to be released from all claims for tribute. Nusseer of Khyrpore and Nusseer of Hyderabad were alone to be punished by actual loss of revenue. The main objects of Ellenborough were, in demand-

ing the cession of Kurrachee and the other towns, to acquire an absolute command over the Indus; in transferring territory to the Nabob of Bhawulpore, to strengthen the ties of common interest with a loyal ally, and to establish a line of communication through a friendly state between Scinde and the British territories on the Sutlej.*

Unfortunately, there was a serious flaw in the treaty, which Outram, ever watchful for the interests of the Ameers, had detected when Napier first showed him the draft. Little more than a fourth of the territory that was to be ceded to the Nabob of Bhawulpore had originally belonged to him.* Thus the Ameers of Khyrpore would have to make cessions far greater than the Governor-General had contemplated; and his intention of compensating them for what they would lose could not be adequately carried into effect. Outram urged Napier to point this out to the Governor-General: but weeks passed away, and Napier neglected to do so.†

Meanwhile he lost no time in sending the treaties to the Ameers. To adjust the complicated details, the services of an officer of local experience would afterwards be required; and Outram, for whose assistance Napier had applied, was expected soon to return. The Ameers of Hyderabad professed obedi-

* *Ibid.*, p. 247; *Selections from the Records, ut supra*, p. 112; C.S., No. 388, 392, 394.

† *Outram*, pp. 43-44, 149-50. (See Addenda).

ence. Those of Khyrpore who, distracted by their fears, were making half-hearted attempts to arm, sent ambassadors to say that they would accept the treaty, but protested against it as unjust. Napier refused to believe that their promises of submission were sincere. The intelligence which he received convinced him that their object was simply to parley until the advent of the hot season should enable them to attack him, when his soldiers would be unable to bear the sun. "I have secret information," he wrote, "that, if the Ameers go to war, they mean to harass us night and day, till we call out, O God, what have we done that Thou shouldst let loose such devils upon us." On the 8th of December he issued a proclamation, which was made public by beat of tom-tom, stating that, in accordance with the treaty, the country from Subzulcote to Roree was to be given up. The Ameers had been led to hope that the treaty would be modified in their favour before it was carried into effect; and, in their exultation, they had discharged half of their new recruits. But their hopes were swept away by the proclamation: "how," they exclaimed, "how are the Ameers to exist?" and in their fury they sent off messengers to recall the disbanded troops. A correspondence followed between Roostum and Napier. Napier threatened: Roostum asserted his innocence, and threw himself on the mercy of the General. But Napier was incredulous and inexorable. "I laugh," he said, "at your preparations for war. Eight days have passed,

and I have not heard that your Highness has nominated a commissioner of rank to arrange the details of the treaty. Your Highness is collecting troops in all directions ; I must therefore have your acceptance of the treaty immediately,—yea or nay.” “ God knows,” replied Roostum, “ we have no intention of opposing the British, nor a thought of war or fighting,—we have not the power. If, without any fault on my part, you choose to seize my territory by force, I shall not oppose you, but I shall consent to and observe the provisions of the new treaty.” All this time, however, the other Ameers were enlisting recruits, and nervously considering how they might defend themselves against the dreaded onslaught of the Feringhee General.*

Still Napier hoped to take possession of the ceded districts without bloodshed. Leaving Sukkur on the 15th and 16th of December, a British force crossed the Indus ; and within the next few days Subzulcote and Bhoong Bhara were occupied. Napier himself, after superintending the departure of the column, returned to Sukkur. Anxious as he was to carry out his instructions to the satisfaction of the Governor-General, he complained that he was being worked to death ; and, to add to his trials, his nephew John, who was on his staff, suddenly fell ill with fever. But Napier was resolved not to break down while there was work to be done. “ This,” he wrote,

* C.S., No. 385, 408-9, 416, 425-26, 429-31, 433 ; C.S. Suppl., No. 5, 8 ; *Outram*, pp. 145-62 ; *Life*, vol. ii. p. 260.

“is a hard trial for an old man of sixty. Yet what signifies these troubles? I feel a spring in me that defies all difficulties.” Meanwhile highly-coloured reports of warlike preparations on the part of the Ameers were pouring in; and on the night of the 17th the English mails were robbed near Khyrpore. Napier believed that Roostum, who was very old and feeble, was not responsible for these things: but, as a warning to the younger Ameers, he addressed to him this curt note:—“Ameer, my letters have been stopped near Khyrpore: this has been done either by your order, or without your consent. If, by your order, you are guilty; if, without your consent, you cannot command your people. In either case, I order you to disband your armed followers instantly.” Roostum, in reply, denied that he or his subjects had been concerned in the robbery: the recruits, he promised, should be dismissed; and he begged Napier to send a deputy to report on his conduct. Notwithstanding, the General resolved to march on Khyrpore, and there, see that his orders were obeyed.*

Harassed by private anxieties, exercised by public cares, stimulated, by ambition, that eager soul was ever listening for the still, small voice. It was night, and before the tent in which he sat sparkled the long line of camp-fires. The dream of his life was half

* *Ibid.*, pp. 251, 264, 268-69; C.S., No. 436-38, 444; C.S. Suppl., No. 11; *Outram*, pp. 162-83. “There will be no opposition,” so runs a significant entry in the Intelligence, “to the English force.”

realised : would it ever be wholly ? *In the depths of his heart he longed for war ; yet he cursed himself for the wish, and tried to stamp it down.* " My God," he said, " how humbled I feel when I think ! How I exult when I behold ! I have worked my way to this great command, and am gratified at having it, yet despise myself for being so gratified. I despise my worldliness. A few years must kill me ; a few days may ! And yet I am so weak as to care for these things ! No,—I do not. I pray to do what is right and just, and to have strength to say, Get thee behind me Satan ! Alas ! I have not that strength ! there was but one being that could say that ! All that I can do is to feel that I cannot say it : the weakness of man and the pride of war are too powerful for me, or I should not be here. He who takes command loves it ! " *

His passion was soon to be gratified. For now occurred an event which has generally been considered one of the principal causes that led to the Scindian war. It had always been the custom among the Ameers both of Upper and of Lower Scinde that one of their number, with the title of Rais, should exercise a patriarchal authority over the rest. The symbol of this authority was a Turban. For some time past one of the most vexed questions of Scindian politics had been, who was to succeed Roostum as the Rais of Upper Scinde. An old man of courteous manners and dignified appearance, he was more popular than

* *Life*, vol. ii. p. 266.

any other Ameer: but his death could not be far distant. The candidates for the Turban were his son, Mahomed Hoossein, and his brother, Ali Moorad: but the custom was that the eldest brother of the principal Ameer, if he had a brother, not his eldest son, should succeed him as Rais. Ali Moorad, a handsome man in the prime of life, and gifted with a singularly winning address, was by far the ablest of all the Ameers: he was commonly believed to be actuated by unswerving and unscrupulous ambition: he had long been severed, by a bitter feud, from his elder brother; and, anticipating that the English would soon be masters of Scinde, he had decided that he would best consult his own interests by definitely throwing in his lot with them. Accordingly he had, on the 23rd of November, asked Napier to give him a promise of the Turban. Napier replied that the Turban would be preserved to Roostum during his lifetime, unless he forfeited the British protection: but that, after his death, it would be transferred to Ali Moorad, if he continued to act with loyalty. "All that is just," said Ali Moorad; and Napier congratulated himself on having secured the most powerful of the Ameers as a firm ally. On the 18th of December, the day on which he announced his intention of marching to Khyrpore, Napier received a message apparently from Roostum,* saying that he was unable to control his relations, and wished to seek an asylum in the British camp. Napier was some-

* See Appendix D.

what embarrassed by this message : to receive Roostum would, he thought, be virtually to pronounce him innocent of the offence with which he had been charged. He was anxious also to secure the Turban for Ali Moorad, if possible at once. It was not that he had any special regard for Ali Moorad : as he afterwards said, he did not care if Ali were the devil incarnate. What he desired was that Upper Scinde should be under a strong Rais, and that that Rais should be his slave. The interest of the Rais, of the people of Scinde, and of the British was really the same,—good government ; and, if that interest were secured, he did not care what became of the selfish Ameers. He therefore wrote to Roostum, urging him to go to Ali Moorad, and to listen to his advice. Roostum naturally regarded this letter as equivalent to a command. Accordingly he went to the fort of Dejee-Ka-Kote, where Ali Moorad then was. There Ali Moorad extorted from him a treaty, by which he resigned to him not only the Turban and the office of Rais, but also extensive lands which had been assigned, years before, for the support of the dignity.* As soon as Napier heard what had taken place, he suspected that Ali Moorad had achieved his end by force. * 'Wishing to ascertain whether his suspicion was correct, he told him that he intended to have an interview with Roostum. Thereupon Ali Moorad, as it should seem, caused Roostum to flee, telling him that, unless he did so, Napier would

* See Appendix E.

make him a prisoner. It immediately occurred to Napier that Ali Moorad had intimidated his aged brother; but he did not now feel called upon to interfere between the two, or to clear up his own suspicions. He was at first annoyed that Roostum had fled: but, after all, if the old imbecile had allowed himself to be frightened, what business was it of his to champion his cause? So long as he could secure the political objects which he had at heart, those wretched Ameers might quarrel and intrigue as they pleased. With the Turban in the possession of Ali Moorad, and Ali Moorad attached by self-interest to his side, he believed that the peace of Upper Scinde was secured; and he was naturally not eager to institute an enquiry which might issue in the frustration of his schemes. Yet he was bound, not only by justice, but also, if he had only known, by expediency, to institute such an enquiry; for both the Ameers and their vassals detested Ali Moorad, and were in the highest degree exasperated by his usurpation. Moreover, even if Ali Moorad were to be allowed to retain the Turban, it was impolitic and unjust to allow him to deprive Roostum of lands from which many chiefs drew their support. Napier was bound by treaty, he confessed, to protect any Ameer whose rights were invaded by another. On New Year's Day he received from Roostum a letter stating that he had been compelled to resign the Turban by force: in his reply he sternly rebuked Roostum for pre-

suming to state as a fact what he had himself only lately believed.*

* Already the abdication of Roostum had produced important results. Bewildered by the sudden collapse of their chief, the younger Ameers with their followers had fled. Their refuge, so Napier heard, was a fortress called Emaumghur, which lay to the south-east of Khypore, far away in the great desert. An idea occurred to him, which he welcomed as an inspiration. He would march at once upon this place, and prove to the whole family of Ameers that not even the stronghold which they deemed impregnable, not even the desert itself could protect them from British troops. Then, he was confident, they would learn the futility of all resistance; and peace would be assured. Nor was this his only motive. Ali Moorad was his ally: but he was an ambitious ally; and it would be well to teach him, by an exhibition of their strength, that his new friends were also his masters. Emaumghur belonged, indeed, to a nephew of Roostum: but Napier maintained that Ali Moorad, as Rais, was now its master; and Ali Moorad had been induced to assent to the expedition. The argument was a weak one; for, as the fortress belonged to Roostum's nephew when

* * *Outram*, pp. 106-44; R. Napier, pp. 110, 118-24, 129, note; *Selections from the Records, ut supra*, pp. 112-16; C.S., No. 413, 439, 445-46, 451; C.S. Suppl., No. 159-60; Postans, pp. 213, 215; *Papers relating to the Charge preferred against Ali Moorad* (Willoughby's *Minute*, pars. 4, 10-11, 13-14, 30, 35-36, 57, 61-64, 70-72, 77, 81-83, 86-87, 90, 101, 103, 120); *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 224, 264-65, 300.

Roostum was Rais, it belonged to him no less when Roostum was succeeded by Ali Moorad. But, even if Napier had been unable to find a formal justification for his enterprise, he would certainly have claimed the right of the strongest to take a course which, however arbitrary, seemed to him both politic and, in the truest sense, merciful. The danger of what he was undertaking was fully present to his mind. He would perhaps fail to obtain guides: the wells might be filled up or poisoned: his little column might be harassed by sharpshooters whose activity would baffle pursuit. Still, he felt confident in his power to triumph over every obstacle. For he believed that God had chosen him as His instrument to inaugurate a happier era for the people of Scinde.*

On the 3rd of January he broke up his camp near Khyrpore, having been detained there for some days by stress of weather. Next day the column reached the fort of Dejee-Ka-Kote. It now appeared, that none of the Ameers, except Roostum's nephew, had actually gone to Emaumghur: but Napier thought it wise, notwithstanding, to prove that he could go himself. Unable to get any certain information about the route, or the places where water might be found, he determined to continue the expedition with only a small force, considering that to take a large one would be unsafe. At midnight on the

* *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 272-73, 285-86; *C.S.*, No. 445-46, 448, 450; *C.S. Suppl.*, No. 143; *Outram*, pp. 225-26, 247-52.

5th he plunged into the desert, with three hundred and fifty men of the 22nd Queen's Regiment mounted in pairs on camels, two hundred horsemen, and two twenty-four pounder howitzers. He had provisions for fifteen days and water for four. At length, above the east horizon, the red sun slowly rose; and Napier descried his scattered soldiers skimming on their strange steeds over the long waves of the sandy ocean. Finding, at the end of the first march, that forage was very scarce, he sent back all but fifty of his horsemen. Six more days the little army toiled on. The labour of dragging the guns up the steep, holding sand-hills was enormous: but the soldiers laughed at every difficulty; and on the 12th of January the grim fortress of Emaumghur appeared, standing with its eight round towers four-square in the midst of the desert, and sparkling under the sun's rays. 'Not a soul was to be found within: only a few hours before the garrison had marched out. Napier had reason to rejoice at his good fortune; for it would have taken long for his guns to batter a breach in those massive walls; and it might have fared ill with him if the garrison had resolved to stand a siege. As it was, he believed that, so long as the fortress stood, it would foster a false confidence in the Ameers, and perhaps entail the labour of another march upon the British. With the consent, therefore, of Ali Moorad he resolved to destroy it. On the 15th the mines were ready; the silence of the desert was shattered

by an appalling roar ; through upleaping flames and soaring clouds of smoke, a myriad fragments flew into the air ; and the fortress of Emaumghur had disappeared.*

Now began the final stage of negotiation with the Ameers. Outram, in obedience to an order from the Governor-General, had rejoined Napier just before the commencement of the desert march. On the day of the demolition of Emaumghur he started for Khyrpore, with instructions to meet the Ameers or their ambassadors there, and to arrange with them the details of the treaty. Next morning he reached the camp of Roostum in the desert. With heart-felt grief he told him that the treaty could not be modified, nor the cession to Ali Moorad undone. "Then," said Roostum, "what remains to settle? Our means of livelihood are taken, and why am I not to continue Rais for the short time that I have to live?" Outram was in despair. The old man had evidently lost confidence in him : he was surrounded by persons who appeared to be agents of Ali Moorad : it was the interest of Ali Moorad to make the other Ameers appear hostile to Napier in order that he might profit by their ruin ; and therefore Outram feared lest Roostum should be persuaded that it was useless to go to Khyrpore. On the 20th Outram arrived at that place, where he had been authorised to wait for the

* *Outram*, pp. 194-95, 225-26, 240-46: *C.S.*, No. 448-49, 493, 455, 457; *Indian Administration of Lord Ellenborough*, p. 342; *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 281-89.

Ameers or their ambassadors until the 25th. Ambassadors from Lower Scinde presented themselves, but without full powers; and, as Outram expected, Roostum failed to appear.* He had gone to join the other princes of Upper Scinde at a place called Koonhera. In the meantime Outram made it his business to ascertain the value of the territory of the Khyrpore Ameers to be confiscated by the treaty. Napier had hitherto neglected or forgotten to ask the Governor-General to reduce the excessive demands which he had unwittingly made. Ali Moorad was to lose nothing; and one-fourth of the property which, after the confiscation, would remain to the Ameers, was to be assigned to him as Rais. As a result, the annual income of the other Ameers would be reduced from about one hundred and sixty thousand to little more than sixty thousand pounds, on which eighteen Ameers with their families and feudal retainers would have to depend for their support. The longer Outram meditated on this arrangement, the more unjust it appeared. It was true that in former times one-fourth of the territory, in addition to his ordinary revenue, had been assigned to the Rais, in order to enable him to maintain an army for the defence of Upper Scinde against foreign aggression. But circumstances, Outram maintained, were greatly altered: the duty of protecting Scinde belonged now to the British Government. Writing to Napier, he pointed out that, if the terms which he condemned

* See Appendix F.

were insisted upon, it would be impossible to conclude any satisfactory arrangement with the Ameers. In a second letter he expressed his opinions with still greater force. "It grieves me to say that my heart and the judgement God has given me unite in condemning the measures we are carrying out as most tyrannical,—positive robbery. I consider, therefore, that every life that may hereafter be lost in consequence will be a MURDER."*

Napier was not convinced. To his mind, Outram was allowing his sympathies to overbear his judgement. "In his indignation against Ali Moorad," he wrote, "he every day puts such a fresh coat of whitewash on the others that they will soon be apostles." He still maintained that to uphold Ali Moorad was the best way to secure the well-being of the people: whether the treaty left the guilty Ameers one rupee or one million, did not, he argued, come within his competence to determine. He forgot that it was not the treaty which Outram attacked,† but only the spoliation by Ali Moorad of his kinsmen; and that, unless it were prevented, the innocent would be punished as well as the guilty. Moreover, he could not see that, even if it were politic to recognise Ali as Rais, the other Ameers would be driven by the

* * *Outram*, pp. 253-69, 274-76, 290; *C.S.*, No. 409, 415, 448-49, 456, 458; *C.S. Suppl.*, No. 24, 29, 31, 33; *Life of Outram*, vol. i. pp. 305, 308, 314; *Life*, vol. ii. p. 304, vol. iii. p. 26.

His only serious objection was to the undue demands (p. 54, *supra*).

loss of their estates to plunder or to fight, and the people would suffer worse than before.*

Now it was that Outram showed how he deserved the title, which Napier had given him, of "the Bayard of India." He was consumed by a passionate desire to save the Ameers from the doom which he felt to be overhanging them. The march to Emaumghur had failed to secure the prospects of peace, even if it had not aroused the fear that Napier was bent on war. Breathing threats against Ali Moorad, hoping vaguely still, by good fortune, by concession, perhaps by force, to obtain some abatement of the General's demands, the Ameers of Upper Scinde, with four thousand armed followers, were journeying to Hyderabad, to claim the support of their fellow princes. On the 22nd of January Outram wrote to Napier, asking leave to go thither also, that he might use his influence to prevent the Ameers of Lower Scinde from committing themselves by receiving and aiding the fugitives. If the Ameers of Khyrpore were determined to rush on their own destruction, he would at least try to save their cousins. Napier refused to agree to this proposal, on the ground that, if the treaty were not opened at once, the Governor-General would condemn him for vacillation. Outram, however, pointed out that, in the absence of the Ameers or their representatives, it was impossible to open the treaty; and on the 28th Napier wrote to give a tardy consent. But the letter was intercepted, by an agent,

* *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 297-303; *Outram*, pp. 269-73.

as Outram thought, of Ali Moorad; and Outram never received it.*

On the 30th, ambassadors, sent by the Ameer of Hyderabad, arrived in the British camp at Beria, about midway between Khypore and Sehwan. Napier was marching slowly in the direction of Hyderabad, that he might be able to support the arguments of Outram by the terror of the British force. He was still sincerely desirous to avoid an appeal to arms: but being a soldier, not a diplomatist, he did not think of taking the one step that might possibly have prevented it. What he ought to have done was to demand from the ambassadors their signature to an unconditional acceptance of the treaty; then to send them back to Hyderabad, on the understanding that Outram would follow to arrange details; and to stipulate against the admission into Lower Scinde of the fugitives from Khypore. What he did was to dismiss the ambassadors, with a warning that, unless by the 5th of the following month he heard that they had induced the Ameer of Khypore to meet Outram at Hyderabad, he would treat those Ameer as enemies. He forgot, or failed to understand, that Outram desired to exclude them altogether from Hyderabad; indeed he seems to have gathered from one of his letters† that he actually wished to meet them there, that he might make a last effort to persuade them to

* *Ibid.*, pp. 287-301; C.S. Suppl., No. 31-32, 36. See Appendix G.

† *Life of Outram*, vol. i. p. 315.

submit. But the error which he committed, if pardonable, was not the less fatal. Ignorant of Asiatic ideas of honour, he was practically forcing the desperate princes of Khyrpore into the reluctant arms of their cousins, and thus precipitating the alliance which Outram was so anxious to prevent.*

"The General is bent on war! So get ready." Such was the conclusion which the ambassadors formed, and such the warning which they sent to their masters. The Ameers accepted it; and from that moment they too began to summon their troops, in the hope of averting the doom which they feared.†

Outram, assuming that Napier wished him, after all, to go to Hyderabad, embarked on the 4th at Sukkur. He had been prevented from starting earlier by a series of accidents to the steamer. Arriving on the 8th, he found that Roostum had preceded him by four days. The main object of his visit was therefore, he feared, frustrated. Respect for their sacred laws of hospitality, if not sympathy and national pride, would now assuredly lead the Ameers of Hyderabad to make common cause with their kinsmen. Napier had announced that unless, by the 5th, he heard of Roostum's having gone to meet Outram at Hyderabad, he would himself march against him at the head of his army: he did not receive the required information, though, as a matter of fact, Roostum had set out; and on the 6th,

* *I.ijc*, vol. ii. pp. 308-11; *C.S. Suppl.*, No. 37-39, 102, 108, 132; *Outram*, pp. 290-97. See Addenda.

† *C.S. Suppl.*, No. 178; *Outram*, pp. 335-36.

to show that he was in earnest, he began his march. The Ameers were greatly alarmed. Roostum had arrived at Hyderabad within the time which the General had prescribed; nevertheless the General was still marching on their capital. They did not understand his motives. Surely, they must have thought, whether they submitted or not, he was determined to destroy them.*

Napier, for his part, was becoming anxiously impatient. The hot weather was coming on fast, and within a few days this maddening uncertainty must be ended. He accordingly directed Outram to warn the Ameers of Khyrpore that he intended to move on, and, unless they dispersed their troops instantly, to disperse them himself by force of arms.†

And now, with a heart full of pity and indignation, Outram set himself to avert, if by any means it were possible, the impending catastrophe. That he could prevent war, if his hands were only free, he felt sure; perhaps, fettered as he was, he might yet prevent it by his influence with Napier. He wrote to assure him that he did not believe that the Ameers really intended to fight. Late on the day of his arrival, he had a conference with the Ameers. They solemnly denied that the alleged acts of treason, on which the treaty was based, had been committed; still they promised to sign it if only Roostum were restored to

* *Ibid.*, pp. 290-95, 299-301, 327-38, 339-41; *C.S. Suppl.*, No. 46, 48, 52.

† *Ibid.*, No. 48-49.

his rights. At the same time they told Outram that, if the British army continued to advance, the Beloochees would break loose from restraint: would he ask the General to grant even one day's grace, that there might be time for deliberation? Outram implored them, as a friend, to sign without delay and save themselves before it was too late. Nothing was definitely settled: but next morning Outram received a message from the Ameers, asking him to consult with them again in the afternoon. He sent back word that further consultation would be useless; the General was steadily marching on their capital, and their only chance of arresting his march was to sign the treaty forthwith. In the afternoon the deputies of the Ameers of Hyderabad met Outram, and signed an agreement to accept the treaty. Thereupon he wrote to ask Napier to halt for a day, and give the other Ameers a chance of making up their minds. Next morning Roostum sent a message to Outram saying that he and his kinsmen were prepared to sign the treaty, if necessary, at once, but begging that the business might be deferred till the 11th, as the 10th was the last and holiest day of the feast of the Mohurrum. Outram consented, and wrote to beg Napier, who had already halted in compliance with his request, to wait one more day. This Napier promised to do, not out of consideration for the Ameers, for he thought that he had waited too long for them already, but because his camels needed rest. On the

11th, Roostum and his fellow Ameers sent their deputies to sign the treaty.*.

In the afternoon of the same day a company of British soldiers landed at the Residency of Hyderabad. Napier, believing that Outram was being hoodwinked by the Ameers, and feeling alarmed for his safety, had sent this reinforcement to his assistance. But Outram only thought of the alarm which the appearance of the troops would strike into the hearts of the Ameers. He therefore entreated Napier to advance no further than Hala, thirty miles north of Hyderabad.† On the evening of the 12th he had another conference with the Ameers. He told them that he would gladly communicate to the General any representation which Roostum might desire to make on the subject of his grievances. More than this he had no authority to do. At length all the Ameers except Nusseer Khan of Khyrpore set their seals to the treaty. Hardly had Outram departed from the Durbar when a number of Beloochee chiefs flocked in, greatly excited, and, swore on the Koran that, as Outram would not give any pledge that Roostum should have justice, they would unite to resist the British, and not sheathe their swords till right had been done.‡ .

Emerging from the fort, Outram and his brother

* C.S. Suppl., No. 53, 59-60; C.S., No. 468, 47A; *Outram*, pp. 325-26, 343-51.

† See Addenda.

‡ *Outram*, pp. 352-54, 357-58; C.S., No. 468; C.S. Suppl. No. 63-65, 69; *Life*, vol. ii. p. 319.

officials were greeted with angry shouts : an infuriated mob surged round them ; and they had to thank the Beloochee escort which surrounded them for protection from attack. Next day the Ameers, who had a warm regard for Outram, earnestly begged him to leave the city as soon as he could, and get out of the reach of danger. From their deputies he heard of the oath which the Beloochee chiefs had sworn. The Ameers, so the deputies urged, had lost all control over the Beloochees, and could not answer for any violence of which they might be guilty. An earnest colloquy followed. Again and again the deputies implored Outram to promise that the lands taken from Roostum and his brethren by Ali Moorad should be restored. Again and again Outram assured them that he had no authority to promise anything, and that, until the armed Beloochees dispersed, the General would certainly keep marching on Hyderabad. Would the Khypore Ameers then be allowed to settle their disputes with Ali Moorad without British interference ? "Certainly not," answered Outram. "This is very hard," exclaimed the deputies,—"you will neither promise restoration of what has been taken from them by Ali Moorad, nor will you allow them to right themselves." As they withdrew, they told him that, unless he received a message that night, he was to conclude that their masters could do nothing more to preserve peace. No message came. Still Outram would not believe that the Beloochees had any real thought of fighting. "I have little doubt,"

he wrote to Napier, "but that all their vaunting will end in smoke." *

Very different was the opinion of Napier. Judging by the reports which, during some days past, he had received from his spies, he convinced himself that the Ameers were making Outram their dupe. "I will stand no more blarney," he burst out, "at which the Ameers would beat any Irishman that ever drunk whiskey." And, he maintained, even if they were sincere in pleading that they could not control their Beloochees, he had a good right to overthrow their Government; for a state that could not command its own army was dangerous to its neighbours. The country near Hyderabad was traversed by bodies of armed men. On the 12th of February, a party of Beloochee horsemen was surprised near his camp. Their leader was found in possession of a letter from one of the Ameers of Hyderabad, directing him to summon all his clansmen who could wield a sword, and assemble them on the 9th at Mecanee. This letter bore a date identical with that of another, in which the same Ameer begged Napier to delay his advance until the 9th. All this time, then, Napier concluded, the Ameers had been definitely resolved to attack him. As a matter of fact, before the letters were written, they had heard from their ambassadors that he was bent on attacking them,† and they naturally prepared to defend themselves. The

* *Outram*, pp. 355-62; *C.S.*, No. 468; *C.S. Suppl.*, No. 65, 68-69.

† See p. 70, *supra*.

General, however, was in no mood to draw nice distinctions. And, indeed, when their intercession for Roostum failed, the bolder spirits doubtless felt that the time had come to strike. Whatever he might have done before, after those hot-blooded Beloochees had sworn to be avenged, it was too late for Napier to avert war.* It was his business now to save his army; and he believed that, if he waited any longer, he would be exposing it to destruction. Perhaps he had waited too long already. Replying to the letter in which Outram had begged him not to advance beyond Hala, he said, "I neither can, nor will halt now. Their object is very plain, and I will not be their dupe. I shall march to-morrow, and attack every body of armed men I meet, according to my orders. I have delayed from first to last, at risk of my character as an officer, till not the eleventh, but the twelfth hour. If men die in consequence of my delay, their blood may be justly charged to my account." The news of the insult to which Outram had been exposed in the streets of Hyderabad, confirmed his decision. Thirty thousand Beloochees, he learned, were assembled at Meeanee to attack him. He knew indeed that, whatever the result of the contest might be, it would decide his reputation as a general; but he felt no misgivings. "I am as sure of victory," he said,

* When Outram heard of the seizure of the Beloochee horsemen, he too believed that their countrymen would fight. C.S. Suppl., No. 72.

“as a man who knows that victory is an accident can be.” *

Even while he wrote, the clash of arms was begun. Early on the morning of the 16th, Outram came into the British camp at Muttaree, a day's march north of the place where the Beloochee army was assembled. On the previous morning the smouldering passions of the armed multitudes at Hyderabad had at last burst into flame. Eight thousand Beloochees, led by two of the Ameers, had attacked the Residency; and, after a gallant, but unavailing defence of four hours, Outram and his little band had embarked in a steamer, and retreated up the Indus. Now that the scabbard had been thrown aside, Outram was as eager as Napier that the sword should be wielded with effect. Accordingly he asked Napier to let him move down the river again, and burn the woods stretching along the road to Mecanee, lest they should afford cover to the enemy. Napier acceded to his request; and in the afternoon Outram, taking with him two hundred convalescent sepoy, started on his enterprise.† Napier remained where he was, to complete his preparations, and write the letters which might be his last. On the morrow he was to fight his first, perhaps his last battle as an independent commander,—to win or to lose. The numbers of the Beloochees were said to be increasing but, remem-

* *Ibid.*, No. 48, 61-62, 67, 79, 146; *C.S.*, No. 471 and inclosures; *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 297, 304, 312, 317-18, 320.

† See Appendix H.

bering a famous maxim of the Duke of Wellington, he resolved, let their numbers be what they might, never to retreat before an Indian enemy. "Not to be anxious about attacking such immensely superior numbers is impossible ; but it is a delightful anxiety." And, in a letter to his old friend, John Kennedy, "God bless you," he wrote ; "to fall will be to leave many I love, but to go to many loved, to my home ! and that in any case must be soon."*

V.

AT four o'clock on the morning of the 17th the army began to move. After a march of seven miles, the advanced guard approached the river Fullaillee, the bed of which was then dry. Suddenly, as they tramped along its eastern bank, the silence was broken, for the first time, by the roar of a distant cannon. About eight o'clock the enemy's camp was descried. Some distance ahead, winding to the east, and round again to the south-west, the river-bed assumed the shape of a vast horse-shoe. Between the British army and the opposite bank, from its eastern and its western bend, two dense woods stretched into the plain. That on the right was bounded by a mud wall, on the top of which were perched hundreds of

* *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 321-23, 328 ; *Outram*, pp. 364-66, 373, 392-4, 396-403 ; *C. S.*, No. 472 ; *C. S. Suppl.*, No. 80. See Appendix I.

matchlockmen. Concealed by the other was a village called Katree. The enemy's wings rested on these woods ; and their infantry lined the dry bed of the river, the high bank of which, sloping toward the plain, served as a strong rampart. In front of this bank their guns were placed in two masses, covering their flanks.

Halting to wait for the main column, which had been delayed by the badness of the road, Napier carefully examined the enemy's position. He decided that to turn either of the two woods, while costing much valuable time, would be useless, as, even when the movement had been completed, it would still be necessary to cross the bed of the river. There was but one way to fight the battle,—to attack the enemy boldly in front. Five and thirty thousand warriors were there, many of them drunk with bhang, every man of them inspired by fanaticism and hate ; and against this host he could lead no more than a bare three thousand, of whom scarcely a fourth were British soldiers.

The baggage, guarded by the Poonah Horse and four companies of infantry, was formed in a circle, close behind the line of battle, the camels lying down around it, and the bales being placed between them, so as to form a rampart over which the camp-followers might fire.

At length the main column arrived, and continued to advance until it came within three hundred yards of the wall. Then it wheeled to the right into line.

The artillery, flanked by the sappers and miners, were on the right. Next to them stood the 22nd Queen's Regiment, numbering about five hundred, half of whom were Irishmen. Next came successively the 25th and the 12th Bombay Native Infantry and the 1st Bombay Grenadiers. The left of the infantry line was covered by the Scinde Horse; and on the extreme left rode the 9th Bengal Cavalry.

It was nearly eleven before the line was ready. Then, under a brisk cannonade from the enemy, the British guns were moved forward. Three hundred yards from the Fullaillee, the gunners halted, and, after a short, sharp duel, silenced the enemy's artillery. Meanwhile Napier was riding forward with his staff towards the enclosed wood. Approaching an opening in the wall, he found that it had no loop-holes for the enemy to shoot through, and no scaffolding to aid them in firing over the top. A happy inspiration possessed him. Placing the grenadiers of the 22nd just inside the opening, he bade their captain, Tew, to keep it blocked, and never give way. Hardly had the order been given, when Tew was shot dead: but to the last the gap was held.

And now the infantry regiments, advancing in échelon, under a galling fire, were approaching the enemy's front. Encouraged by the rattle of the grenadiers' musketry, the 22nd marched past the wall. A hundred yards from the Fullaillee, they caught sight of the fierce, dark faces of the Beloochees above the bank, bending over their levelled matchlocks.

The General gave the word: the bugle sounded; and with a wild yell the British soldiers charged. Up the bank they rushed, and were about to leap down:—when they saw a myriad swaying swords flashing in the sunlight before their faces, and in amazement started back. But in a moment they pressed on again, and with fixed bayonets hurled themselves upon their terrible enemies; and now, one after another, the sepoy regiments came up, and plunged into the thick of the fight. Again and again, as the British guns roared out, a hail of grape-shot flew down the river bed, and hurtled through the dense masses of the Belooches; yet, heedless of the slaughter, many leaped upon the guns only to be blown away, while along the bank the shouts of the striving multitudes were mingled with the frequent clash of the bayonet and the sword. Twice or three times, in spite of the example, in spite of the passionate entreaties of their officers, the sepoy regiments shrank back; and even the British swerved before the onset of their desperate foes. Officers and men were falling fast; and it seemed doubtful whether the British could win the battle. Then, conspicuous among the thronging combatants, appeared the eagle face of the British General: he drove his horse through the ranks of the 22nd, and, waving his helmet, called upon the men to make one conquering charge. Still it was all in vain. The bayonet alone could not decide the battle. But soon the British, planting themselves almost on the edge of the bank, fired into the striving mass with

such swiftness, that, as their foremost enemies rolled over dead or dying, those behind could hardly spring clear of the corpses and strike before a fresh volley hurled them back. In the narrow space, barely five yards wide, that separated the contending hosts, Napier slowly walked his horse up and down, more than once scorched by the fire, though never struck, and always at hand to rally the wavering.

Writhing heaps of bodies were lying close under the bank; and still the Beloochees would not give way. Moreover, the officer commanding the Bombay Grenadiers, misunderstanding his instructions, had neglected to storm Katree, and kept his men in a position where they were of little use. The crisis had arrived: now or never, Napier saw, the battle must be won. Exhorting his men to hold on, he sent an order to Colonel Pattle, his second-in-command, to charge with all the cavalry on the enemy's right. But the order had been anticipated. Captain Tucker, of the 9th Cavalry, had already persuaded the colonel to allow the cavalry to act. While the third squadron drove masses of the enemy into and along the bed of the river, and the second expelled numbers from the village enclosures, the first, with the Scinde Horse, rode straight for the further bank. As they galloped across the plain near the village, some fifty of the Scinde horsemen, failing to clear the ditches that intersected it, were flung from their saddles: but the rest, spurring on, dashed over the high bank of the river and across its bed; and then, while the Scindees

charged the camp of the Amceers, the Bengal troopers swept down upon the enemy's rear, and threw the whole line into disorder. Distracted by this unexpected onslaught, the Beloochees hesitated: the British infantry saw the wavering of their line, and, springing forward with a triumphant shout, forced them from the bank, till the battle was renewed in the middle of the river-bed. Driven out of the wood, the multitudes whom Tew's grenadiers had held in check, joined the left of the line. With desperate fierceness the conquered Beloochees still fought on: but at last they knew that they were beaten, and turning, though still glancing grimly round, with a swinging stride they slowly stalked away. Large bodies, indeed, still lingered near the village, and looked as though they would make another rush; and it was not until the whole of the British guns had been turned against them that they too sullenly dispersed.

The loss of the Beloochees was very severe. Within a circle of fifty yards in diameter four hundred corpses were counted; and in all more than five thousand men had fallen. But Napier had won his victory at a heavy cost. Of his little army sixty-two officers and men had been killed, and a hundred and ninety-four wounded.*

* C.S., No. 473; Napier's *Conquest of Scinde*, pp. 30-31; *Account of the Battle of Meeanee* (vol. ix. of *R. E. Prof. Papers*); *Explanation of the Battle of Meeanee* (vol. x. of do.); *Reply to the Observations of Maj.-Gen. Sir W. Napier* (vol. i., new series of do.); *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 326-27, 340, 406, 417, 442-43; vol. iii. pp. 16, 30-31, 80-81, 99; vol. iv. pp. 101-15. The above list comprises the whole of the extant

On the plain beyond the Fullaillee Napier formed his camp. At midnight, while his soldiers were asleep, he rode alone over the battle-field ; he felt no exaltation,—only relief that he had averted defeat ; and, as he gazed upon the corpses that lay heaped together stark and stiff in the moonlight, he said to himself, “ This blood is on the Ameers, not on me.”

In pronouncing this self-acquittal, he confessed the greatness of his responsibility. Although he was ostensibly only the instrument who executed the policy of the Governor-General, yet in the praise or the blame that belongs to it, he must share. For he was allowed the widest discretion in developing it : he warmly defended it with his pen : with his sword he resolutely carried it out ; and, indeed, after the initial step had been taken, he was its real author.

Did his conscience speak truly ? Was the conquest of Scinde a deed which history can approve ? In authorities of any value for the battle of Meeanee. Sir W. Napier's description in his *Conquest of Scinde* is one of the finest of his battle-pieces ; but it is disfigured by blunders the more serious of which were corrected in the prosaic and strictly professional narrative of Major Waddington, who was himself present in the action. Sir William, in one of the papers to which I have referred at the beginning of this note, endeavoured to vindicate his accuracy ; but, after carefully studying his rejoinder and Waddington's surrejoinder, I am satisfied that, on most of the points in dispute, Waddington was right and he was wrong. Diligent as he was in research and anxious to tell the truth, his fervid temperament often prevented him from exercising *sustained* patience in minutely attending to wearisome details. Waddington, on the other hand, had all the strength of a Dryasdust.

Sir Richard Burton, in the biography of him recently published by Mr. Hitchman, makes some interesting remarks about the narratives of Napier and Waddington, and appears to hint that Sir Charles employed secret service money to corrupt the Ameers' artillerymen.

considering these questions, it must be borne in mind that the avowed object of Napier was not to conquer Scinde, but simply to induce the Ameers to accept a treaty without war. But one may hold that he made mistakes in the pursuit of this purpose, and yet admire his firm grasp of the general situation,—the wise decision with which he urged that the imperial Government should finally establish its authority on the Indus, and compel the Ameers to govern as they ought. One may hold that he might have postponed the conquest at the cost of sacrificing the glory of Mecanee, and yet that the conquest was inevitable, that it furnished the Empire with a new buttress, and that it was for the lasting benefit of the people of Scinde. For, as a great historian has with characteristic boldness asserted, it is a law of nature that barbarous peoples should be absorbed by their civilised neighbours.* History sanctions those conquests, however rudely they may shock the scrupulous conscience, which last: those which are condemned, tumble, like Napoleon's empire, into ruins. •.

Napier was so earnest in advocating the wisdom of imposing a new treaty upon the Ameers, that he may be considered jointly responsible with the Governor-General for the measure. The undue demands which were unfortunately introduced into the draft should, of course, have been promptly remitted. But, with this limitation, no one but a purist would deny that the Governor-General and his lieutenant were justified

* Mommsen's *History of Rome*, vol. iv. p. 219.

in requiring the 'consent of the Ameers to the treaty.* Not, indeed, for the specific reasons which Ellenborough alleged,—though Napier might be pardoned for deeming them sufficient on the evidence before him,—but to guard against the hostility of the Ameers ; to prevent them from continuing to violate their engagements ; and to establish the relations of the paramount to the subordinate power on a firm, definite, and satisfactory basis. Political morality is, of all branches of ethics, the simplest to the practical statesman, the most subtle and perplexing to the anxious 'student, the most impracticable as taught by the doctrinaire.

Still, as Napier professed his earnest desire to avoid bloodshed, it is necessary to enquire whether the end which he had in view might not have been gained by peaceful means. It is probable that tact and patient diplomacy, supported by resolution and a calm reserve of irresistible strength, might have induced the Ameers, and even their headstrong feudatories, to submit to the inevitable. Napier was resolute to a fault: but he was no diplomatist ; and it is certain that his excessive sternness, as well as his neglect to explain the benevolence of the Governor-General's intentions, impressed the Ameers with the belief ~~that~~ he intended to conquer their country, and therefore led them to contemplate resistance. If

* Outram, himself, it will be remembered, proposed a similar treaty (p. 43 *supra*) though he did not think that there was sufficient ground for punishing even the two Nusseers by actual deprivation of

it were possible to tell the whole story in a single sentence, one might say that the Ameers armed because they feared that Napier was going to attack them; that Napier attacked them because they armed. He did try hard to effect a peaceable settlement—but not in singleness of heart: from first to last he was biassed by the longing to win a famous victory, and more, to bestow upon an oppressed people the blessings of civilisation. He neglected to inform the Governor-General how hardly the article which provided for the cession of land to Bhawulpore pressed upon the Ameers, until it was too late to set it right. He was certainly wrong in allowing Ali Moorad's claim to the Turban lands to pass unquestioned; and there is considerable evidence to show that this was the proximate cause of the war. Had he allowed Outram to try to prevent the Ameers of Hyderabad from making common cause with those of Khyrpore; had he thought fit to promise that Roostum should be allowed, if he succeeded in proving his case against Ali Moorad, to recover the lands of which Ali had deprived him; it is possible that, even at the eleventh hour, war would have been avoided. On the other hand, it is possible that concessions granted at the eleventh hour, would have been attributed by Asiatics to fear, and have been followed by further demands. And, even if peace had been preserved, it might only have been for a time. For it is not unlikely that the new treaty would, in its turn, have been broken, or fresh grounds of quarrel have arisen. Moreover,

though the immediate causes of the war were doubtless the indignation of the Beloochees at the treatment suffered by their favourite Ameer, and the alarm of his kinsmen and feudatories at the prospect of losing their lands, they had long been in a sullen mood. They were sick of British interference: they were nervously apprehensive that it might develop into aggression; and, when two armies are watching one another, neither indeed intending, but each expecting an attack, the slightest spark may be enough to set their passions ablaze. As Napier said, the battle of Meeanee was "merely the lancing of a great ulcer which must sooner or later have come to a head from natural causes." *

On the morning after the battle ambassadors came to ask the British General what terms he would grant to the Ameer. "Life and nothing more," he replied, "and I want your decision before twelve o'clock, as I shall by that time have buried my dead, and given my soldiers their breakfasts." Soon afterwards Nusser Khan, Shahdad, and young Hoossein of Hyderabad entered the British camp: they promised to surrender the fortress of Hyderabad, and, laying their costly swords at the General's feet, yielded themselves up as prisoners of war. The General received them graciously, and, pitying their fallen state, bade them take back their swords, though, by the rules of war, they were his lawful prize. Their fate, he told them, rested with the Governor-General: his decision would

* *Life*, vol. ii. p. 347.

soon be known ; meanwhile they should be treated with kindness. On the intercession of Outram, the youthful Hoossein was released. Next day, Roostum and Nusseer of Khyrpore also gave themselves up.

During the battle, the Ameer Shere Mahomed of Meerpore, who was popularly known as the Lion, had been encamped six miles from Meeanee, at the head of ten thousand men. On the following morning he sent a message to Napier, saying that he was his friend. Napier, counting on the moral effect of his victory, had determined to march against him. But Outram assured him that the Lion would be only too glad to submit, and obtain terms of peace ; and, wishing to avoid further bloodshed, Napier suffered himself to be guided by his lieutenant's advice.* A letter was accordingly sent to the Lion, informing him that, if he dispersed his troops, he should still be treated as a friend and ally of the British.

For two days after his victory Napier suffered great anxiety lest the enemy should renew the battle ; and he was obliged to take every precaution to guard his little army against the danger of a surprise. On the 19th the conquerors marched into Hyderabad ; and next day the British colours were hoisted on the great round towers of the fort. Up to this time, two of the Ameer's, Sobdar and Mahomed Khan, who had taken no part in the battle, had not given themselves up ; and Napier sent them word that, so long as they remained quietly in their houses, they should not be

* See Appendix J.

molested. On the day of his entry into Hyderabad he explained, in a letter to the Governor-General, that, although Sobdar's troops had been present at Meeanee, they had gone thither against his will. Nevertheless, only four days later, both Sobdar and Mahomed were made prisoners. Writing of Sobdar, Napier remarked, "he staid away from the battle, but five thousand of his warriors fought, and I see no reason why he should shelter himself under his cowardice." By this explanation he implied, in opposition to what he had previously stated, that Sobdar had ordered his warriors to fight; and of his having done so there was no proof. The same flimsy pretext was given for the arrest of Mahomed. But Napier had by this time persuaded himself that the Ameers, one and all, were villains of the deepest dye; and no story that lent support to his theory was too extravagant for his acceptance. For instance, he was led to believe that Nusseer Khan had resolved, in case of victory, to put an iron ring through his nose, and lead him captive by a chain to Hyderabad. Still, in spite of the abhorrence with which he regarded the Ameers, he did his best to render their captivity tolerable, and ordered that the privacy of their women should be scrupulously respected.* How the Ameers themselves should be disposed of, was a delicate question. Full of compassion for the men whose cause he had, so chivalrously advocated, Outram repeatedly urged that they should be restored to their thrones. Napier

* See Appendix K.

of course turned a deaf ear to this advice; and on the 12th of March, Lord Ellenborough issued a proclamation, declaring Scinde annexed to the British Empire, and ordering that the Ameers should be sent prisoners to Bombay.

Meanwhile the Lion, so far from complying with Napier's terms, was diligently collecting recruits. Possibly, when he heard of the arrest of Sobdar and Mahomed, he may have feared that, if he dispersed his troops, a like fate would befall himself. It is probable, at all events, that he distrusted Napier's promises; for he had nothing to lose by the treaty; and therefore, unless he believed himself strong enough to expel the British from Scinde, it is hard to see what other motive than distrust could have impelled him to keep the field.

Notwithstanding his victory, Napier's position was far from being secure. His army was greatly diminished; while that of the Lion was increasing every day. Knowing that, in the face of such odds, and beneath a sun of ever-growing fierceness, it would be insane to march against an enemy who, even if he were defeated, could retreat to the desert, he resolved to remain where he was. Sending to Kurrachee and Sukkur for reinforcements, he proceeded to construct an entrenched camp on the left bank of the Indus, near Hyderabad. But, while he thus tried to make the Lion believe that he was afraid of risking a battle, in the hope that he would be encouraged to assume the offensive, and spare the

British force the toil of hunting him down, Napier made his soldiers pitch their tents outside the entrenchment, in order to give them confidence and impress them with the belief that he held the Lion in contempt.

But the Lion was not his only enemy. The hill tribes, eager for plunder, were preparing to swarm down upon the plains ; and the most formidable chief of Southern Scinde was threatening the garrison of Kurrachee. On the 13th of March Napier heard with astonishment that the Lion's force amounted to more than five and twenty thousand men. Thereupon he wrote to Ferozepore for reinforcements. Ellenborough, however, had anticipated his request : the reinforcements had by this time reached Sukkur ; and Colonel Roberts, the commandant at that place, having already sent the detachments which Napier had originally called for down the Indus in boats, now despatched the Ferozepore brigade under Major Stack ' by land. The Lion, seeing that Napier remained inactive, believed, like a true Asiatic, that he was afraid to take the field, and approached within twelve miles of Hyderabad. On the 15th, perhaps from mere bluster, he sent ambassadors to the British camp, with an offer of terms. Just as they delivered their message, the report of the evening gun was heard. "You hear that sound," said Napier ; "it is my answer to your chief. Begone !" Next day he received from the Lion's brother a proposal to assassinate him. He at once sent to inform the

Lion of his danger, warning him at the same time that, if he did not surrender himself a prisoner of war before the 23rd, he would march against him and give him battle.

As the days passed, and the reinforcements under Major Stack drew nearer and nearer to Hyderabad, Napier became seriously anxious lest the Lion should intercept them. On the 21st Stack reached Mut-taree. There he received orders from Napier to march on without delay. Presently a messenger, despatched by Major Clibborne, who had charge of the Intelligence Department, brought him the following note : —“ Halt, for God’s sake ! You will be attacked by at least forty thousand men to-morrow.” Puzzled by these conflicting missives, Stack sent the messenger on to Napier, to ask for positive orders. When the messenger reached the British camp, Napier, who was entertaining a number of officers in his tent, had just finished dinner. Glancing at the note, he saw that Stack must march on instantly, and come as near as possible to Hyderabad, that he himself might be able to go to his aid without exposing the fortress or the camp to danger. He knew that his officers were anxious, and, to reassure them, he read aloud the note, with this reply : —“ Clibborne’s men are all in buckram. Come on.” The officers laughed heartily at the joke ; and their confidence was restored.

Still, if Clibborne had been indiscreet, his warning was based on sound information ; and Napier knew

that his lieutenant would certainly be attacked. That night accordingly he sent Captain McMurdo with a squadron of cavalry, to find out whether the Lion had intercepted the line of communication on the western bank of the Fullaillee between Muttaree and Hyderabad. Next morning McMurdo, having found no traces of the enemy, joined Stack. On the same day Napier despatched Captain John Jacob with the Scinde Horse along the same road; and soon afterwards he moved himself with a mixed force, intending to keep his rear close enough to Hyderabad to rescue the camp if the Lion should send a detachment to attack it. Stack quitted Muttaree in the morning, and for some hours met with no opposition. Passing the village of Loqnar, five miles from Hyderabad, he was attacked: but, though he displayed bad generalship, that of the Lion was worse; and at midnight the jaded column reached the British camp.

"My luck would be great," said Napier at breakfast next morning, "if I could get my reinforcements either down from Sukkur, or up from the mouth of the river; but that cannot be for a week, perhaps longer." Hardly had he uttered the words when an officer said, "There are boats! Look!" They ran out and found that reinforcements from Kurrachee had arrived. "Hullo!" cried another, "what are those masts?" They belonged to the boats that conveyed the reinforcements from Sukkur. The tide of fortune had begun to flow. Napier spent the rest of the day in completing his arrangements for the approaching struggle.

His officers, though full of valour and devotion, were almost all young and inexperienced; wishing therefore to give them a practical lesson, he brigaded the troops, and executed a few evolutions. Next day, he knew, he would have to fight a second time for the mastery of Scinde. But it was with a light heart that he lay down for his brief rest. "All ready for battle to-morrow,"—so ran the entry in his journal. "They have, it is said, thirty thousand. I have only five thousand, but we shall beat them." *

At daybreak, as the army was preparing to march, despatches from the Governor-General were put into Napier's hands. He ordered that they should be read aloud: they expressed the thanks of Lord Ellenborough for the victory at Meeanee. Exultant and grateful to their General for having praised their services, the men gave a hearty cheer; and, as Napier heard it, he knew that they were determined to gain a second victory. The march was directed towards the village of Khooserie, whither the Lion was said to have gone after his combat with Stack. Presently it was reported that he had concentrated his force at another village, situated about eight miles north-east of Hyderabad. Accordingly the General altered his line of march, at the same time sending on the Scinde Horse to reconnoitre; for the plain was so thickly dotted with woods and gardens, and scored by so many

* *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 332-35, 340-43, 345-46, 348-50; vol. iii. pp. 85-86; *Outram*, pp. 405-21, 424-71; *C.S. Suppl.*, No. 82-83, 85-89, 102-4, 117, 134, and Inclosures; *Conquest of Scinde*, pp. 321-22, 324-43, 363-74.

nullahs,* that a large host might easily be concealed at a short distance without being visible. About eight o'clock a messenger reported that the Lion's whole army was drawn up at Dubba, only two miles distant on the left. Galloping ahead, Napier soon descried the Beloochees swarming over the plain: but in what order they were arrayed, he could not see.

The position which their leader had selected was one of great strength. Their right rested on the Fullaillee, where, though the rest of the bed was dry, it was protected by a large, deep pond of soft mud. A dense wood, extending beyond the Fullaillee, made it impossible to turn their right except by a long *détour*. Their centre and right, extending over a full mile, were covered by a nullah, the banks of which had been scarped; and the line was prolonged in the same direction for another mile to a wood which apparently protected their left flank. From the end of the nullah, however, another, similarly scarped, ran slantwise to the rear; and behind it the real left was posted. The cavalry were massed in one body behind the left. Behind the nullah containing the right and centre, another stretched in a parallel direction: in it the enemy's second line was drawn up, and behind it the bulk of his guns were ranged. Finally, the village of Dubba, which was situated behind the second line and close to the Fullaillee, was defended by a strong body of men.

* Nullah,—a watercourse. I use the native word because there is nothing exactly like a nullah in England.

The British column was marching, with the left advanced, diagonally to the front of the Belooch army ; and the line was formed at the same angle, in échelon, the cavalry being on either wing. As Napier expected that his right would be attacked from the wood, he pushed forward the cavalry of his right wing to cover the flank. The line had scarcely been formed when he was obliged to draw back the left wing, as it was at first so far advanced that several men were struck down by the enemy's artillery. He could not wait to examine their position more closely, lest the martial spirit, which he had lately kindled in his troops, should have time to cool down. Suddenly he observed a number of Beloochees hurrying from their left towards Dubba. Believing that that important point had been neglected, he inferred that they were hastening to occupy it : accordingly he at once caused his line to advance, in the hope that he would be able to seize the village before the Beloochees could reach it. The horse-artillery of the left wing, supported by the cavalry, and followed by the other guns, moved diagonally towards the enemy's right, and, halting and firing at intervals, compelled the enemy to uncover the centre of their first line and the whole of the left wing. But in the 22nd, which was leading the advance of the British infantry, several men were struck by the bullets of the matchlockmen posted in the parallel nullahs ; and there also blazed forth a destructive fire from the village, which was suddenly seen to swarm with men.

Napier, who now saw that he had misjudged the meaning of the movement from the left to the right of the hostile line, but had no time to contrive a new plan of attack, was riding on to lead the assault against the first nullah; when a horseman galloped up, and told him that all the British cavalry on the right were charging. His right wing, he concluded, had been turned by the Beloochees in the wood; and in that direction he galloped away at full speed. Soon the war-cries of divers tribes burst upon his ear; and he saw the flash of shaking swords and the gleam of many-coloured uniforms, as the long line of horsemen sped past in the charge. The commander of the cavalry, seeing the enemy still running towards the centre, and believing them to be smitten with panic, had charged their left wing, and thus exposed the flank of the British line.

Angered at first by the blunder, Napier could not but gaze in admiration at the splendid fury of the charge. Moreover, there was no sign that harm would come of it. More confident than he had been at Meeanee, he knew that he could win this battle, and that his soldiers were in the mood to triumph in spite of any error. Turning, therefore, he galloped back to the left, and, riding into the foremost ranks of the 22nd, which was already marching to storm the nullah, he gave the word to charge. The British war-cry rang out; and, racing up the bank, the Irishmen leaped into the midst of the Beloochees. Then, as the Bombay sepoy's came up in support, the

muskets blazed forth : again the bayonet clashed against the sword ; there was a short, sharp struggle ; and, fiercely as the enemy fought, foot by foot they were forced back, then driven headlong into the second nullah. Still they strove to stand their ground, but in vain : pushed on to the plain beyond, they fled, chased by their conquerors, for the village of Dubba. Meanwhile, the cavalry of the left wing turned the village by galloping round its left : the infantry surrounded it ; and, after a final effort, the surviving Beloochees were driven out of the houses, and sullenly abandoned the fight. Napier, putting himself at the head of the cavalry of the left wing, rode in pursuit for several miles ; and many of the retreating Beloochees were cut down. The cavalry of the right wing were less successful ; for, just as two officers, having caught sight of the Lion himself, were on the point of galloping in chase, Colonel Pattle injudiciously stopped the pursuit. *

This action, though it was fought near the village of Dubba, has always been known as the battle of Hyderabad.

" I have every reason," wrote Napier, in his despatch to the Governor-General, " to believe that not another shot will be fired in Scinde." It was greatly in his favour that he had not a nation of patriots to contend with, but only the chieftains and the clansmen of an alien race. Still, if his prophecy was

* *Conquest of Scinde*, pp. 375-91 ; G.S. Suppl., No. 90 ; *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 350-52, vol. iii. p. 169.

to be fulfilled, it was necessary that the Lion should be hunted down, and his two strongholds of Meerpore and Omercote surprised as speedily as possible. The heat was intense, and the victors were tired out: but the General saw that their enthusiasm would still sustain them through any effort. Towards nightfall, therefore, he moved eastward in the direction of Meerpore. Next day the Poonah horsemen rode up to the gates: the Lion forthwith fled to Omercote; and the people, Scindians and Hindoos alike, welcomed the strange troops as deliverers.

The General's next step was to despatch the Scinde Horse and the camel battery under Captain Whitlee towards Omercote, which lay about sixty miles further to the east. Anticipating the inundation of the Indus in his rear, he kept the main body of his army at Meerpore, that he might be able to return to Hyderabad, if the waters should continue rising, or, if they remained low, to reinforce the detachments which he had sent to Omercote. On the 1st of April, hearing that the Indus was rising rapidly, and that the garrison of Omercote would not surrender, he sent an order to the detachments to retreat. At the moment that Whitlee received the order, he heard that the Lion had abandoned Omercote. Remaining where he was, he sent a young officer named Brown to Meerpore for fresh instructions. Forty miles, under a blazing sun, Brown rode without a halt. Then having received an order directing Whitlee to march instantly on Omercote, he mounted one of the

General's horses, and rode back as hard as he had come. On the 4th of April the inhabitants of Omercote opened their gates; and within a few days the garrison surrendered the fort.

Before this, Napier had received from the Governor-General a despatch informing him that he was to be Governor of Scinde. "I wish," he wrote, "he would let me go back to my wife and girls: it would be more to me than pay and glory and honours. Otherwise this sort of life is agreeable, as it may enable me to do good to this poor people. Oh! if I can do one good thing to serve them where so much blood has been shed in accursed war, I shall be happy."

The Belpochees, however, were not yet thoroughly mastered; and, busily engaged as he was in official correspondence and in thinking out the details of his administrative system, Napier had to contrive a plan for the final overthrow of the Lion. As Omercote had been captured, and Emaumghur had long since been destroyed, no refuge in the desert remained for that prince except the northern fortress of Shah Ghur. To prevent him from reaching this stronghold, Napier placed a detachment on the side of Roree next the desert, with orders to intercept him, if he should flee in that direction. To hem him in between the desert and the Indus, and to hinder him from reaching the Delta, and joining various bands of robbers who were collected there, troops were stationed on the east, and the important posts of Omercote, Meerpore, and Ali Ka Tanda, which lay between Meerpore and Hydera-

bad, were strongly garrisoned. Meanwhile steamers moved up the river, and prevented the tribes on its right bank from crossing to reinforce the Lion. As the sultry weeks passed, the circle within which the doomed prince was confined became gradually smaller. On the 8th of June his brother, Shah Mahomed, was surprised and defeated at Peer Arres, on the further bank of the Indus, near Sehwan. On the 15th, Napier himself was at Nusseerpore, anxiously waiting for news from his lieutenants, and fearful lest the Lion should, after all, escape. The fierceness of the sun was terrible. Suddenly, as he stood in his tent, Napier felt himself staggering, and, threw himself on the table. Fortunately the doctors were at hand, and promptly bled him. Drowsy as he was, he felt angry because they would not let him sleep. While they were binding up his arm, a horseman rode up, and announced that Jacob had defeated the Lion without the loss of a man. The message roused him from his lethargy; for he knew that the conquest of Scinde was at last complete.*

VI.

Conquest was by Napier valued only because it paved the way for administration; and the work of administration he had already, even while busy with

* *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 352-60, 367-72, 377-91; *Conquest of Scinde*, pp. 391-442.

completing his conquest, begun. The Governor-General, who heartily admired and trusted him, had given him almost unlimited discretion. Slavery he was enjoined to abolish: otherwise he might act as he thought best. But even his brave spirit for a moment quailed before the herculean labour which it foresaw. "Now," he sighed, in the midst of the cares which succeeded the victory of Hyderabad, "now my fearful work of settling the country begins, and the heat is violent. I have to collect revenue, administer justice, arrange the troops, survey the country, project improvements, form civil officers, and appoint proper functionaries. I have to get a thorough hold of a conquered country, and establish a government, and have really hardly any one to assist me: all is confusion, and the military movements are still going on." The leading principle of his government was to keep order: he knew that, however earnestly he might toil for his subjects' good, he could not be loved unless he were also feared. As he once remarked, "The great receipt for quieting a country is a good thrashing first and great kindness afterwards: the wildest chaps are thus tamed." His first care was to secure the submission of the feudal chiefs. The prestige of his victories was a great help to him, and the generosity with which he used victory did the rest. Hundreds of chiefs came in to tender their allegiance. Anxious to impress their imaginations, Napier would introduce them, with much ceremony, to a portrait of Queen Victoria. But the idea of a woman's ruling was one

which they could not comprehend: even the Governor-General himself was too far off to win their loyalty. "Sahib," said one chief, as he gazed upon the features of the young Queen, "she did not beat me at Meeanee: you are everything now."

Still, even after the chiefs had submitted, there was much to be done before Scinde could fully enjoy the blessings of peace. Danger was to be feared from the mountain tribes on the further bank of the Indus: murderers and marauders went unrestrained. To overawe the mountaineers, Napier formed a chain of detachments along the bank, while he kept steamers ready to patrol the river. To maintain internal tranquillity and repress crime, he forbade all except the chiefs to carry weapons abroad; and within a few weeks after the battle of Hyderabad he organised a strong corps of police. On one occasion two Beloochee horsemen plundered a merchant on the road, and then murdered him. Being caught, the criminals acknowledged their guilt, but threw the blame on their chief, who, they said, had ordered them to do the deed. Napier bade their tribe deliver the chief to his police. The tribe obeyed; and the chief was tried, condemned, and hanged with his two followers on the same gallows. There were no soldiers within sixty miles: yet not a finger was raised to hinder the execution. But the wife-murderers obstinately defied the law. It was hopeless to try to convince the Beloochees that there was any harm in slaughtering an unfaithful woman; and their astonishment when

first a man was hanged for this crime was intense. "What!" said a chief who came to intercede for one of his followers, "what! hang him! he only killed his wife." But Napier was inexorable. "I will hang two hundred," he wrote, "unless they stop." Of course it appeared exceedingly arbitrary to punish men so severely for vindicating their honour as their fathers had done: but it was equally arbitrary to abolish suttee; and, if those fierce Beloochees were ever to be restrained from taking the law into their own hands, mild measures would be of no avail. And, though Napier could never wholly blot out this crime, he did succeed, by steady, ruthless coercion, in materially diminishing it. Nor did his severity make him unpopular. The people understood him. "The Padishah is just," they would say; "he kills nobody for himself."*

The suppression of crime, however, was only one of the numerous objects which Napier determined to achieve. He had also to construct a framework of

* The police, it ought to be noted, excellent as they proved in many respects, were not free from faults. The men frequently abused their powers, and tyrannised over persons of undoubted respectability. This, indeed, was an error to which the police in newly conquered countries were generally prone, and for which it would be unfair to hold Napier responsible. But this was not the only evil. It was impossible for the force, by its unaided efforts, to keep perfect order. Much depended on the local influence of the zemindars, or yeomen, and the efficiency of the village officers who, under the Ameers, had enjoyed the respect of the people. But the levelling force of Napier's rule had broken down the authority of the zemindars: the people, relying on the ignorance or indifference of their masters, were no longer punctual in paying the officers; and thus, before the new system was perfected, much that was good and useful in the old faded away.

government, and to plan a system of administration. Radical reformer though he was, he had much of the caution, the sympathy for existing usage, which belong to a Conservative. "Make no avoidable change," he said to his officers, "in the ancient laws and customs : the conquest of a country is sufficient convulsion for the people without abrupt innovations in their habits and social life." One innovation, however, of a different kind, which he himself introduced, gave great scandal to old Indians. He chose his civil officers, not from the ranks of the covenanted civil service, but from the soldiers who had helped him to conquer the country. His chief reason for doing so was, that he considered military government best, suited to the genius of the people. Civil rulers with their cut and dried theories of government they would, he asserted, despise ; while they would respect a military man who went among them, observed their habits, ruled them according to the dictates of common sense, and punished them off-hand if they disobeyed. But he also had a low opinion of the covenanted civil servants generally. With much humorous exaggeration, but still with a measure of truth, he scoffed at the typical old Indian who imagined that no man could know India "except through long experience of brandy, champagne, grain-fed mutton, cheroots, and hookahs ;" and he complained of three young civilians whom the Governor-General sent him, that they were afraid of hard work, and only wanted to amuse themselves.

But, with all their zeal, the young officers whom Napier delighted to honour had one serious defect. They were absolutely ignorant of the details of civil business; and it was their ignorance, not their cloth, to which the most intelligent critics took exception. When Napier decided to place Scinde under military government, he was right in principle: but he would have carried out his principle better if, like the first rulers of the Punjaub, he had entrusted the government to men who to the spirit of soldiers joined the technical knowledge and the experience of trained civilians. It must not, however, be supposed that he contemplated the permanence of military despotism: on the contrary, his dream was to prepare the people for self-government.

For administrative purposes, he divided the country into three districts,—Sukkur, Hyderabad, and Kurachee,—each under a collector, who was assisted by three sub-collectors. Besides supervising the collection of the revenue, the collectors and their assistants acted as magistrates. Both their judicial and punitive powers, were, however, restricted; and capital cases, as well as others of a serious nature, were not decided until they had been thoroughly investigated by the collectors, the judge, advocate-general, a military commission, and finally the Governor himself. The haughty Beloochee chiefs were deprived of the right of inflicting punishment, which they had exercised under the Ameers. The mode in which civil justice was dispensed underwent but little formal change,

though favouritism and venality were of course abolished. Simple cases were summarily decided by the magistrate: others, involving details which, to inexperienced Englishmen, would have been unintelligible, were submitted to native courts of arbitration, called punchayets. Vexatious imposts by which commerce had been fettered were abolished. Finally, in collecting the land-tax,—the principal source of revenue in India,—Napier greatly reduced the proportion of grain which the cultivators had to pay, and set before himself the pure and disinterested aim of relieving them from oppression, and encouraging them to work for their own good.

It must not, of course, be imagined that the system which he organised was perfect. Partly, indeed, its defects were such as no wisdom, in a period of transition, can prevent: but partly also they were due to Napier's inexperience of India, and to that mixture of self-conceit and prejudice which hindered him from profiting by the experience of others. Murderers and highwaymen trembled at his name: but minor criminals, finding that the rigour of their former masters had been exchanged for a too lenient code, and that the British gaols were comfortable, were as busy, if not busier then, before. It was a common subject of complaint that, while the Governor hanged men for punishing faithless wives in the summary fashion which the Ameers had approved, he gave them no adequate legal redress for the wrong which they had suffered. Young officers were

often called upon to try cases involving technicalities by which they were utterly bewildered;* and there can be little doubt that they sometimes unwittingly condemned innocent men. But it was in the collection of the land-revenue that the most serious blunders were committed. During the first two years of Napier's government the old methods of assessment and collection necessarily remained unaltered. The collectors were, of course, totally ignorant of the complexities of the system: in fact, if it had not been for the assistance of the kardars, or native officials, they would have been absolutely helpless. The kardars might have been invaluable, if they had been properly treated: but, as soon as the collectors fancied that they understood the work, they flung them aside. The Governor himself was prejudiced against them: their salaries were greatly reduced: they were generally branded as rogues; and, some of them, on very doubtful evidence, were dismissed. As a natural consequence, all of their fellows who had any self-respect resigned. Their successors were quick to discover the ignorance of the collectors, and frequently took advantage of it to enrich themselves at the expense of the Government.†

But these errors did not seriously detract from the general excellence of the administration. Indeed, the marvel is that a governor who started in ignorance of

Especially of alleged frauds on the land revenue.

† See Addenda.

the language and manners of his people, and who, moreover, was liable, at any moment, to be summoned from his desk to the field of battle, should have been able to construct, from the foundation-stone, so solid a fabric of government. Even those who were keenest to detect blemishes in matters of detail, were all unanimous in admitting that for confusion, corruption, and tyranny, he had substituted system, integrity, and impartial law.

One of the secrets of his success was the galvanising example of his tireless devotion to the public weal. "When I see that old man incessantly on his horse," cried a subaltern, "how can I be idle who am young and strong? By God, I would go into a loaded cannon's mouth if he ordered me." He would readily give up part of his scanty rest to help or advise a promising officer, or to write a line of encouragement to a deserving private. And, despite his imperious temper, the youngsters knew that "Old Fagin," as, in allusion to his Jewish cast of features, they had nicknamed him, could appreciate a joke even at his own expense. He happened once to be holding a review before some native chiefs. Calling a young lieutenant, who was acting as his interpreter, he gave him an elaborate explanation of the manœuvres which he intended to execute, and bade him translate it for the edification of the chiefs. The youth deferentially saluted. "Listen, you folk," he said to the dignified visitors; "the great man says there will be a fine bit of fun." "Have you explained all I said, sir," asked

Napier. "Everything, sir," was the reply. "A most comprehensive language that Hindoostanee," remarked the general, as he rode off with his nose in the air.*

The tremendous strain which he had undergone during the past year was at last telling upon the old man's strength. From the sunstroke, indeed, which had prostrated him in June, he had rallied with such vitality that, a few days later, he plunged again into work: but the effort was exhausting; and to work there was added the thankless task of reading and answering long petitions from the captive Ameers, and vindicating the policy which had led to the conquest of Scinde. He longed to go home: but duty forbade him to quit his post; and in moments of despondency he feared that he would not live to see his relations again. 'All through July and August he struggled on: at times he was so weak that he could only write lying down: sick in body and mind, he could take no pleasure in his work, and continually had to spur himself to face it. "Oh! that I was forty," he wrote; "I could at that age work like a horse; now I work like an ass without its strength." Early in September the doctors warned him that he must go to Kurrachee and rest, unless he wished to die. Leaving Hyderabad, he went down the river in a steamer, and for several days enjoyed long stretches of sleep. The peaceful voyage gave him new

*Hitchman's *Life of Sir Richard Burton*, vol. i. pp. 156-57.

strength ; and, taking up his abode at Kurrachee, he resumed his labours with reawakened hope.

To stimulate the progress of public works was his first thought. His ambition was to transform Kurrachee into one of the great commercial cities of the East. The difficulties that had to be overcome were serious enough. The town was not situated upon any of the mouths of the Indus ; and the sea was so shallow, that, during the monsoon, it was impossible for ships to enter the harbour. In order to remedy the former defect, Napier repaired an old canal which connected the harbour with the Indus ; while, for the convenience of shipping, he commenced a mole which, in course of time, was carried out two miles into the sea. The great expense which this and other plans entailed, provoked official remonstrances : but Napier persistently urged that a generous and timely outlay on works of permanent utility would, in the end, prove the truest saving. He designed lofty barracks, projected great roads, and formed a department for the construction of canals and the irrigation of the plains ; and, though he was not able to execute a tithe of his schemes, what he actually accomplished was sufficient to change the face of the land.

For the moment, however, his efforts were paralysed by a great calamity. Towards the end of October, a strange malady, which had already passed over many other parts of India, swept down upon Scinde. The peasants could not till the ground ;

public works were at a standstill ; the troops were prostrated. Few, indeed, perished of the disease : but such was the general weariness and despondency that many committed suicide. In the midst of this gloom dangers appeared from without. From the Punjaub and from Gwalior there came rumours of war. The mountain tribes threatened to descend upon the plains. Even Ali Moorad, thinking that the time was propitious to profit from the weakness of his allies, became insolent ; and the Bombay journalists, who had long bitterly attacked Napier, prophesied that Scinde would be lost. But Napier, enfeebled as he was by the pestilence, confronted the danger with unabated spirit. One great advantage he possessed, which another, even if an abler, ruler would have been without :—he had twice beaten the Beloochees in a pitched battle. Now was the time for him to draw on that reserve of terror which he still inspired. He menaced the mountain tribes with vengeance, though he had hardly a company to back his threats ; and they hesitated. To Ali Moorad he addressed a stern warning : “Remember Meeanee and Hyderabad. If your Highness offers the slightest insult to the British Government, I will consider you as an enemy, and your destruction will be inevitable.” Ali expressed his sorrow in language of abject submission and flattery. Early in the ensuing year, however, the mountain hordes descended into the plains to plunder ; and, as the pestilence had now disappeared, Napier despatched his camel corps

against them, under Lieutenant Fitzgerald, a young officer of heroic strength, energy, and valour. Within two months they were all subdued. A hundred and fifteen chiefs came in one day to Kurrachee, to offer their submission. Receiving them haughtily, Napier bade them salaam to the Queen's picture. They obeyed. "We are now," he said, "fellow-subjects, and I am here only to do justice. But mark! If, after this, any chief plunders, I will enter his country, and destroy his tribe. I give now to each man his jaghire,* and all he had under the Ameers." "You are our King," they cried; "we are your slaves."

But Napier's masters did not all judge his conduct so favourably as his subjects. Outram, on his return to England, showed to the Secret Committee of the East India Company the notes of the conferences which he had held with the Ameers just before the battle of Meeanee. These notes, recording as they did the passionate remonstrances of the Ameers, and unbalanced by other evidence, produced an impression that Napier had forced on an unjust war for his own ambition. Ellenborough too was disliked by the Directors; and his lieutenant had to bear the weight of his odium. The *Examiner* and the *Morning Chronicle* bitterly assailed the conqueror of Scinde: a large portion of the Indian press joined in the crusade; and one journalist went so far as to assert that he had attacked the Ameers for the sake of prize-money. Napier himself, though he took no

* Jaghire,—an assignment of land and of its rent as annuity.*

public part in the controversy beyond replying to the questions which were officially addressed to him, was at times exasperated almost to madness by the taunts of his enemies. "I can tell those bucks," he once wrote, "I do not belong to the anti-duelling society, and am a devilish good shot ; so if they goad too far, they may repent too late." His brother William, who, when his indignation was fired on behalf of those dear to him, was the fiercest and most reckless of partisans, flung himself into the fray, and, in a published letter, rebuked Outram for not having contradicted the aspersions of an Indian newspaper. Outram, in reply, disclaimed responsibility for the opinions of the press. Charles Napier was indignant. Positive that he himself was right on every point, his impetuous temperament hurried him into misjudging his antagonist ; and, in a letter as bitter as it was unjust, he wrote to break off the friendship which had begun under such fair auspices. But gradually the tide began to turn. Early in 1844, he was deeply gratified by receiving from the Duke of Wellington the colonelcy of the gallant regiment which had won for him the battle of Meeanee. "The thanks of Parliament ! Who cares for them ? Not I. I want no thanks from the place-hunters who infest St. Stephen's." When, however, a month later, the thanks of Parliament, so long delayed, were at last voted, his proud heart softened ; and he acknowledged himself grateful. With agitated feelings, he studied the report of the debate. The speech of Lord

Howick, the opponent whom he most detested, provoked a characteristic outburst. "How dare he say I forced a war to gain glory! I deny the infamous motive he charges me with. Does he believe that I have no fear of God? Does he imagine that I was preparing by wholesale murder to meet the Almighty?" Then with deep emotion he thought of the eulogies which Henry Hardinge, his old brother-in-arms, and Sir Robert Peel had lavished upon him. But there was one tribute which outweighed all others,—the simple commendation of the Duke of Wellington. "His praise," wrote Napier, "is, after all, the highest honour a soldier can receive. The hundred-gun ship has taken the little cock-boat in tow; and it will follow for ever over the ocean of time."

In obedience to an order of the Governor-General, Napier, on the 5th of April, issued a proclamation, summoning the jagheerdars* of Scinde to meet him at Hyderabad on the Queen's birthday, and make their obeisance to Her Majesty. Some three thousand chiefs, with nearly twenty thousand followers, assembled on the appointed day, and made salaam. Grasping the Governor's hand, one old man said, "I come to make salaam to you as my chief, but I fought at Meeanee. Eighty of my own family died in that battle, and now I am ready to die fighting by your side, and under your flag." Napier was highly delighted, and boasted that chiefs and people were

* Jagheerdar,—the holder of a jaghire.

alike contented with his rule. But he was in too exalted a position to see below the surface. The middle and lower classes, indeed, were well pleased that the new government had lightened their taxes, and given them security, relief from oppression, and freedom : but the men of rank and their followers, while they all respected the Governor, and some of them were won by his personal fascination, chafed at the loss of power and importance, and bitterly resented the insolence with which they were treated by our native underlings. It was Napier's principle to break down the feudal system which had obtained in the time of the Ameers ; and he cared little what the chiefs might suffer in loss of dignity, if only he could improve the lot of the poor. He therefore seized the occasion afforded by the assembly of the chiefs to introduce an important reform. To the sons of those who had fallen in the war he gave their paternal lands, on condition of their paying rent in lieu of military service. By this measure, which resembled one of the most fruitful reforms of King Henry the Second, he took the first step towards substituting a peaceful class of landed proprietors for robber-chiefs.

But a few weeks later an event occurred which robbed his career of half its zest. Lord Ellenborough was recalled. It was true that Sir Henry Hardinge was to succeed him : but even Hardinge, gallant old soldier, faithful comrade as he was, could never, Napier felt, be to him what Ellenborough had been.

Ellenborough had given him the opportunity of his life ; Ellenborough had enabled him to win fame and to do good : he had sympathised with him : he had defended him against obloquy : above all, he had permitted him to do what he liked. Napier could hardly find words to express the scorn which he felt for the Directors. In his rage and grief he prophesied that all the good which he had done would be undone by his successors. "Confound the luck," he wrote, "that makes me a general and not a sovereign ! All the trouble, all the thought of a sovereign, but responsible to fools instead of to God !"*

There was another annoyance to which, partly from vanity, partly from pugnacity, but above all from conscious rectitude, he never learned to become indifferent. He affected, indeed, to laugh at the attacks of the press ; but, as a matter of fact, he

* *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 367, 371, 382-83, 409, 414, 416, 418-19, 424-26, 431-32, 435, 446, 454 ; vol. iii. pp. 1-2, 9-13, 24, 27, 32-34, 56-57, 74, 84, 95, 97-99, 101-3, 106, 112, 127, 129-30, 156, 161-62, 353 ; vol. iv. pp. 4-16 ; Hughes's *Gazetteer of Sind*, pp. 49-50, 99, 114-16 ; Burton's *Sindh*, pp. 239-40, 243 ; *Third Report from the Select Committee on Indian Territories* (*Parl. Papers*), vol. xxvii., Sess. 1852-53 ; pars. 4875-76, 4880, 5198, 7331-40, 7346-59 ; *Parl. Papers*, 1854 (483), xlix. 1. (Sir G. Clerk's *Minute*, pars. 14, 18-19, 22-28, 30, 35, 41-42, 54, 62, 71 [11-12], 100, 183 ; Pringle's *Minute*, pars. 24, 31, 37, 47-48, 52, 55-58, 66, 69 ; *Reports, &c.*, pp. 104-5, 110-13, 135, 230-32, 234-35, 242-43, 244-46, 255-59, 293, 297-302, 334-37) ; *Calcutta Review*, vol. xiv. (Article,—"British Administration of Scinde") pp. 7, 10, 12, 15, 19-21, 24-26, 28-31, 33-35, 37, 39 ; "Memo. of the Sind Police," by H. B. E. Frere ; Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates*, vol. 72, pp. 543-44 ; *Examiner*, Feb. 17, 1844, p. 99 ; *Morning Chronicle*, Feb. 13, 1844, p. 6, col. 1 ; E. Green's *Compilation of the General Orders, &c.*, issued in 1842-47, by Sir C. Napier to the Army under his command, pp. 1-2 ; *Life of Lord Lawrence* (6th edition) vol. i. pp. 302-3.

winned under the mildest criticism. The most determined assailant of his policy was Dr. Buist of the *Bombay Times*. Severely though this journalist censured the administration of Scinde, he seldom transgressed the bounds of propriety,* but to the

* Readers of Sir W. Napier and Mr. Bruce will probably be startled by this remark. But it is true. Sir W. Napier frequently quotes scurrilous phrases about his brother, which he attributes to Dr. Buist, or prints, without comment, letters from his brother, in which similar phrases are quoted. "Incapable old ruffian," "imbecile old man," "the unscrupulous murderer of the soldiers of the 78th and 28th regiments," "the liar at the head of the Scinde Government,"—these are specimens taken at random. Some of these expressions Mr. Bruce reproduces. Now I have imposed upon myself a repulsive labour, which, I strongly suspect, Sir W. Napier shirked, viz., carefully going through the volumes of the *Bombay Times* for the period to which Sir W. Napier refers; and I have not been able to find one of the scurrilous expressions printed by him.

And yet I do not believe that he was for a moment guilty of wilful falsification. Doubtless Sir Charles, after hastily reading or hearing of some scathing "leader" by Buist, loosely wrote down, in his indignation, what his memory suggested as the substance of the obnoxious criticism, and thoughtlessly presented his own rendering as the *ipsissima verba* of the detested editor. Sir William, equally convinced of the villainy of Buist, then probably accepted his brother's statement without enquiry.

The most severe articles in the *Bombay Times* occur on pp. 199, 223, 232, and 239 of the volume for 1844, and on pp. 841-42 of that for 1847 (which charges Napier with "wickedness," "dishonesty," and "fiction" in support of his policy). Frequently, as on p. 809 (1844), Buist praised Napier's gallantry, devotion, and military skill. When he was most severe, he generally kept as well within "the bounds of fair criticism," as, say, the *Saturday Review* in its more pungent articles, before the formation of the Liberal Unionist party, on Mr. Chamberlain, or the *St. James's Gazette*, when Mr. Greenwood was its editor, in its onslaughts on Mr. Gladstone. But, though he was far from being the scurrilous blackguard that Sir W. Napier represented him to be, it is not to be denied that, like Sir W. Napier, he wrote in the spirit of a bitter partisan.

irritable perception of Napier, his articles appeared as wanton libels. Punning on his name, the old General publicly dubbed him "the blatant beast;" and in his private letters, his vivid imagination prompted him to quote, as specimens of the editor's style, scurrilous epithets and phrases which he had never used. "Don't expect me," he wrote, "ever to be in a good humour until I am in my coffin, unless I can kill an editor, which would make me fat, sleek, good-humoured." With Buist Outram, he insisted, was leagued to besmirch his fair fame. Pages of his diary were filled with abuse, so exaggerated as often to be grotesque, of the man whom he had once loved; and, in his blind wrath, he caught at any idle-gossip that reflected upon his character. Outram, it is true, provoked by the violent onslaughts of William Napier, said many bitter things in reply: but his motive was to vindicate the Ameers as much as to vent his own spleen; and self-love could never destroy his love for his old chief.* Charles Napier, on the other hand, if any one ventured to take Outram's part, deemed himself personally aggrieved, and was ready to pick a quarrel. Lord Howick, also,—indeed all who disapproved of his policy, were the objects of a vituperation half humorous, half savage. 'Thinking of Lord Howick's attacks, "If he were a top," he wrote, "and I a whip, Jupiter! how I would make him spin!" And again, "What harm does it do to me?" "None! To give him personal chastisement would

* *Life, passim*; *Life of Outram*, vol. i. pp. 325-28.

give me pleasure, such as one feels at cutting a village cur dog with a whip ; but I forgive all of them. After anger, contempt succeeds. I never feel angry in my heart against any one,—beyond wishing to break their bones with a broomstick.”*

Still, work was always a distraction ; and work, hard and engrossing, had now to be done. Quiet as the interior of Scinde had become, its northern frontier was continually disturbed. From the Indus westward to the Hala mountains stretched a clustered range of rocky heights, known as the Cutchee Hills. The tribes who dwelt in this rugged land boasted that, for six hundred years, the mightiest invader had never penetrated their borders ; and some of the passes were strewn with the skeletons of British troops. Pouring down from thence, robber tribes made frequent raids among the helpless villagers of the plains, who piteously implored the Governor’s protection ; and one chief, Beja Khan, made himself notorious by deeds of wanton cruelty. The heroic Fitzgerald recklessly attacked this chief in his fortress, and suffered a disastrous repulse. The fame of Beja rapidly spread ; for the moment even the Sheitan-Ka-Bhaee,—“the Great Devil’s Brother,”—as Napier was designated by the mountaineers, was less dreaded than he. After long and anxious consideration, Napier resolved that he must, at all risks, extirpate this pest of civilisation ; yet he felt a kind of tenderness for the fierce hillmen, and hoped

* *Life*, vol. iii., pp. 106, 133, &c. •

that they too might be reclaimed, through war, for better things. Early in November, he started on a journey up the western bank of the Indus for the north. For several days the route lay along a plain as level as a bowling-green ; then it passed through a wild country of rocks and hills and valleys. Deeply the General meditated as he pursued his march ; now his heart swelled with pride as he noted among the people signs of contentment and loyalty to himself : now he braced himself to rebuke a blundering official, or to order the execution of a murderer. " Oh God !" — so we read in his journal, — " I am not stone in my feelings. No, I am not stern ; I assume what is not in my nature to do my calling well." His indignation was great when he discovered that the decree against slavery had, in many instances, been disobeyed ; for he did not know that the form of slavery which existed in Scinde was very mild, and that many of those who were emancipated, lost rather than gained by their freedom.

Early in the new year his troops were ready for the approaching campaign. Wullee Chandiah, an old Beloochee chief, whose devotion his generosity had secured, was on his side. But everywhere it was predicted that he would fail. Journalists scoffed at what they called his " madcap expedition." Even of his staff, who worshipped him, only one officer, the fiery McMurdo, believed that he would succeed. Yet, unmoved by all forebodings, he pursued his own way. He was sure, and he was determined to prove, that

disciplined soldiers were stronger than the strongest mountaineers ; and for himself, he felt that he had become a master of the art of war.

While he was pushing forward his material preparations, he tried, by every device which reflexion could suggest, to assure the success of his enterprise. He made columns move in many directions through Scinde, to create the belief that his real object was to undertake a march of conquest into Central Asia. In this way he hoped to overawe the Scindian chiefs, and to impress the imaginations of the surrounding peoples. He compelled Ali Moorad to take the field as his ally. Finally, in order to put his enemies off their guard, he spread a report that sickness among the troops at Sukkur would prevent his moving before the following year. The mode of attack which he contemplated was, in one respect, the opposite of that sanctioned by the maxims of civilised warfare. His vital principle was, instead of dividing his enemies, to drive them into masses, to cut them off from their wells, and to block their exit from the hills. Then, quarrelling among themselves, as they would be sure to do when huddled together, they must either be defeated or yield. Almost on the eve of his departure, his superstitious feelings were awakened by a seeming omen. "This time two years," he noted, "I marched against the Afneers, and a comet appeared : three days ago another comet appeared. Does this argue the same success ? How these strange coincidences strike the

mind, at least they do mine: they have not much influence upon 'me, but they have some. God's will be done, whether evinced by signs or not: my business is to do my duty."

On the 13th of January the campaign was opened. Napier's first object was to seize the principal defiles leading into the enemy's country. Within three days the most westerly of these was surprised by Wullee Chandiah; and Napier himself with the main column occupied the watering place of Ooch in the desert, to the south-east. The enemy fled in an easterly direction, while columns pressing up the ravines drove them on. Meanwhile Napier sent orders to Ali Moorad to march eastward to the Gundooce Pass, and there wait until they should be driven into his clutches. Panic-stricken, Beja himself moved eastward across Napier's front. Napier might now, by a flank march, have easily caught him: but fearing that the hillmen, if thus menaced, would kill their women and children, he would not avail himself of the chance. Halting, therefore, until he had given them time to send their families out of danger, he marched in pursuit from Ooch towards the north-east. Parties of horsemen drove away the enemy's cattle, as they stole down at night to drink; and cavalry guarded every entrance to the plain along the foot of the hills. After struggling for three days through a long stretch of deep and heavy sand, Napier reached a point between the two defiles of Lallee and Jummuck, which, one behind the other, crossed the two chief ranges of rock.

Holding these passes, he could enter or leave the hills as he pleased, communicate with his cavalry in the plain, and protect the approach of his convoys. He was now occupying a line extending thirty miles from north to south across the principal valleys, and had cut off the enemy from the western country and from most of their watering places. They were therefore compelled to move still further towards the east. Ali Moorad, however, had failed to reach his post at Gundooee; and thus they escaped for the time. Now, too, an unforeseen difficulty occurred. The camel drivers, on whom Napier relied for his supplies, were so terrified by the hillmen that they refused to stir beyond Shahpore. "I am fairly put to my trumps," wrote Napier; "well, exertion must augment: I will eat Red Rover sooner than flinch before these robber tribes: my people murmur, but they only make my foot go deeper into the ground." The luxurious tendencies which some of his younger officers displayed, roused his indignation. "There are boys," he said, "in this camp who require and have more luxuries than myself, who am sixty-three and Governor of Scinde! The want of beer and wine is absolute misfortune to them. These boys are unfit for war, the essence of which is endurance; and not only that, but a pride and glory in privation, and a contempt for comfort as effeminate and disgraceful." At this crisis the four principal chiefs made overtures for a surrender. While negotiations were going on, Napier sent Fitzgerald with a portion of the camel corps to fetch supplies. Marching

fifty miles without a halt, the fiery young soldier made his way to Shahporé, loaded his camels with forty-five thousand pounds of flour, and rejoined his General in less than three days after he had set out. Leaving a detachment in charge of the key passes of Lallce and Jummuck, Napier then moved on still further towards the east, and, after a nine day's march, arrived at the easternmost defile. Meanwhile the negotiations for a surrender had failed. Hearing that the enemy were at Shore, about twenty-four miles to the north-east, he marched to surprise them. Arriving at Shore, after twenty-two hours' riding through a wild defile overhung by awful precipices, he found that the enemy, owing to the disobedience of some camp-followers, who by lighting a fire betrayed his approach, had fled. He now saw that Beja could retreat no further to the east, where the tribes were hostile, and must either double back towards the fertile plain of Deyrah, where he had a strong fort, or else throw himself into a famous stronghold called Trukkce, which was deemed impregnable. Leaving a force, therefore, at Shore, he marched for Deyrah, whither he arrived on the following day. He was now almost worn out by the anxieties and hardships of the struggle. "I long," he wrote, "for rest to my mind: to get up and feel that there is no work, and that there will be no neglect of duty." Now, every moment that the traces feel slack, the whip of conscience cuts to the bone, and convulsive exertions follow." Meanwhile the enemy had fled northward.

But Jacob had induced the Murrees, who dwelt among the northern hills, to close the passes against them ; and Napier felt sure that they would finally make for Trukkee, which, as he had discovered, was in the neighbourhood of Deyrah. Nevertheless, he made every preparation for a march to the north. One evening, as he was sitting alone at dinner, a trooper galloped up, and told him that the enemy were within three miles of the camp. Out sallied the General with his guard. Presently he saw some fifty of the enemy's horsemen, who soon after disappeared in a cleft among the surrounding rocks. "Trukkee," exclaimed his guide. Feeling sure that at last the enemy were within his grasp, Napier posted a guard at the entrance of the cleft, and sent a swift camel-rider to tell the officer whom he had left in command at Shore to make a forced march northward, and block the northern entrance of the pass. Meanwhile he thought out a plan for storming the terrible stronghold. But the slaughter which such an enterprise would have involved was avoided. On the 4th of March Beja Khan, accompanied by the principal chiefs, came to Napier's tent, and asked for terms. Next day the northern entrance of the pass was blocked. Beja Khan fled : but on the 9th he was captured ; and the campaign was at an end.*

* *Life*, vol. iii. pp. 89, 157, 171, 175-272, 275 ; *Napier's Administration of Scinde*, pp. 165-241 ; *Bombay Times*, 1844, p. 174, 1845, p. 76.—*Selections from the Records of the Bombay Government*, No. xvii, New Series, Part I, pp. 129-31, 134, 149-51.

Napier lost no time in returning to Kurrachee, that he might resume his ordinary work. On his way he heard that the people of the plains were rejoicing over the peace which his victory had given them. He was, indeed, not a little elated himself. "The robber tribes," he afterwards wrote, "say that I am the first *King* that ever saw the inside of their hills. My name, in conjunction with Trukkee, has been bruited through all the Asiatic world." Nevertheless, he foresaw that some hundreds of the tribesmen who had escaped from Trukkee, as well as others who had never entered it, would sooner or later be forced by hunger to renew their depredations in Scinde. He therefore placed a garrison in Shahpore, and distributed his cavalry under various officers, so as to intercept the marauders. Of the robbers who had surrendered he made the wildest, who were unfit for civil life, enter the service of the Government as policemen. Beja and his followers were compelled to settle on the eastern side of the Indus under the eye of Ali Moorad; and the rest of the land was assigned on condition of their undertaking to oppose any of their kinsfolk who might make raids into Scinde. Napier now felt that his settlement of Scinde was virtually complete.

But his confidence was not justified. The robbers were not yet subdued. It is true that the hill campaign was a necessary preliminary to their subjection: but they were still powerful for mischief. Joining the tribes of Boordees and Khosas, they made

frequent plundering raids. At last, in 1847, John Jacob was appointed to command the frontier; and by his vigilance, activity, and courage the predatory bands were finally dispersed.*

At this time British India was agitated by rumours of approaching war with the famous army of the Sikhs. For a long time past Napier had prophesied that this war must come, and that the Sikhs would prove formidable enemies. Accordingly, soon after his return to Kurrachee, he began to prepare for it. His first efforts were directed to improving the organisation of his baggage corps. Baggage had hitherto been the bane of an Indian army. The number of camp-followers generally exceeded the number of combatants in the proportion of five to one. Thousands of camels perished from over-loading and ill-usage: ruinous expense was incurred; and the movements of the General were continually impeded. Napier's plan was to reduce the quantity of baggage to the lowest possible point, and, by arming and drilling the camel-drivers and forming the baggage-corps in regiments, to make it able to protect itself.† In June he sent the Governor-General a memorandum expressing his ideas as to the best way of employing the army of Scinde in the coming war. His plan was to seize Mooltan, and then, starting from it as his base of operations, to co-operate with

* Col. J. Jacob's *Views and Opinions*, pp. 317-28; Hughes's *Gazetteer of Sind*, pp. 163-65.

† See Appendix L.

the army of Sir Hugh Gough, the Commander-in-Chief, by making a diversion in any direction which the Governor-General might determine. But it was in vain that he endeavoured to induce Hardinge to tell him what to do. When he began, on his own responsibility, to prepare for the campaign, he was ordered to stop. It was not till the 24th of December that he received his instructions; and before that time the war had broken out. He was to assemble with all possible speed an army of fifteen thousand men at Roree. "Hardinge," he wrote, "promised me six week's notice! But my work is to remedy mishaps: it is half the glory of war to rise over the wave like a ship."

Instantly he set to work. Within two days his siege train had advanced a hundred miles towards Roree. On the 30th of January, 1846, he was steaming up the Indus, far on his way towards the same place. His soldiers, devoted to him and his fortunes, absolutely confident in his leadership, were burning to hurl themselves against the enemy, and, trained though they were to the highest pitch of discipline, could scarcely be held back even by his strong hand. Exulting in their loyal ardour and in the sense of his own ripened powers, he was looking forward to a last glorious campaign. But his hopes were shattered. The battle of Ferozeshah had just been fought; and the fate of India appeared to be trembling in the balance. Napier was ordered to send his army to Bhawalpore, and to hasten himself to

headquarters, to confer with the Governor-General. His disappointment was such that he could hardly speak without tears. Thinking in vain of the brilliant results which he might have achieved, and grieving over the failures of the Governor-General, he travelled swiftly across the enemy's country. On his way he heard that the war was over, but that the Punjaub was not to be annexed. Condemning this as a half-hearted policy, and one that must, in the end, prove both costly and cruel, he confidently prophesied that the result of it would be another war. "At this moment," he said, "if I were at the head of the Sikh army, my head should be staked for having every captured gun back in a month, and sending the British army headlong back to Delhi." On the 3rd of March he joined the Governor-General at Lahore. The troops, although they had never seen him before, received him with enthusiastic cheers; and Hardinge and Gough, both of whom, though he privately condemned their blunders, he sincerely loved, showed him every kindness.

By the 11th of April, Napier had returned to Kurrachee. With the Beloochees his fame was greater than ever. They declared, as he told his brother William, that his *kis̄met* was a cubit longer than that of any other man alive; and, proud of his power over them, and of the fame which his exploits had won for him in Central Asia, he boasted that he could conquer the whole country between India and Constantinople more easily than Alexander the Great. But

his mood was not one of pure elation. During his absence heavy arrears of work had accumulated ; and he was in no fit state to cope with them. His rapid journey to and from Lahore had sown the seeds of a mortal disease. Henry Havelock, who had seen him there, had been so shocked by his appearance that he wrote, "It is impossible to conceive, without seeing it, a frame so attenuated and shattered, and yet tenanted by a living soul, as this old soldier's." So depressed was he that he believed he must soon die. While he was in this state, an appalling calamity burst upon Kurrachee. Cholera broke out with unprecedented virulence among the European and native regiments. Native servants and tradesmen fled in terror from the town. Napier separated the regiments as quickly as he could, and continually went round the hospitals, in order to cheer up the sufferers ; but, in spite of all that he could do, hundreds of soldiers perished. When the disease had almost run its course, the worse was still in store for him. First his nephew John's child died : then, in terrible agony, John himself. "Merciful God," wrote the heartbroken old man, "how heavily the hand of the evil spirit strikes ! But we go to Thee, and the struggle ends. My time cannot be very distant, I have no wish to hasten it ; and my whole time is bent to correct myself and be indifferent about worldly happiness, which is out of my reach : hopeless to me !"

But no burden of sorrow could make Napier slacken in the performance of public duty. He felt that he

had enough strength left to hold out for one year more ; and it cheered him to know that, whatever Directors and editors might say, his rule was appreciated by those who could best judge its merits. The Nabob of Bhawulpore had begged to be placed under his government ; and some five thousand poor people with their goods and cattle had flocked into Scinde, to enjoy his protection. He boasted that, since he had conquered the country, he had placed a hundred thousand pounds in the public treasury.*

* Whether his boast was true or not, I have failed to discover. * His opponents maintained that his conquest was, financially as well as in other respects, a failure (see *Bombay Times*, May 1, 1847, p. 343). They complained that he misled the public by garbling his accounts : he brought a similar charge against the Home Government. I doubt if materials now exist for positively determining how far Scinde was, pecuniarily, a source of profit or loss to the Empire *during his administration* : but, as the value of the province has long been established beyond dispute, the question is, even to a student of history, comparatively unimportant.

Mr. Pringle, Napier's successor, after pointing out that, during the years 1844-47, the surplus of receipts over *civil* expenditure amounted to Rs. 1,300,140, says, "the balance would, doubtless, be turned considerably on the other side if the military charges were included, but I have no data for giving these with any degree of accuracy ; and it might be a question of some difficulty to determine what portion of them are fairly debitable to this province alone." (*Report*, par. 65, pp. 56-7).

This, I think, is the truth in a nutshell.

Napier himself says (*Life*, vol. iii. pp. 15-16), "The large force maintained in Scinde are not here for Scinde, but for the Punjaub. . . . 5000 men are more than sufficient for defence and for the preservation of internal tranquillity. I defy any politician or soldier to say with truth that, had the Ameers still ruled, we could have occupied Kurrachee and Sukkur with a smaller force than was here during the events of the last two years at Gwalior and on the Sutlej " (referring to the battle of Maharajpore and the first Sikh war).

He had prevented a pestiferous inundation of the Indus near Sukkur, and had improved the irrigation of the surrounding country. Finally he made feudal land-holders absolute owners of all the land which they had cultivated, and resumed the rest, with the intention of letting it out to the ryots,* who had hitherto been the mere slaves of the nobles. By this measure he hoped to create a class of independent yeomen, devoted to the Government, and strong enough to counterbalance the power of the nobles. He now believed that he had done all for Scinde that it was possible for him to do. If, indeed, he had had no ties,—and there were moments when he confessed that marriage was a drag upon military ambition,—he could not have brought himself to leave the country which he had conquered, and had launched in the stream of civilisation: but his wife and children were dearer to him even than Scinde. “I will go home,” he said, “and patiently await the blow of nature, which I believe not far distant. I have conquered Scinde, but have not yet conquered myself.”

Concerning the historical results of the work which Napier had just completed, our witnesses are all but unanimous. The first duty of a civilised government,—to assert the majesty of law,—he fulfilled in a way that left nothing to be desired. Agriculture, trade, and commerce grew under his fostering care. By his subjects his rule was regarded much as

* Ryot,—a peasant cultivator.

British rule has been regarded in most districts of the Indian Empire. Men of high degree chafed against it, because it diminished their importance: murderers chafed against it, because it sent them to the gallows; knavish officials who had grown rich by defrauding the Ameers, merchants who had thriven under their patronage, idle retainers who had fattened upon their generosity, were discontented because they found their occupation gone. But the mass of the people, if they were not loyal,—for loyalty to an alien government is a plant of slow growth,—acknowledged that the conqueror had ameliorated their lot. This is not a glowing picture: but from the people of a conquered country only an enthusiast would demand enthusiasm. There is no land under the sun in which, even if the Governor were an angel, the government would not find hostile critics; nor can the most beneficent revolution be accomplished without involving suffering to the innocent as well as to the guilty. The government of Napier was less perfect than he, with pardonable vanity, imagined: but it was a very noble creation of administrative genius. The faults of his system were mainly those which a pioneer of civilisation, forced to learn as well as to teach, can hardly avoid: its merits, above all the springing energy with which he made it move, were all his own. Having added a great province to his country's dominions, he laid the foundation of its material prosperity, and paved the way for its moral regeneration.

Even in the last few weeks which he spent in India he was not free from trouble. Noticing that an order published by the Governor-General had been construed as conveying a censure upon himself, he vented his indignation by a characteristic outburst. "Here am I now held up as a betrayer of confidential papers! I hope they will stop short of sending me to Sodom and Gomorrah! All else I have been accused of,—robbery, murder, dethroning innocent princes, refusing beds to princesses when in their extremity of labour, lying through thick and thin! In short the devil never turned such a complete job out of hand." But when he thought of his approaching union with his relations, his humour took a more playful turn. "Ere this reaches you," he wrote to his brother Henry, "I shall be at Malta or with the ghosts in the Red Sea. I hope not the last, as I am so like Moses that Pharaoh would shout, 'we have him at last,' and fall on me tooth and nail."

On the 1st of October he embarked at Kurrachee. An immense crowd of natives were assembled to catch a last glimpse of their departing ruler. As his friends pressed round, and, with faltering voices, bade him farewell, the old General could not restrain his tears. The vessel moved away: a hearty cheer rang forth; and soon the land where Charles Napier had immortalised his name was seen no more.*

* *Bombay Times*, Oct. 9, 1847, p. 809.

VII.

ON the 10th of December he landed at Nice, and spent some months there in the society of his brother George. Restless from want of occupation, he sometimes allowed himself to indulge in long rhapsodies, as in India he had often done, on the glory which he might have won as a conqueror, if fate had been kind. Then he would rebuke himself for vanity: but nature was too strong; and the next moment his imagination ran riot again. "Were I Emperor of the East, and thirty years of age, I would have Constantinople on one side and Peking on the other before twenty years, and all between should be grand, free, and happy. What stuff is all this! Here am I, sixty-six years old and in bodily pain, fit for nothing but the grave, contemplating conquest and wise government! Vanity! Vanity! Begone. People write to me that I should be made Dictator of Ireland: that would be worth living for. In one year it should be the quietest country in Europe, and one of the happiest in two." Stopping at Paris, on his homeward journey, he met Soult, who paid him the highest compliments on his campaign. "Depend upon it," wrote Napier, "that, when a French soul is damned,

it puts on a great-coat, and compliments the devil on his fine climate,—though *un peu froid*.”

On his arrival in England, Napier met with a most cordial reception. Banquets were given in his honour: peers spoke enthusiastically of his achievements; and Sir Robert Peel said to him, “Were I to begin life again, and to be a soldier, I would enlist under you in preference to any other general.” Yet he declared that the praises which he received only gratified him because they would exasperate the Directors. In September he took a house at Cheltenham for six months; and in October he paid a visit to Ireland, where the warm-hearted people, amongst whom his boyhood had been passed, received him with an enthusiasm that gave him the keenest delight. Meanwhile he was watching, with the most anxious interest, the stirring events that led to the second Sikh War. Herbert Edwardes had gained his famous victories over the troops of the rebel Moolraj: but the outlook was still dark and threatening. Early in January, 1849, the national voice demanded that Gough should be superseded by Napier. The Duke of Wellington advised the Directors to appoint him Commander-in-Chief; but they were resolved that they would have nothing more to do with the man who had heaped upon them such open scorn. George Napier, whose name the Duke next suggested, they reluctantly consented to appoint: but, as Sir William Napier said, he loved his country and his brother too well to step into the place of the best man. Sir William Gomm was then

selected for the post.* When, however, the news of Chillianwallah arrived, the people of England, with one peremptory voice, insisted upon the appointment of Charles Napier. Bitterly chagrined, the Directors were forced to yield.† But Napier's consent had still to be obtained. When the Duke told him of his appointment, he objected that his enemies in India would prevent his doing any useful work. "Well," said the Duke, laughing, "If you don't go, I must." Not yet convinced, Napier went off and consulted his brother William. Finally he resolved that, as India was in danger, and the people of England believed in his power to save it, he ought to go. Even now, however, the Directors wished to exclude him from the Supreme Council. Lord John Russell, in the course of an interview with Napier, nervously hinted that such was their intention. Napier listened in fury. Springing from his chair, and thrusting out his clenched fist, he shouted, "Look here, Lord John: If they can't find a precedent for my going out with a seat, I will, by God, find one for a commander-in-chief not going out when offered the situation." "Oh," said Lord John, "they will, I am sure, find

* According to the *Times* (March 5, 1849, p. 4, col. iv) Gomm was merely "directed to hold himself in readiness." Greville, however (*Memoirs*, 2nd part, vol. iii. p. 273), says that Lord John Russell told him that Gomm had actually been appointed.

† Greville (*Ibid.*, p. 276) flattered himself that the appointment was, in great part, due to his having adroitly brought about an understanding between the Duke and the Government. Previously, the Duke had said that it was not for him to offer any advice to Ministers about the choice of a Commander-in-Chief until he was asked.

one." Napier's peremptoriness settled the question. The Directors again yielded. On the 18th of March they gave the customary banquet to the newly-appointed Commander-in-Chief. Napier was too candid and too combative to restrict himself to the delivery of smooth commonplaces. With an unmistakeable look, he remarked, as he closed his speech, "You will, I think, all agree with me that the old proverb applies,—'Least said is soonest mended.'"* On the 24th the indomitable old soldier, tearing himself away from his beloved wife, and abandoning the rest to which he had so long looked forward, once more set his face towards the East.

Landing at Calcutta on the 6th of May, Napier was rejoiced to hear that the war was over, and that Gough had retrieved his reputation. But he felt uneasy when he reflected on the conditions under which he would have to work. Intensely self-reliant, and ever anxious that his duty should be thoroughly done, he could not be happy under control, unless his chief happened, like Ellenborough, to be in perfect accord and sympathy with himself. "I do hate a master," he once naively remarked. The master under whom he now found himself, was far from being a man after his own heart. Their first meeting was inauspicious. "I have been warned," said Dalhousie, with a laugh, "against your endeavouring to encroach upon my power, and I answered that I would take damned good care you should not." Napier was

* *Times*, March 19, 1849, p. 5, col. 4; *Life*, vol. iv., p. 154.

disposed, indeed, to like the Governor-General: but from the first he formed a low estimate of his ability.

Still, whatever complaints he might give vent to in his journal, Napier was not the man to shirk his duty, however unpleasant it might be. For some months he laboured fifteen hours a day; and it was not until his health had become seriously affected that he began to allow himself a short time for recreation. His first object was to improve the moral tone of his officers and the discipline of the rank and file; and, though he dearly loved popularity, he would not abate the rigid exercise of his authority to gain it. Like other thoughtful leaders, he often felt how hard it was to temper severity with mildness. "How the devil," he wrote, "could I make soldiers attend by sending a civil message to a rascal a thousand miles off, with, 'Pray, sir, do me the favour not to get drunk at midday: do think' how wrong it is! at least it is not quite right.' By the Lord Harry it won't do. Oak-trees cannot be chopped down with penknives, and so I must and do use the hatchet now and then." By example, and, as far as tact would allow, by precept, he did his utmost to check extravagance and luxury. Of all the sins which a soldier could commit, these were, in his eyes, the most deadly. His own habits were simple to a fault. Two towels and a piece of soap,—these and a few indispensable articles of clothing, were all, he asserted, that a real soldier could want; and the brief inventory furnished a comic newspaper with a theme for much good-natured

banter. "To drink unpaid-for champagne," he remarked, "unpaid-for beer, and to ride unpaid-for horses is to be a cheat, and not a gentleman." Stern, however, as he showed himself towards the faults of those under him, he was, as he had always been, careful of their welfare. Struck by the unhealthiness of the barracks which he visited on a tour of inspection through the North-Western Provinces and the Punjab, he caused new ones to be erected [at Meean-meer and Sealkote; and tried, though in vain, to induce the authorities to follow his example.

Nevertheless, strenuously as he laboured, his work was done against the grain. "My Lord," he said one evening, when he was dining with the Governor-General at Simla, "my Lord, it's no use; I might as well resign my authority at once as go on on the present system. The whole authority is engrossed by the Military Board." "Not at all, Sir Charles," replied Dalhousie, "in all things your authority would be respected and appealed to." "You are mistaken," cried Napier: "the only people I have any authority over in all India are the apothecaries, and I could not give a dose of medicine to one of them without first obtaining leave of the Military Board to expend a certain quantity of their damned medical stores."* Not only the sense of restraint, but the multiplicity of petty details worried him. Often he would solace himself by dreaming of the

* Mawson's *Records of the Indian Command of General Sir Charles Napier*, Appendix, p. xvii.

magnificent reforms which he would carry out, if only he could be Emperor of India, and how utterly he would eclipse all that Dalhousie had done. Satisfied as he was of the boundless superiority of the system by which he had governed Scinde over any which civilians could devise, he ignorantly composed a violent attack upon the Government of the Punjaub, which John Lawrence calmly but unanswerably refuted. He was still ambitious, and, even when he most sincerely professed to detest war, he knew that his feelings were not quite unmixed. "I am glad, at least," he significantly added, "I pray to feel glad at having no more battles." Perhaps it was with a sense of relief that he laid aside his pen for a time to chastise the Afreedees, a hill tribe who had massacred some British troops on the road between Peshawur and Kohat. But this was the last occasion on which he was under fire; and there is a noble passage in his journal which shows us with what feelings the aged warrior looked back upon his past campaigns. "The feeling that when battle comes on like a storm, thousands of brave men are rushing to meet it, confident in your skill to direct them, is indescribable. It is greater than the feeling of gladness after a victory: far greater indeed, for the danger being then over, and brave men lying scattered about dead or dying, the spirit is sad. Oh! there is no pleasure after a battle, beyond rejoicing that we have escaped being slain. But when the columns bear upon an enemy as the line of battle forms, as it moves ma-

jestically onwards to conquer or die, as the booming of the cannon 'rolls loud and long, amidst pealing shouts and musketry, then a man feels able for his work and confident in his gifts, and his movements tell upon the enemy. There is no feeling to equal that exultation, which makes men seek to become conquerors, if religion does not aid reason to hold it in check. But 'all is vanity.'"

If, however, Napier's actual battles were over, his spirit was as combative as ever; and, during the last period of his public career, he was engaged in a fierce strife with the Governor-General. For some years past Napier had observed with anxiety that the discipline of the Sepoy army was deteriorating; and he had even gone so far as to prophesy that there would one day be a mutiny. In July, 1849, soon after his arrival at Simla, he heard that two regiments at Rawul Pindee, which formed part of the army of occupation distributed over the newly-conquered Punjab, had refused to receive their pay unless certain extra allowances were granted them. It seemed likely that other regiments would follow their example. Disregarding the advice of a member of his staff, who mistook indiscriminate severity for vigour, to disband the insubordinate regiments at once, Napier sent instructions to Sir Colin Campbell, who commanded at Rawul Pindee, to reason quietly with the men, but at the same time to hold a European force in readiness to awe them into obedience, if persuasion should fail. Before Campbell received these orders, the

immediate danger passed ; for the insubordinate regiments saw that it would be madness to persist in the presence of armed Europeans, and silently resolved to bide their time. But there was danger in other quarters. Proceeding on a tour of inspection through the northern provinces, Napier collected evidence which, in his judgement, proved that twenty-four regiments were only waiting for an opportunity to rise. An incipient mutiny at Wuzeerabad was only repressed by the tact of Colonel John Hearsey. Still Napier believed that the worst had not yet come. Making Peshawur his headquarters, he held himself in readiness to swoop down upon any point at which mutiny might appear. When, however, the crisis came, he was not called upon to face it in person ; for it was met by the faithful courage of a sepoy regiment. The 66th Native Infantry mutinied at Govindghur ; and the 1st Native Cavalry crushed them. Napier disbanded the mutinous corps, transferred its colours to a regiment of Goorkahs, and boasted that by this stroke he had taught the Sepoys that, whenever they showed a sign of discontent, a more warlike people would always be ready to supplant them. But, while he punished mutiny, he pitied the mutineers, for he believed that native disloyalty was the result of British injustice ; and, in this spirit of sympathy, he directed that an old regulation, which had granted compensation to the sepoy for dearness of provisions at a rate higher than that sanctioned by the one then in force, should be restored, and observed until the

Governor-General, who was then absent from the seat of Government, should pronounce his decision upon the case.

Dalhousie was not the man to permit such an assumption of authority to pass unrebuked. For some time past he had been irritated by what he regarded as the insolence of the Commander-in-Chief's bearing; and he resolved to teach him that the Governor-General was his master. He therefore, in polished but very decided terms, reprimanded him for what he had done. The old soldier resented this rebuke as a personal affront, and a keen controversy arose between the two. Those who examine that controversy* without prejudice will come to the conclusion that, both in temper and argument, Napier was on the whole overmatched by Dalhousie. But of the numerous questions upon which they disputed, two only are of vital interest: first, were the forty thousand sepoys in the Punjaub really infected with a mutinous spirit or not? Secondly, was the Commander-in-Chief justified in putting forward, as he did, the claim to act, in real or supposed emergencies, upon his own discretion? The former of these points cannot, for want of sufficient evidence, be positively determined: but the probability is that Napier greatly

* *Life*, vol. iv., pp. 214-67; Papers relating to the Resignation by Sir Charles Napier of the Office of Commander-in-Chief in India, (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xlvii. [1854]); *Comments upon a Memorandum of the Duke of Wellington and other Documents, censuring Lieut.-Gen. C. J. Napier*, by Sir W. Napier; *Sir Charles Napier's Posthumous Work*,—Article by Sir H. Lawrence in vol. xxii. of *Calcutta Review*.

over-estimated the danger, and that the measure by which he tried to avert it was uncalled for. The other question is one which men will answer according to their individual temperaments. Assuming that Napier was right in his estimate of the danger, he would certainly have been unworthy of his high office if, for fear of incurring an official rebuke, he had shrunk from dealing with it promptly. But, while we may admire, as the highest and most valuable form of courage, the readiness with which a Nelson assumes responsibility upon occasion, we must admit that he should be very careful to make sure that the occasion is real.

Right or wrong, however, Napier was determined that he would no longer be subject to Dalhousie. As the controversy proceeded, he became more and more violent in his language concerning his chief, more and more incapable of estimating his true character. What wonder that keen observers were astonished that one who was endowed with so much greatness of mind could display such a lack of magnanimity. "Poor little pig;" "Lord Dalhousie is weak as water, and as vain as a pretty woman or an ugly man;" "this little goose is quite unfit for his place,"—such were some of the remarks in which the Commander-in-Chief permitted himself to indulge in speaking of the Governor-General, who, harassed as he was by a cruel disease, toiled for eight years in the service of his country with hardly a moment's relaxation, and was pronounced by the bulk of his subordinates to be one

of the greatest rulers whom India had ever known. It was certainly for the good of the State that he should sever his connexion with a chief for whom he had such a peculiar contempt. But, if the statesman and the soldier had not been prevented, by incompatibility of temperament, from bringing their great powers into harmonious co-operation, it is possible that the Indian Mutiny would never have taken place.

In December, 1850, Napier resigned his command. The sirdars* of Scinde showed their regard for their old conqueror and ruler by presenting him with a sword of honour; and at Bombay he was entertained at a banquet by a large body of Europeans of every class and condition, as well as by the principal natives. Early in February he started on his homeward voyage, and in the course of the next month reached England.

The last years of his life were spent chiefly at Oaklands, a small estate in Hampshire, which his wife had found for him. Thus the hope which he had so long cherished of a peaceful country life was at last realised. The reflexions with which he entered upon this long deferred enjoyment were characteristic. "It is harder for a rich man to go to heaven than for a loaded camel to go through the eye of a needle! When man is comfortable himself, he forgets those that want; when happy, he forgets those that mourn."

* Sirdar,—a chief.

But Napier had never been guilty of forgetting those who were in want. To the aged and helpless he gave freely and with delicacy ; while, on pretence of making improvements, he employed fifty destitute labourers on his estate. Those who knew him only in the quiet of home life might have found it hard to believe that he could be so fierce in controversy, so stern in war. His courtesy to all, his tenderness to the young, were more than feminine,—they were of that winning kind which is an attribute only of the strongest men. He loved to make people laugh by humorous tales ; and it was only when he spoke on some topic which he had at heart that, in his earnest tone and flashing eyes, the fire of his nature was revealed. Occupation and amusement he found in the quieter pursuits of a country gentleman. Although his fighting days were over, his feeling towards soldiers was as sympathetic as ever. “ It makes me,” he said, “ when I go into Portsmouth, inclined to take the first soldier or sailor by the arm and walk with him, certain of knowing how to talk to him of matters with which he is familiar, and which would interest him. If he seems clean and smart, I paint him as he would be in action, his mouth black with gunpowder from biting off the ends of his cartridges, his hands also black and bloody, his eager, animated eyes bent fiercely on the enemy, and prompt to do my bidding ; firm of frame, armed for the work, and of ready courage to follow and support me in all ! Then it is that I feel that I can never do too much for

them ; and soldiers always know what their officers' feelings towards them are." Meanwhile his interest in public affairs was unabated. Though he felt his health daily breaking under the disease which he had contracted during that fatal journey to Lahore, he composed an elaborate treatise, which, after his death, gave rise to bitter controversy, on the defects of the Indian government, and also produced a pamphlet which helped to pave the way for the formation of the Volunteer Force. The former of these was the most important and the most characteristic of his numerous works. Nothing that he published, indeed, belongs to literature : but everything is original. Written in a homely, vigorous, racy style, full of the suggestions of ripe experience and practical sagacity jostling with rash misstatements and invincible prejudices, of generous appreciation, of naïve self-laudation, and of ferocious invective, his pages are always eminently readable.

Even in his declining years, he was not exempt from troubles. He was still harassed by the attacks of his old enemies ; and such was his rage against Outram, whom he publicly charged with deliberate falsehood, that he looked forward eagerly to meeting him in a duel. A far heavier trial was, the death of little Charles Napier, his nephew William's son, of whom he was passionately fond. Still, his temper was as buoyant, and his humour as ready as of old. A few days after he made the sad entry in his journal, recording his favourite's death, he jotted down an

account of a visit which he had had from his cousin Pamela, Lady Campbell :—"When the devil tempted Dunstan in the form of a beautiful woman, he no more took hold of her nose with hot tongs than I would ! Depend upon it, he had a daughter by the she-devil, and Pamela is certainly a descendant of hers ; for, nothing else could be so agreeable, so pretty, so wonderful as she !"

But the closing scene was at hand. In September, 1852, the Duke of Wellington died. When Napier heard the news, he could not help remembering for a moment that one of the last public acts of the Duke had been to pronounce that, in his controversy with Dalhousie, he had been in the wrong : but presently the glorious memory of his old chief's victories, his high example, his many acts of kindness towards himself, swept away all bitterness ; and nothing but gratitude and veneration remained. When he assisted at the funeral as pall-bearer, many eyes were bent on him, and low voices were heard to say, "The next in genius stands by the bier."

While standing about after the service, he caught a severe cold, from the effects of which he never quite rallied : but so great were his courage and his interest in life, that, for some months, his friends had no suspicion of his real state. In the following May he wrote his last letter to his long-loved brother, William. It expressed indignation at Hardinge's having presented Outram at Court. Early in June he took to his bed ; and for two months he was

slowly dying. He suffered severely and incessantly : but his two sons-in-law, William Napier and Montagu McMurdo, were never tired of ministering to his wants. Towards the end he desired that his charger, Red Rover, should be brought to his bedside, that he might caress him once more : but the horse was frightened and would not approach ; so, with a sigh of disappointment, Napier turned round and begged his wife to take care of its comfort. At five o'clock on the morning of August the 29th, lying on his camp bed, and surrounded by his family and servants, he expired, while McMurdo, seizing the old colours of the 22nd, waved them above his head. Many mourned his death : but none more sincerely than Outram, who, though, smarting under a storm of calumny, he openly and often bitterly condemned his policy in Scinde, had never ceased to love him and to praise his noble qualities, had forgiven him everything, and had deeply grieved for the loss of his friendship.* Lord Hardinge, Lord Ellenborough, and many other distinguished officers and civilians came to attend his funeral. But that which most touched and gratified his sorrowing friends was the affectionate veneration displayed by the garrison of Portsmouth. Though none of them had ever served under Charles Napier, they thronged, unbidden, and most of them at a pecuniary cost, to see his remains committed to the grave. He was buried, on the 8th of September, in the churchyard of the military

* *Life of Outram*, vol. i. pp. 352-53.

chapel at Portsmouth. Conspicuous among the mourners was the majestic figure of William Napier, whose powerful pen had immortalised his brother's great deeds. When he tried to thank the crowds who had attended, his sobs came so fast that he could hardly speak. "Soldiers," was all he could say, "there lies one of the best men,—the best soldiers, the best Christians, that ever lived. He served you faithfully, and you served him faithfully. God is just."

Thus ended a life which, for romantic adventure and genuine heroism, stands almost without a rival in our national biography. The part which he had to play in the great drama was, indeed, comparatively obscure : but it gave no measure of his real genius. It is true that, whatever his powers may have been, we have no right to pronounce him a general of the first rank ; for a soldier must be judged, not by his promise but by his performance ; and what Napier actually accomplished in war was not enough to entitle him to the highest distinction. Nevertheless, he succeeded in every military operation which he undertook, against heavy numerical odds and great natural difficulties ; while, as a leader of men, he was unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Nor was his ability shown only in war. He was a truly great administrator ; and his literary talent was, perhaps, little inferior to that of his brother William. But that which gives vitality to his story is the unique interest of his personal character,—his sensitiveness, his masterfulness, his fierceness, his tender sympathy, his vanity,

his profanity, his humour, his passionate love of beauty, his leanings towards asceticism, his fervid aspirations after heavenly things.

APPENDIX A.

THE CHARACTER OF THE AMEERS' GOVERNMENT.

REGARDING the details which I have given on pp. 36-38, the various authorities, with scarcely an exception, are practically agreed (See Addenda.) Outram, however, Captain W. Eastwick, and two or three other witnesses whose opinions Outram collected (*Commentary*, pp. 513, 515, 517, 519-20) maintained that the government of the Ameers was no worse than the generality of native governments. Doubtless, as I have remarked in the text (p. 38), our natural tendency is to exaggerate the evils of an Oriental despotism; and, as I have freely admitted, the Ameers, if selfish, were personally good-natured and averse from tyranny. But, whether their government did or did not fall below the average native standard, even Outram allowed that the condition of large classes of their subjects was bad enough to call for British interference.

The remedy which he suggested (*Commentary*, p. 477) was "affording protection to the trading classes (who should seek to locate there) in the bazaars of our cantonments, and refuge to the serfs, as cultivators, in the proposed Shikarpoor farm." "I was sanguine," he adds, "that the mere force of example . . . must have caused them (the neighbouring chiefs) to promote trade, consequently cherish the Hindoo; and foster agriculture, consequently improve the state of the serf. The facility of obtaining protection under British laws in the heart of Scinde must have compelled the rulers of Scinde so to govern their people as to prevent their seeking our protection." Such a half-hearted remedy as this, however, would have failed to reach many of the worst abuses of the Ameers' government. Outram's contention was that "the laws and institutions of Scinde were such as suited the genius of the people and the progress they

had made in civilisation." If he meant by this that the mass of the people were happier under the Ameers than under the British Government, his opinion is refuted by the testimony of all responsible critics who observed the effects of Napier's rule. And if, in some respects, even Napier's rule left much to be desired, there cannot be two opinions as to the value of the benefits which the rulers who came after him conferred upon Scinde.

APPENDIX B.

WERE ROOSTUM AND NUSSEER KHAN GUILTY IN THE CASES
LAID DOWN BY ELLENBOROUGH AS THE BASE OF
THE NEW TREATY ?

RICHARD NAPIER, in the pamphlet to which I have referred in several of my notes, Outram, in his *Commentary*, and J. Sullivan, in his speech of January 26, 1844, sum up the arguments for and against the guilt of the Ameers. Outram succeeds in establishing,—what I have admitted in the text,—that their guilt was not conclusively proved, and that no opportunity was given them of rebutting the charges. His own admissions, however,—recorded in the Blue Book, though unnoticed by him in his *Commentary*,—as well as the testimony of his brother officials, support the general conclusion at which I have arrived in the text. Sullivan shows, in my judgement, that the guilt of Nusseer Khan was not only not conclusively proved, but morally doubtful. There seems, however, to be little doubt that the notorious intriguer, Futteh Mahomed, was the author of the letter to Shere Sing : at least the officer (Captain Postans) who had the best possible means of forming an opinion felt no doubt ; and Outram's suggestion that the letter might have been forged by Ali Moorad, in order to prejudice the British against Roostum, was founded upon nothing but a general estimate of Ali's character and aims.

No certainty on the matter is attainable ; and indeed, as Nusseer Khan and Futteh Mahomed had unquestionably been engaged in various other intrigues, the matter is of very slight importance. The reader is requested to mark the sentence, "On the whole then . . . recent policy" (pp. 49-50).

APPENDIX C.

THE EARLIER MILITARY PREPARATIONS OF THE AMEERS
OF UPPER SCINDE.

OUTRAM tried, in his *Commentary*, to prove that, until February, 1843, the military preparations of the Ameers were so insignificant that they "would have caused no apprehension in the mind of anyone better acquainted with Oriental character than" Napier, and that they were purely defensive. In a private letter, written at the time (*Life*, vol. i. pp. 300-301), he said, "The information I obtained during my voyage up the Indus (to join Napier), and my previous knowledge of the chiefs of Sind, satisfied me that the reports of their warlike preparations were . . . probably promulgated by themselves, in the hope that our demands would be less stringent, if we supposed them in any way prepared for resistance. . . . I well knew that they themselves were quite conscious of their inability to oppose our power . . . and that nothing but the most extreme proceedings and forcing them to desperation would drive them to it." In another letter (*Ib.*, p. 310) he wrote, "I had ascertained . . . that they were instigated to feeble attempts to arm by mistrust of us, and with a view to defence." He also maintained that, by treaty, the Ameers had a right to as many armed followers as they liked.

That the preparations were purely defensive, in the sense that they would not have been made unless the Ameers had believed the intentions of the British to be aggressive, is certain; indeed it is possible that, if Napier had explained to the Ameers the nature of the proposed treaty, and if he had taken steps in time to procure the remission of the demand for the country between Bhoong Bhara and Roree (see pp. 51, 54) they never would have been made at all. As, however, Napier failed to do these things, what we have to consider is whether the Ameers intended to resist the treaty by force, or only armed in dread of an attack upon Khyrpore, and because they hoped, by making a show of resistance, to obtain better terms. The answer to this question partly depends on the credibility of the Intelligence (C.S., pp. 430, 432-36, 448-50, 452, 461-62, 464-65, etc.)

which Napier received, through Major Clibborn, from his spies. Outram argues that the reports of the military levies and the warlike intentions of the Ameers were grossly exaggerated,—by themselves, in the hope of getting better terms, and by Ali Moorad (through his bribed tools) in the hope of prejudicing Napier against them. Certainly it was for the interest of Ali to force on a rupture between his kinsmen and the British General.

The real truth appears to be this. There was undoubtedly a good deal of bluster in the bellicose language of the Ameers (C.S., pp. 465, 470), and, if they ever had any intention of forcibly resisting the treaty, their resolve soon faded away; for, when Napier announced his intention of marching upon their capital, they never attempted to defend it, nor did they oppose the occupation of Bhoong Bhara and Subzulcote or the march to Emaumghur. But, as their temper was known to be suspicious of, if not hostile to the English, it was not unnatural for a new-comer like Napier to conclude that they were arming in earnest.

With regard to Outram's contention, that they had, by treaty, a right to as many armed followers as they liked, it may be remarked that, when the treaty was concluded, it was not contemplated that the "armed followers" should be used against the British. But really, Outram's appeal to the treaty was puerile and pedantic. Of course, the Ameers had a perfect right to collect troops, if they chose, in order to resist Lord Ellenborough's treaty: but Napier, whose duty it was to enforce that treaty, had an equal right to see that their troops were dispersed. The question is, whether he did not exercise his right, —*e.g.*, by his march on Khyrpore,—in such a way as to frighten the Ameers into the belief that he intended to attack them.

APPENDIX D.

WAS THE ALLEGED MESSAGE FROM ROOSTUM RECEIVED BY
NAPIER ON DECEMBER 18, 1842, GENUINE?

1. ROOSTUM himself repeatedly and solemnly denied that he had sent the message. 2. It is difficult to believe that Roostum

offered to put himself in the power of one whom (C.S., No. 446) he suspected of a design to make him prisoner. 3. Napier did not confront the messenger with Roostum. 4. The messenger's assertion that Roostum had sent the message by him was not sufficient; for the messenger had taken bribes from the Ameer's ambassadors, and was afterwards convicted of treachery. 5. Outram (*Commentary*, pp. 133-34) forcibly argues that the messenger's "testimony bears tokens of its own falsehood."

On the other hand, Richard Napier (pp. 120-21) attempts to prove that the message *was* sent by Roostum. "On the morning of the 19th" (of December), says he, "Roostum's son and nephew were still with Ali Moorad at the fort, in prosecution of their joint intention . . . to make Ali Moorad chief of the Ameer's. This was the *day after* the secret message had been sent to Sir Charles Napier, and strongly negatives Colonel Outram's assertion, that such a message was a forgery by Ali Moorad; since it is incredible that, at the very time his family were offering the Turban to him, he should send a message in Roostum's name to crave an asylum in Sir Charles Napier's camp. Everything might be lost, and nothing could be gained by that proceeding. Roostum might have acted on Sir Charles' reply offering to receive him in his camp; their meeting would lead to a discovery of the negotiation for the Turban, then pending, as the condition of Ali's separation from the English; while, on the other hand, this act of submission on Roostum's part would have secured his possession of the Turban for the remainder of his life." In this last sentence, however, the writer attempted to prove too much; for he had himself pointed out, a few lines before, that, at the time when the message was sent, Roostum's son and nephew were voluntarily offering the Turban to Ali Moorad, on condition of his aiding the cause of the Talpoors. Moreover, Outram never said that the message was forged *by Ali Moorad*.

Still, I confess that I can suggest no motive for the forgery, unless Ali were the forger, and knew Napier well enough to be able to reckon on his giving the answer which he did.

APPENDIX E.

DID ROOSTUM RESIGN THE TURBAN VOLUNTARILY?

1. ALI MOORAD asserted that Roostum's cession of the Turban was voluntary. 2. Richard Napier (pp. 118-23) cites evidence to show that Roostum intended to resign the Turban to Ali Moorad before the (alleged) secret message was sent to Sir Charles Napier.

On the other hand, the mere assertion of a man of Ali's character (he was afterwards convicted of forgery) is worthless. 2. Very likely Roostum, or, at any rate, his son and nephew, did at one time propose that Ali should assume the Turban (see App. D.). But, when the younger Ameers abandoned Khyrpore, as they did immediately after Roostum put himself in Ali's power, and when it became apparent that Ali would not support him, what motive could Roostum have had for resigning the dignity? It is highly improbable that he would, without some prospect of advantage, have voluntarily ceded his birth-right, to say nothing of a large tract of land, to a man with whom he had long had a bitter feud. 3. Captain Pope, who was sent by Sir Charles Napier in August, 1843, "to hear what Ali might have to adduce in proof that the cession was voluntary," says, "I had expressed to Sir Charles Napier my own conviction, founded on statements made to me, and the concurrent belief of all natives in Upper Scinde who ever mentioned the circumstance, that the cession was not voluntary, and I know that Sir Charles Napier himself did not believe it to have been so. Ali Moorad, as well as his minister, Ali Hussein severally confessed to me that the cession was not voluntary." (See Mr. Willoughby's Minute, pars. 56, 61, 63, 82, 93-100, in *Papers relating to the charge preferred against Ali Moorad*.)

It appears to me that Captain Pope's testimony is conclusive.

APPENDIX F.

WAS ROOSTUM REALLY PREVENTED FROM MEETING OUTRAM AT KHYRPORE?

OUTRAM believed that he was,—by persons in Ali Moorad's interest (*C.S. Suppl.*, No. 24, 31). Ali Moorad's agent, in an

interview with Roostum and his people, "dwelt," Outram tells us (*Life*, vol. i., p. 305), "on the obviously little influence I had with the General, and argued, therefore, that no dependence could be placed on my doing anything for them." On the other hand, both Sir Charles and Sir William Napier were sure that Roostum "humbugged" Outram. It would be rash, perhaps, to pronounce any positive opinion on the point: but, as it was the interest of Ali to prevent Roostum from making his peace with the English, I am convinced that Outram was right.

APPENDIX G.

WAS NAPIER'S LETTER, AUTHORISING OUTRAM TO GO TO HYDERABAD, INTERCEPTED?

OUTRAM and Napier both thought so. The letter was entrusted to Ali Hussein, Ali Moorad's minister. As Outram says (pp. 299-301), "*His (Ali Hussein's) own horseman* always bore the General's despatches to me, and, had he been stopped on the way, the circumstance would, of course, have been reported. No living being but Ali Moorad and his minister had any interest in the *interception* of the document."

APPENDIX H.

1. WERE THE AMEERS, OR THE BELOOCHEE CHIEFS, DEFINITELY RESOLVED, DURING THE PERIOD OF OUTRAM'S NEGOTIATIONS AT HYDERABAD, TO ATTACK NAPIER?
2. DID THEY SPIN OUT THE NEGOTIATIONS IN ORDER TO GAIN TIME FOR COLLECTING MORE TROOPS?
3. WERE THE AMEERS FORCED TO MAKE WAR BY THE BELOOCHEE CHIEFS?
4. DID NAPIER'S ADVANCING BEYOND HALA PRECIPITATE THE WAR?

1. To answer the first of these questions with absolute certainty is impossible. But my firm belief is that, although the Ameers doubtless feared that war was imminent, and may have resolved

to fight if Roostum's appeal were rejected, neither they nor their feudatories definitely made up their minds until February 13, 1842. For, as I have pointed out in the text (p. 75), the conclusion which Napier drew from the letter which he intercepted on the 12th of that month was not warranted. Again, the demeanour of the Ameers during their conferences with Outram was not that of men who had resolved to fight. Had they not wished to avoid bloodshed, why should they have taken the trouble, on the day after signing the treaty, to send their deputies to beg Outram once more for the restoration of the Turban lands, and frankly to warn him that, unless their prayers were granted, they would be compelled to go to war. "I well knew," so he had written some weeks earlier, "that they themselves were quite conscious of their inability to oppose our power . . . and that nothing but the most extreme proceedings and forcing them to desperation would drive them to it." The Beloochee chiefs would not have sworn, on February 13,—in the solemn way they did, and after the failure of the Ameers to induce Outram to promise that Roostum's petition should be granted,—to fight, if they had already resolved to do so. Nor would the Ameers have failed to remove their women to Kurrachee, that they might be out of the reach of danger. But there is another argument on which I rely still more confidently. A letter was intercepted, dated February 14, 1843, from Nusseer Khan and Mahomed Khan to the Governor of Kurrachee. In this letter occurs the following passage,—“The friendship which existed between the English Government and ourselves we intend to sever, because the English seem desirous of possessing themselves of our dominions.. We ourselves and three other Ameers, viz., Sobdar, Shadad, and Hussain Ali, have, therefore, determined upon taking the field forthwith, and this day intend leading our army against the English.” Also, on February 22, Lieutenant H. Stanley, Officiating A.D.C. to Sir C. Napier, writes from Sukkur to the Secretary to the Governor-General,—“Letters have been received by the Shikarpore authorities from Meer Nusseer Khan, of Hyderabad, to the following effect,—‘It is uncertain whether we shall subscribe to the terms offered us by the British Government. In the event of our not doing so we shall commence hostilities, in which case you must arm likewise’” (Enclosures to Secret Letters from India, 1843, No. 3

—14-24—Inc. 1 in No. 197, and Board's Drafts of Secret Letters to India, &c.,—2nd Nov., 1842, to 27th Dec. 1843 [Letter of 22nd Feb., 1843]).

Would letters like these have been written if the Ameers or their feudatories had, as Napier maintained, all along wished and intended to fight.

2. It appears to me quite possible, though not proved, that the Ameers did spin out the negotiations in order to gain time, *in case they should find it necessary to fight*. But it is just as likely that, knowing the temper of the Beloochees, they begged for delay, because they hoped against hope to obtain some concession.

3. The evidence seems to point to the conclusion that the Ameers of Hyderabad, or, at all events, all except the two who led the attack on the Residency, were overborne by the Beloochee chiefs. But all that is certain is, that, failing all attempts to obtain justice for Roostum, the chiefs were determined, with or without the consent of the Ameers, to fight.

4. Napier's advancing beyond Hala could not have precipitated hostilities because, before the Beloochees knew of it, they had resolved to fight. He did not leave Sukkurunda, which is north of Hala, until February 14. It is, indeed, just possible that, if Outram could have given a pledge that Napier would not advance, war would have been prevented. But it is more likely that to halt at "the twelfth hour" would have been attributed to fear: it would certainly have given time for more Beloochees to assemble; and therefore it may confidently be affirmed that Napier would, by halting then, have imperilled the safety of his army.

APPENDIX I.

WAS THE BURNING OF THE SHIKARGAHS USELESS?

SIR W. NAPIER (*Conquest of Scinde*, p. 302) maintained that it "turned greatly to the disadvantage of the British," because (1) the enemy, in the night of February 16, moved eight miles to their right, instead of occupying the shikargahs which Outram intended to burn, and (2) the two hundred men whom

Sir Charles detached under Outram, were not able to take part in the battle of Meeanee. To this Outram (pp. 401-402) replied that (1) the reason why the enemy moved to the right was that they received from their spies information regarding his plan of firing the shikargahs ; and (2) the two hundred men were only convalescents, unfit to take part in a general action. "Fortunate, indeed," he adds, "was it that they did change their plan, and thus gave us an opportunity of deciding . . . *in an open field the whole campaign*, instead of commencing by contesting the shikargahs before falling back upon the fort and city, in which jungle warfare we should have gained no decided advantage, should have lost many men, and then should have arrived before the place with an inadequate force to attack it."

APPENDIX J.

WAS OUTRAM RIGHT IN DISSUADING NAPIER FROM ATTACKING "THE LION" AFTER THE BATTLE OF MEEANEE?

SIR W. NAPIER (*Conquest of Scinde*, pp. 324-26) severely censures Outram for giving, and mildly censures his brother for taking this advice. Outram, on the other hand (pp. 443-47), argues that it would have been impossible,—even if it had been desirable,—for Sir Charles to march against and surprise the Lion.

Napier was a far abler and more experienced soldier than Outram ; and he knew that, against an Asiatic foe, audacity may almost work miracles. Nevertheless, he himself admitted that, for two days after the battle, he dared not abandon the defensive ; and he certainly could not have *surprised* the Lion, who had the best information, and could easily, with his fresh troops, have out-marched him. Probably, however, he would, even with his weakened army, have defeated him, if he could have induced him to accept battle ; though it is not likely that such a victory would have been decisive. Whether he would have been justified in attacking, without making an attempt to preserve peace, a prince who had not committed any overt act of hostility, is another question.

APPENDIX K.

THE TREATMENT OF THE AMEERS AND THEIR FAMILIES AFTER
THE BATTLE OF MEEANEE.

AFTER the battle of Meeanee, various complaints were made by the Ameers (C.S. Suppl., No. 102-16, 118-23, 125-26, 129-32, 136-37, 148, 167-72, 179-80) and by Outram (pp. 429-38, 460-71) on their behalf, as to the treatment which they and their women experienced. Outram succeeds in proving that certain allegations of the Ameers remained unanswered. But, except for his conduct towards Sobdar and Mahomed, which I have mentioned in the text (pp. 89-90), neither Napier nor his officers were to blame, though some of their men may have been. All that Napier did was to place the Ameers under restraint just before the battle of Hyderabad, when he believed his army to be endangered by their (alleged) intrigues.

Nevertheless, considering that the Ameers were guilty of no offence except desiring to rid themselves of British domination and fighting for their patrimony, their punishment was very heavy. No doubt their expatriation was a political necessity. But it does not appear that they were treated with the generosity which Lord Wellesley displayed towards the family of Tippoo,—the implacable enemy of England; though surely the honour of the British Government, if not justice and mercy, required that every consideration should be shown to them in their fall.

APPENDIX L.

NAPIER'S BAGGAGE-CORPS.

THE efficiency of the baggage-corps was decried in a pamphlet (see Appendix M., No. 52) by Lieut.-Col. W. Burlton, and by Col. J. Jacob (*Ib.*, No. 31). Major McMurdo replied, convincingly, in my judgement, to the former (*Ib.*, No. 28). Napier himself, in a letter to Sir. J. Hobhouse (*Ib.*, No. 27), gives an elaborate account of the corps. Sir Richard Burton (*Sind Revisited*, vol. ii. pp. 219-20) pronounces that it was very

efficient in war but very costly in peace; and this, as far as I can ascertain, expresses the opinion of the best informed judges.

APPENDIX M.

LIST OF AUTHORITIES FOR THE LIFE OF SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

THE authorities may be grouped in three classes, viz. (1) original; (2) partly original,—either because they contain some original matter, or because the writers had an intimate personal knowledge of India or of Sir Charles Napier; (3) works that do not come under either of the above heads.

I.

1. The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles Napier, by Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Napier, 4 vols. 2nd edition, 1857.
2. Corrections of a few of the errors contained in Sir W. Napier's Life of Sir C. Napier, by G. Buist, 1857.
3. Memoir on the Roads of Cephalonia, by Col. C. J. Napier, 1825.
4. The Colonies,—treating of their value generally, of the Ionian Islands in particular: strictures on the Administration of Sir F. Adam, by Col. C. J. Napier, 1833.
5. General Sir F. Adam, by A. Von Reumont, 1855.
6. Boards' Drafts of Secret Letters to India (MS.).
7. Enclosures to Secret Letters from India (MS.).
8. Correspondence relative to Sind, 1836-1838.
9. Returns relative to European and Native Soldiers of the Indian Armies employed in Sind, &c.
10. Return to an order of the House of Commons for Further Papers respecting Sind communicated to Court of Directors.
11. Papers relating to the Charge preferred against Meer Ali Morad.
12. Correspondence relative to Sind, 1838-1843.
13. Correspondence relative to Sind, supplementary to the Papers presented to Parliament in 1843.
14. a. Selections from the records of the Bombay Government, No. xvii. New Series, 1855.
b. Memo. on the Sind Police, by H. B. E. Frère.

15. "British Administration of Scinde,"—article in vol. xiv. of the *Calcutta Review*.
16. History of the Indian Administration of Lord Ellenborough in his Correspondence with the Duke of Wellington, edited by Lord Colchester, 1874.
17. Compilation of the General Orders, &c., issued in 1842-47 by Sir C. J. Napier to the Army under his command, by E. Green, 1850.
18. Narrative of a visit to the Court of Sind, by J. Byrnes, 1829.
19. Rough Notes of the Campaign in Scinde and Afghanistan in 1838-39, by Capt. James Outram, 1840.
20. Personal Observations on Sindh, by T. Postans, 1843.
21. Sindh and the Races that inhabit the Valley of the Indus, by Richard F. Burton, 1851.
22. Scinde, or the Unhappy Valley, by Richard F. Burton, 1851.
23. Sind revisited, by Richard F. Burton, 1877.
24. James Outram, a Biography, by Major-Gen. Sir F. J. Goldsmid, 2nd edition, 1881.
25. a. Account of the Battle of Meeanee, by Major Waddington (vol. ix. of R. & E. Prof. Papers).
b. Explanation of the Battle of Meeanee (vol. x. of ditto).
c. Reply to the Observations of Major-Gen. Sir W. Napier (vol. i. New Series of ditto).
26. Report on Upper Sindh and the Upper Portion of Cutchee, by Lieut. Postans (Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, vol. 12, Part 1).
27. A Letter to the Right Hon. Sir J. Hobhouse on the Baggage of the Indian Army, by Gen. Sir C. J. Napier, 1849.
28. Sir C. Napier's Indian Baggage-Corps. Reply to Lieut.-Col. Burton's attack. By Major W. M. S. McMurdo, 1850.
29. Records of the Indian Command of Gen. Sir Charles Napier, compiled by John Mawson, 1851.
30. Papers relating to the Resignation by Sir Charles Napier of the Office of Commander-in-Chief in India (Parl. Papers, vol. xlvii. [1854]).
31. Remarks on the Native Troops of the Indian Army, and Notes on certain passages in Sir Charles Napier's Posthumous Work on the Defects of the Indian Government, by John Jacob, 1854.
32. Views and Opinions of John Jacob, 1858.
33. Petition of His Highness Ameer Ali Morad Khan Talpoor of Khyrpoor, 1856.
34. Recollections of the late Sir Charles Napier (Chamber's Edinburgh Journal, vol. 20 [1853], pp. 233-4.)

- 35. The Greville Memoirs, Second Part, vol. 3, 1885.
- 36. Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Third Series, vols. 66, 69-72.
- 37. The *Times*, *Morning Chronicle*, *Examiner*, *Spectator*, and Indian newspapers (especially the *Bombay Times*).

II.

- 38. Life of General Sir Charles Napier, by W. N. Bruce, 1885.
- 39. The Conquest of Scinde, with some Introductory Passages in the Life of Major-General Sir Charles James Napier, by Major-General W. F. P. Napier, 2nd edition, 1845.
- 40. The History of General Sir Charles Napier's Administration of Scinde, and Campaign in the Cutchee Hills, by Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. F. P. Napier, 3rd edition, 1858.
- 41. The Conquest of Scinde, a Commentary, by Lieut.-Col. Outram, 1846.
- 42. Remarks on Lieut.-Col. Outram's work, entitled "The Conquest of Scinde; a Commentary," by Richard Napier, 1847.
- 43. Speech of Captain William Eastwick, on the Case of the Ameers of Scinde, 3rd edition, 1844.
- 44. General Sir C. J. Napier and the Directors of the East India Company, by Sir William Napier, 1857.
- 45. Comments upon a Memorandum of the Duke of Wellington and other Documents, censuring Lieut.-General Sir C. J. Napier, by Sir W. Napier, 1854.
- 46. Sir Charles Napier's Posthumous Work,—article by Sir H. Lawrence in vol. xxii. of *Calcutta Review*.

III.

- 47. The Affairs of Scinde, by an East India Proprietor, 1844.
- 48. Case of the Ameers of Scinde, by J. Sullivan, 1844.
- 49. The Scinde Policy: a few comments on Major-General W. F. P. Napier's Defence of Lord Ellenborough's Government, 1845.
- 50. India and Lord Ellenborough, 1844.
- 51. Reply to "India and Lord Ellenborough," by Zeta, 1845.
- 52. Lord Auckland and Lord Ellenborough, by a Bengal Civilian, 1845.
- 53. A few brief comments on Sir C. Napier's letter to Sir J. Hobhouse "On the Baggage of the Indian Army," by Lieut.-Col. W. Burlton, 1849.
- 54. Speech of Viscount Jocelyn, M.P., in the House of Commons, on the Case of the Ameers of Upper Scinde, June 23, 1852.

55. The Case of Meer Ali 'Morad Khan.
56. The Career and Character of C. J. Napier, by W. MacCall, 1857.
57. General Sir C. J. Napier, by P. L. MacDougall.
58. Sir Charles Napier in Scinde (*New Monthly Magazine*, vol. 94 [1857], pp. 144-54).
59. Sir Charles Napier and the Unhappy Valley (*Bentley's Miscellany*, vol. 31 [1852], pp. 82-8).
60. The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B. (*New Quarterly Review*, vol. 6 [1857], pp. 189-97).
61. Conquest of Scinde (*Edinburgh Review*, vol. 79 [1844], pp. 476-544).
62. Napier, (*Ibid.*, vol. 196 [1857], pp. 322-55).
63. Sindh—Dry Leaves from Young Egypt (*Quarterly Review*, vol. 91 [1852], pp. 379-401).
64. Life of Sir Charles Napier (*Ibid.*, vol. 101 [1857], pp. 202-42, & vol. 134 [1858], pp. 475, 515).
65. Life of Sir Charles J. Napier (Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*, vol. 82 [1857], pp. 94-110, 241-63).
66. *Eclectic Magazine*, vol. 30 [1853], pp. 469-80,—Charles James Napier.
67. Life of General Sir Charles Napier (*Christian Observer*, vol. 57 [1857], pp. 807-27).
68. Lieut.-General Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B. (*Dublin University Magazine*, vol. 32 [1848], pp. 546-62).
69. The Conquest of Scinde (*Ibid.*, vol. 26 [1845], pp. 100-9).
70. Administration of Scinde (*Ibid.*, vol. 39 [1852], pp. 363-72).
71. Sir Charles James Napier (*Ibid.*, vol. 49, [1857], pp. 556-80).
72. Sir Charles Napier in India (*Ibid.*, vol. 50 [1857], pp. 129-39).
73. The Ameers of Sindh (*Calcutta Review*, vol. 1, pp. 217-45).
- * 74. The Sindh Controversy (*Ibid.*, vol. 6, pp. 569-614).

I have also had the advantage of private correspondence on various points relating to the administration of Scinde with two civilians who served in the country during the years that immediately followed Napier's departure. Both of these expressed a very high opinion of his work.

1. The biography by Sir W. Napier is the primary source of information regarding the character, the private life, and the first sixty years of the public life of Sir Charles. But the reader may rest assured that, over every part of the hero's

career which has been the subject of controversy, it is a most unsafe guide. William Napier was a man absolutely incapable of literary or any other dishonesty : but passionate fraternal love upset the balance of his judgement, and insensibly corroded his love of truth. He was grossly, often ludicrously, unjust to almost everybody who opposed his brother, and especially to Sir Frederick Adam, Outram, and Dr. Buist. Indeed, I question whether any other writer, posing as a grave historian, was ever responsible for so many and such cruel calumnies. It will hardly be believed, but it is true, that he stigmatised Outram, the Bayard of India, the bravest of the brave, as a coward. To say nothing of the heightened, and sometimes even false, colouring which he gave to important episodes in his brother's career, his book,—in certain parts relating to India,—literally bristles with inaccuracies on points of detail, a small fraction of which were exposed by Buist. Many of these blunders, it is true, were contained in Charles's letters and journals ; but William let them pass without comment or enquiry, or rather he virtually adopted them as his own ; although some had been previously refuted. From a literary point of view, the work suffers greatly by comparison with the *History of the Peninsular War* and even the *Conquest of Scinde*. The arrangement is bad : irrelevancies are frequent ; and the bombast of the author's manner is exaggerated. Nevertheless, passages of real eloquence are scattered among the volumes ; and any intelligent reader who has the patience to read them through, while he may feel that he is still far from knowing the truth about the conquest and administration of Scinde, will form a tolerably correct idea of the man, Charles Napier.

6-7. These MS. records (to be found in the Political Department of the India Office) contain a good many despatches that do not appear in the Blue Books. Only a small percentage, however, of the unpublished documents is of historical or biographical value.

15. This article, apparently written by "one who knew," and thoroughly impartial *in tone*, is essential to a just appreciation of Napier's administration of Scinde. Still the writer appears to me to make too much of the demerits of that administration, and not sufficiently to emphasize its merits.

25 *a.b.c.* These papers have already been discussed in a note to p. 83.

31-32. These are a necessary antidote to some of the mis-statements contained in the works of the brothers Napier relating to Scinde. They are, however, marred by personal spite; for Jacob, not indeed without provocation, indulged in the language of Billingsgate almost as freely as Sir William himself. Such phrases as "bestly falsehood" frequently occur.

37. The newspapers, of course, are only available for the later years of Napier's life,—the *historical* period of his career: they supply but very few *fresh* details that are both interesting and credible; and, for the most part, they are only useful as showing how his contemporaries judged him.

39-40. Much of what has been said of Sir W. Napier's biography of his brother is also true of his two special works on Scinde. They deserve to be read, if only for their brilliant battle-pieces: but the student is warned to maintain a sceptical attitude while he reads, and to keep the original authorities at hand.

41 and 42 ought to be studied simultaneously. Outram makes some effective points against Sir W. Napier: but much of his argument, even if sound, is devoid of historical interest. The style is so different from and so much superior to that of his letters, that I doubt whether he actually wrote the book as it stands. Were his sheets revised by Mr. Willoughby of Bombay? Sir F. Goldsmid could probably answer this question. [I am informed that the sheets were revised by Outram's friend, Dr. Ogilvie.]

43-44, 47-52. Of the pamphlets those by Captain Eastwick (who had an intimate personal knowledge of Scinde), Sullivan, and "an East India Proprietor" are the best,

HODSON OF HODSON'S HORSE.

DURING the anxious months of 1857, when the eyes of all Englishmen were bent upon the struggle in the East, few names attracted more attention than that of Hodson of Hodson's Horse. His daring raids at the head of the famous Guides and of the motley regiment of cavalry with which his name has since been associated, were chronicled in every newspaper. A few months after his death, his brother, the Reverend George Hodson, published a memoir of his life, which taught many people to believe that he united in himself the qualities of a paladin of romance and those of a Christian hero. The professed historians of the Mutiny painted his portrait in less attractive colours; but the ample space which they devoted to the record of his deeds bore witness to the high estimate which they had formed of his powers. And when, in clubs or drawing-rooms, conversation turned upon the Mutiny, those whose knowledge of its history was limited to a few vague ideas or recollections of Cawnpore, of Delhi, or of Lucknow, were tolerably sure to have heard at least the name of the daring partisan leader.

It is probable, however, that most readers would have known little more of Hodson than his name, if the outspokenness or, as some would call it, the indiscretion of a biographer had not made his character the subject of a controversy. Before the appearance of the *Life of Lord Lawrence* in the spring of 1883, Anglo-Indians had often repeated to each other stories which reflected upon Hodson's reputation : but of these stories the general public knew nothing. Mr. Bosworth Smith, however, gave them a wide circulation. Soon after the publication of his book, a naval officer, who had known and esteemed Hodson, wrote to the *Daily News*, indignantly repudiating one of the most damaging of Mr. Bosworth Smith's charges, and fiercely denouncing him as the calumniator of a brave man. A warm controversy followed ; and presently it was announced that Mr. George Hodson was about to prepare a detailed refutation of Mr. Bosworth Smith's charges.

Towards the end of 1883 the refutation duly appeared in the form of an introduction to a new edition of Major Hodson's *Life*. It was generally accepted by the Press as satisfactory. But on a composition like Mr. Hodson's *Vindication*, no ordinary reviewer, however good a critic he may be, is in a position to pronounce a solid judgement. The value of such a composition depends mainly upon minute accuracy of detail ; and no man can judge whether such accuracy has been attained, unless he has examined sources of information which are always

difficult of access, and weighed the testimony which he may have thus collected, with the conscientious industry of a judge trying a prisoner for his life. What newspaper reviewer can be expected to take such pains as this ?

And yet it is certainly worth while to take such pains. For the friends and the enemies of Hodson are agreed that he was not only, in his own line, one of the ablest soldiers that ever lived, but also one of the most prominent actors in a historical drama which can never lose its interest for Englishmen. When men's minds have been impressed by the exploits of one of their countrymen, it is no idle curiosity which leads them to ask whether they can love and respect, as well as admire him.

William Stephen Raikes Hodson, the third son of the Reverend George Hodson, was born near Gloucester on the 19th of March, 1821. As he grew up, every one who took notice of him was attracted by his bright, affectionate ways. The intellectual characteristic which his relations specially noted in him was an extraordinary quickness of observation. Educated almost entirely at home till he was fourteen years old, he was then sent to Rugby. There he soon won for himself a reputation as a good athlete. Those of his schoolfellows who still survive doubtless remember how, at the end of the famous Crick Run, he would come bounding with his long, easy stride up the road towards Whitehall. But even then they respected his strength of character at least as much as, if not more

than his strength of wind and of limb. After he had been in the school some time, he was transferred from the house in which he had hitherto boarded, to that of Mr. Cotton, who was afterwards successively Head Master of Marlborough and Bishop of Calcutta. At that time there were no præpostors in the house; and it would seem that discipline had become rather lax. Young Hodson soon proved himself, if we may so say, his master's right-hand man. He would not allow the younger boys to be bullied; and he caused his præpositorial authority to be respected by the turbulent. As a natural result, he became a general favourite in the house.

His school career over, the lad went to Trinity College, Cambridge. There, too, he distinguished himself as an athlete. But, though he was fond of reading, he suffered so much from headaches that it was impossible for him to study hard. Moreover, he was constitutionally inclined to an active and adventurous life. When, therefore, after taking his degree, he had to choose a profession, he made up his mind to enter the army. Colonel William Napier, who was then Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey, gave him a commission in the militia of that island. During his service with this corps he was no idle loungeur or dandy. Just before he left the island for India, where he was destined to pass the remainder of his short life, Napier wrote for him a testimonial containing these words: "I think he will be an acquisition to any service. His education, his ability, his zeal to make himself

acquainted with military matters gave me the greatest satisfaction during his service with the militia."

Hodson landed at Calcutta in September, 1845, and went on at once to Agra, which was at that time the capital of the North-Western Provinces. He was cordially welcomed by an old friend of his family,—the Lieutenant-Governor, James Thomason. It happened that the first Sikh war was just then imminent. Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor-General, was at Agra, on his way to open the campaign. Hodson joined the 2nd Grenadiers, which formed part of the Governor-General's escort. His earlier letters to his family were filled with accounts of the picturesque aspects of camp life. They showed, like many of the letters published in Mr. Hodson's book, a considerable literary faculty,—a crisp, incisive style, and a power of seizing and sketching the prominent features of a scene in such a way as to leave an abiding impression of them upon the mind. But, while he was wielding his pen, his fingers were itching to grasp his sword. And his desire was on the point of being gratified. For, on Christmas Day, he wrote to tell his father that he had fought in the first two battles of the first Sikh war.

Before the end of March, 1846, the war was over; and a few weeks later Hodson, whose imperious nature had been shocked by the laxity of discipline which was already undermining the loyalty of the Sepoys, was transferred, at his own request, to a European regiment, the 1st Bengal Fusiliers. Soon

afterwards he found himself staying at Simla with Henry Lawrence, who had lately been summoned to undertake the duties of Governor-General's Agent for the affairs of the North-West Frontier and of the Punjab. The experienced soldier-statesman and the ardent young subaltern took to each other at once. Among the traits which most endeared Lawrence to the hearts of all with whom he came in contact, were his delight in the society of younger men, his generous eagerness to spend himself in promoting their welfare and helping them to opportunities for developing their powers. He saw at once that his new friend was far abler, far better educated than the mass of young subalterns, and resolved to do all he could to give him scope for turning his gifts to account. On the other hand, he did not fail to perceive that Hodson was too fond of thinking about his own powers, that he was arrogant in manner and conversation, and that, being six or seven years older than most of the officers of his own standing in the service, he took no pains to conceal that he felt himself their superior. Hodson, for his part, at once respected and soon conceived a strong liking for his newly-found friend. From his conversation he learned much about Indian politics, and, in return, he helped him by copying letters and making digests of official documents. In the course of a political journey to Cashmere the two came to know and esteem each other still better. After their return, Lawrence, who had found out Hodson's capacity and readiness for work, asked him

to undertake the secretaryship of an institution which he had long resolved to found for the benefit of the children of European soldiers. Always overflowing with sympathy for the troubles of those around him, he had been especially grieved by the sight of what the children of private soldiers and of non-commissioned officers suffered, morally and physically, in barrack life. He believed that it would be possible to ameliorate their lot by building for their reception an asylum on some healthy spot in the hills; and he worked hard and spent large sums of money in maturing his design. The preliminaries were now all arranged; and it only remained to build the house. This task was undertaken by Hodson. The site of the Asylum was seven miles from the station of Subathoo, where he was then living; and every day he had to ride to his work and back again. The work was of the most arduous, and, at the same time, interesting nature. Building a house in India, as he remarked in a letter to his sister, was a very different matter from what it was in England. He had to act as architect, builder, and foreman in one; to direct and control four hundred and fifty workmen, and see that they did their work; to teach himself, and then to teach them, the trades of mason, bricklayer, and carpenter. "You will naturally ask," he wrote, "how I learnt all these trades. I can only say that you can't be more astonished than I am myself, and can only satisfy you with the theory that necessity is the mother of invention."

But there was another episode in this chapter of his life of which he did not care to speak. As the secretary of the asylum, its funds passed through his hands; and, unsuspected by his trusting chief, he took advantage of his position to embezzle a portion of the money which had been given for the relief of helpless children.*

A great rise was now in store for Hodson. In October, 1847, he was appointed second in command of the famous corps of Guides. The idea of forming this corps had originated with Henry Lawrence. His object was to raise a body of men who would not only guard the north-western frontier of the Punjab against the savage tribes who were always ready to swoop down upon it, but also hold themselves in readiness to undertake any errand of war which required a knowledge of the enemy's country and of his language. The recruits were raised in parties of twenty or thirty in different districts of the Punjab. They included representatives of many races and of many creeds. Notorious criminals, dare-devil highwaymen were to be found among them. Indeed, no questions were asked about the character of a candidate for enlistment. He need only show that he had

* See letter from Sir George Lawrence to the *Daily News*, June 9, 1883. Mr. Bosworth Smith was "assured most positively," by Sir George and others, that Hodson plundered the funds of the asylum. Their testimony is supported by the conduct of Hodson on subsequent occasions: but the statement in the text is not *proved* as unanswerably as others that I shall have to make later on. If it represented a *solitary* act of dishonesty, I should not print it without such unanswerable proof: but it is only one amongst many. (*See Addenda*).

a thorough knowledge of the roads, rivers, mountain passes, and resources of the neighbourhood in which he lived. Unlike the pipe-clayed battalions of Hindostan, the men were dressed, at Lawrence's suggestion, in their own loose, dusky shirts and sun-proof, sword-proof turbans. It was wisely resolved to subject them to the sort of discipline which best suited their genius,—that of personal ascendancy rather than of rules and regulations. Like the black soldiers whom Sir Samuel Baker raised in the Soudan, under a weak captain they would become a dangerous mob, but for a leader who could both dominate them and win their affections they would go anywhere and do anything. Such leaders were Lieutenant Harry Lumsden, the first commandant of the corps, and his second in command.

Some months elapsed before Hodson joined the Guides. In the meantime, Lawrence did not suffer him to be idle. The duties which he had to fulfil were far more varied and onerous than those which fall to the lot of an ordinary regimental officer. His business was to make himself generally useful. He was to be found at one time digging a trench, at another time investigating breaches of the peace. "In three weeks," he wrote, "I have collected and got into working order upwards of a thousand most unwilling labourers, surveyed and marked out some twenty miles of road, through a desert and forest, and made a very large piece of it." In the spring of 1848 he was made assistant to the Resident at Lahore.

There his duties were purely civil. A few weeks passed away; and the scene of his labours again changed. The second Sikh war broke out. Hodson had no part to play in its more decisive scenes; but he did good service with the Guides in various districts which suffered from the attacks of the rebels. With only a hundred and twenty men to support him, he held his own in a large tract of country, dislodged the rebels, and drove them headlong out of it, collected its revenue, and raised from it supplies sufficient to feed five thousand men and horses for six months. How thoroughly the Sikhs appreciated his services, is evident from the fact that they sent out party after party to take his life, and that at one time he could not gallop a mile without running the risk of being shot at from behind some bush or wall.

His work, however, though it helped to bring his name into notice, was not directly rewarded. On the annexation of the Punjaub in the spring of 1849, the regulations of the Company's service, as regarded seniority, took effect; and Hodson lost his appointment at Lahore. Soon afterwards, following the advice of Henry Lawrence and of Thomason, he left the Guides, and obtained the post of Assistant-Commissioner at Umritsur. But he soon grew very weary of this unexciting work. He had felt the bounding enthusiasm of winning personal ascendancy over high-spirited soldiers; and he yearned to go back again to his wild Guides. After some months, he became so ill from the effects of the climate and of

uncongenial labour, that he was obliged to go for a tour with Henry Lawrence in Cashmere. Each delighted in the company of the other; but the younger man, though he had a boundless admiration for his companion, never hesitated to attack his opinions when they happened to differ from his own. "He has his faults," wrote Lawrence to his brother George, "positiveness and self-will among them; but it is useful to us to have companions who contradict and keep us mindful that we are not Solomons. I believe that if Sir Charles Napier stood on his head and cut capers with his heels, he would consider it quite right that all commanders-in-chief should do so. Toryism and Absolutism are right, Liberty only another name for Red Republicanism. So you see we have enough to differ upon."

It would have been fortunate if no more serious differences had arisen. But in the course of this tour there appeared fresh symptoms of that moral turpitude which overclouded Hodson's later career. The care of the public purse had been entrusted to him; and, when the journey was at an end, Lawrence asked him for an account of the monies which he had disbursed. This account was not forthcoming; and, though Lawrence again and again pressed him to render it, he remained to the last unable or unwilling to do so.*

But Lawrence was too chivalrous to desert a friend

* See Appendix to the sixth edition of Mr. Bosworth Smith's *Life of Lord Lawrence*, pp. 509, 522.

even when he had shown himself unworthy of trust. He saw how much there was of good in Hodson's character; and he hoped that the good would overcome the evil. After their return, he promised to obtain for him the command of one of the Punjaub regiments, in case he should be unable to overcome his dislike of civil work. Sustaining his spirits by hope, Hodson worked on at his uncongenial duties with might and main.

The most eventful period of his life was now about to begin. Towards the end of the year, he hurried down to Calcutta; and there, on the 5th of January, 1852, he was married to a Mrs. Mitford, a lady whose acquaintance he had made in England several years before. Soon after his marriage, the second Burmese war broke out; and he expected to be ordered to the front. The prospect was by no means a pleasant one; for the campaign was sure to be both expensive and inglorious. But, to his joy, his anticipation turned out incorrect; and in September he wrote home to announce the welcome news that he had been appointed to the command of the Guides. "I am supposed," he said, "to be the luckiest man of my time. I have already had an offer from the Military Secretary to the Board of Administration to exchange appointments with him, although I should gain, and he would lose £200 a year by the 'swop'; but I would not listen to him. I prefer the saddle to the desk, the frontier to a respectable, dinner-giving, dressy life at the capital, and,—ambition to money!"

Almost immediately after taking command of the regiment, he marched with it to join in an expedition against the hillmen of the Black Mountain in Huzara, who had recently made a raid into British territory. The leader of the expedition was one of his dearest friends, Colonel Robert Napier, a man whom we in this country have since learned to esteem and honour, and who still steadily refuses to disbelieve in his lost comrade's integrity. He has recorded his admiration of the manner in which the young commander performed his part, and of the unfailing cheerfulness and gaiety by which he relieved the hardships of camp life. The marauders were swiftly punished; and Hodson returned with the regiment to the neighbourhood of Peshawur. Encamped in mud huts, he and his men kept their carbines loaded, and their sabres keen, ready at any moment to gallop against any predatory horde that might descend into the valley. For some months his wife was obliged to live apart from him at the hill-station of Murree, lest she should fall a victim to the climate of the valley. Once or twice he was able to visit her. Towards the end of 1853 he wrote home to tell how he had just ridden hard all night to welcome his first-born, and, as it turned out, his only child into the world. By this time, after many wanderings, he had finally established his headquarters at Murdan, distant some thirty miles from Peshawur. A few weeks later his wife, bringing her child with her, came to join him in his wild home. "You would so delight," he wrote to his

father, "in your little grand-daughter. She is a lovely, good little darling; as happy as possible, and wonderfully quick and intelligent for her months." Month followed month; and one day differed little from another. Soon after daylight the first bugle roused the commandant. Morning parade followed; and then he would gallop across the plain to inspect some outpost, gallop back, and go for a plunge in the river, and about nine come into his quarters with a keen appetite for breakfast. The meal over, he disappeared into the tent which served him as an office; and there a variety of business awaited him. Attached to his regimental command was the civil control* of Euzofzai; and the turbulent character of the Pathans of that district gave him plenty to do. He was not surprised if, on entering his tent, he found laid out the dead bodies of several men who had perished in some brawl the night before. Sometimes a party of villagers came thronging in, loudly complaining that their crops had been beaten down by a storm, and that they did not know how they were to pay their rents. Sometimes a batch of recruits presented themselves for examination. Hardly a day passed on which one of Hodson's men did not come to tell of some wrong which had been inflicted upon him. When the business of the morning was finished, he would return to his home, to drink a glass of wine and play with his child. Towards sunset he and his wife

* This expression is not strictly accurate. He was *ex officio* Magistrate and Assistant-Commissioner of Euzofzai.

generally ordered their horses, and galloped side by side over the plain, inhaling the cool, evening air, and enjoying the sight of the shifting hues which played over the vast mountains that overhung the valley. As soon as dinner was over, when they happened to be alone, they examined together the official letters which had arrived in the course of the evening; and Mrs. Hodson, after the manner of Anglo-Indian ladies, made notes of the papers which she was to copy for her husband on the morrow.

There is another point of view, however, from which Hodson's connexion with the Guides must be regarded. His relations with his officers were not satisfactory. They liked him, indeed, in a way: but, in spite of his commanding abilities, they did not really respect him; for they soon perceived that there was some ugly twist in his character. Pleasant though he could make himself when he chose, they felt that he was not sincere: to them, whatever it might be to his intimates, his manner was not really genial. But they had more tangible grounds of complaint against him than these. Not content with enforcing discipline and exacting the obedience which was his due, he rapidly withdrew from them all their legitimate authority, and concentrated it in his own grasp.* Nay, so selfishly eager was he to force the men to regard him as their sole master that, in their

* This statement is made on the authority of General Sir Harry Lumsden, K.C.S.I., C.B., who knew Hodson well, and liked him, and of an old officer of the Guides who served under Hodson's command.

presence, he more than once deliberately insulted and humiliated a subaltern. One night at mess, noticing that an officer had a bottle of French liqueur on the table, he said, with a joking air, "Would you let me see that?" The officer passed the bottle to him. Holding it up, Hodson said: "I can't allow you to drink such unwholesome stuff," and then, calling his orderly, told him to take it away and empty the contents outside.* Nor were his subalterns the only persons who complained of his high-handed proceedings. It happened that there was no baker at Murdan, and consequently the officers were obliged to eat the unleavened cakes of the country, instead of bread. One day Hodson said to the surgeon of the regiment, who managed the mess, "Bob, I am going to Peshawur, and I'll bring you a baker." "I fear you'll not be able," replied the surgeon, "as I have tried, and none will come out to this wilderness." Nowise discouraged, Hodson, accompanied by one of the camel-riders attached to the regiment, rode off to Peshawur; and, on his arrival, sent for a native baker, and asked him to come out to Murdan and bake for the Guides. The man declined the offer. Hodson, however, was not at the end of his resources. Calling the camel-rider, he asked the baker whether he might give him a lift home. With profuse expressions of gratitude, the baker mounted. The camel-rider understood his master's meaning. Away went the camel, at full speed, towards Murdan; and the kid-

* I learned this from the officer himself.

napped baker remained with the regiment for many years.* It is not to be wondered at if, with such an overbearing temper and such a reckless contempt for the rights of others, Hodson made many enemies.

But, with all his faults, he had a heart; and a heavy sorrow was soon to befall him. Early in June, 1854, his wife was obliged to return to Murree; and a few days later he was summoned to join her by the news that their child was dangerously ill. She was sinking fast when he arrived: for a fortnight he watched hopelessly by her bedside; and then she died. "It has been a very, very bitter blow to us," he wrote; "she had wound her little being round our hearts to an extent which we neither of us knew until we woke from the brief dream of beauty, and found ourselves childless."

Before this bereavement, Hodson's career had been on the whole, singularly prosperous. But a series of troubles was now coming upon him. The officers whom he had humiliated, feeling that their men no longer respected them, became exasperated against him. Natives complained that he had struck them and abused them in the foulest language. For some mysterious reason, he had taken a dislike to the Pathans of the regiment, splendid soldiers, to whom his predecessor had been warmly attached, and had discharged many of them without even giving them their arrears of pay. Others were so stung by his marked unkindness that they voluntarily resigned.

* This anecdote is told on the same authority as the last.

As time passed, the officers and many of the men who remained came to suspect him of misappropriating public monies which passed through his hands.* These suspicions were soon confirmed. An officer, returning after leave of absence, asked for his pay, which had fallen into arrear. Hodson coolly replied that he had spent it. Naturally indignant, the officer threatened to expose him unless he refunded the money within twenty-four hours. Driven to his wits' ends, Hodson sent to Peshawur, and asked the banker of a native regiment to lend him the required amount. The banker refused to do so unless Hodson found a surety; whereupon an officer called Bisharut' Ali, belonging to the same regiment, generously offered to undertake the responsibility.† Thus Hodson was saved from immediate exposure. At length, however, he received an order from the Punjab Government to furnish a return of all the men whom he had discharged from the regiment, and to state the reasons which had led him to discharge them. He drew out the required document in his own handwriting, forwarded it to the Government, and then left Murdan on leave. During his absence, the document was sent back to the officer who was temporarily commanding the regiment, with a request that the Adjutant's signature should be affixed to it. The Adjutant refused to affix his signature, on the ground that certain statements

* Stated on the authority of the above-mentioned officer and of Sir Harry Lumsden.

† See Appendix to *Life of Lord Lawrence*, p. 517. (See also Addenda).

in the document were untrue.* The result was that, towards the end of the year, Hodson was summoned, by order of the Commander-in-Chief, to appear before a Court of Enquiry at Murdan. His bearing in the face of the approaching ordeal was characteristic. "Pray," he wrote to a friend, "impress upon John Lawrence's mind that I am not in the smallest degree disposed to shrink from the strictest enquiry into ~~any~~ act of mine in command of the Guides." A short time before the enquiry began, Hodson went to the quarters of one of his subalterns, and asked him in whose favour he intended to give evidence. The subaltern replied that he hoped he should not be called upon to give evidence at all; but that, if he were, he should simply give truthful answers to such questions as might be put to him. "Oh yes!" rejoined Hodson, "of course we must all tell the truth; but there are different ways of doing it. At all events, if I find myself falling, I shall drag you with me; so I give you warning."†

The Court was composed of officers of various regiments quite unconnected with the Guides. It sat for several weeks, minutely investigated Hodson's account-books,‡ and cross-examined a number of witnesses.

* Stated on the authority of a letter in my possession from the officer who asked the Adjutant for his signature.*

• † Stated on the authority of the subaltern himself.

‡ Stated on the authority of an officer who was examined as a witness by the Court, and who, with his own eyes, saw the account-books being investigated, and of an ex-member of the Court. See also Appendix to *Life of Lord Lawrence*, pp. 512-14.

Not only the question of malversation, but also the charges of violence and abusive language were enquired into. On the 15th of January, 1855, the proceedings terminated ; and the conclusions at which the Court arrived were unfavourable to Hodson's character. In his letters to his brother he maintained, with perfect effrontery, that the verdict had been founded on one-sided evidence, and that he had not had the opportunity of producing his accounts. "I can only trust," he wrote, "to the eventual production of all the papers to put things in their proper light. In the meantime, I must endeavour to face the wrong, the grievous, foul wrong, with a constant and unshaken heart, and to endure humiliation and disgrace with as much equanimity as I may, and with the same soldier-like fortitude with which I ought ~~to face danger~~, suffering, and death in the path of duty." Again and again he demanded that his accounts should be examined by another authority. At length, in the month of August, his demand was assented to ; and the account-books were placed in the hands of Major Reynell Taylor. Hodson at the same time laid before him certain papers which he had prepared in the interval. Taylor, who had succeeded him in the command of the Guides, entered upon his task, partly in order to satisfy himself, partly with the chivalrous desire of clearing his predecessor's character. His enquiries were restricted to the question of the accounts, and had nothing to do with the other charges already disposed of by the Court.

After a long investigation, in which he was assisted by Hodson himself, he drew up a report exonerating him from all guilt. Nevertheless it is absolutely certain that the verdict of the Court of Enquiry was correct. That Court was composed of men of unquestioned honour, who were only not impartial because they hoped to establish the innocence of a brother officer. They examined his accounts with the most scrupulous care: they detected him in debiting and crediting items falsely in order to make the result appear satisfactory; and the Governor-General, after an independent review of the case, unhesitatingly confirmed their decision. On the other hand, Taylor did not even see, much less examine, a mass of evidence which had been laid before the Court. Moreover, it has been positively asserted by men who had the best opportunities for finding out the truth, that the papers which Hodson submitted to Taylor had been garbled; and that Taylor, who was the most guileless and trusting of men, was influenced by his plausible explanations. Be this, however, as it may, it is impossible to believe that Hodson would have tried, as he did, to intimidate one of his officers into giving evidence in his favour, that he would have spoken of the possibility of his being found guilty, if he had not been conscious of guilt.*

* I might add, if it were not already obvious to attentive readers, that his conduct in the matter of his subaltern's pay, even if it had stood alone, would have justified the finding of the Court.

The following is an extract from a letter written by General Crawford

Before this, Hodson had exposed himself to an

Chamberlain, who was one of the members of the Court of Enquiry :—
 "Reference to Hodson's brother's book will show that Hodson wrote to him that he could never get a fair hearing ! He had *repeated* opportunities, and he over and over again thanked the Court for its latitude and attention ! He once asked for and got fourteen days' law to make up his accounts, and when he produced his account current, Turner saw in five minutes that items had been wrongly debited and credited to square up.

Reynell Taylor's acquittal goes for nothing, for, if H. could not acquit himself before the Court which had full sympathy for him, believing him to be roughly handled *until forced to think otherwise*, what new matter for defence could have arisen ? . . . I am sure Reynell Taylor never had the original proceedings and worked entirely on Hodson's papers, and other regimental books which may have been returned by Government after they were no longer needed." See also Appendix to *Life of Lord Lawrence*, vol. ii. pp. 511-17. Reynell Taylor (see his recently published biography by Mr. Gambier Parry) says, "The whole account was worked out to an intelligible conclusion, showing, indeed, numerous irregularities, but no actual improprieties in the management." But, in a letter to Mr. Bosworth-Smith (*Life of Lord Lawrence*, vol. ii. App., p. 517), he stated that he had not seen the evidence that was laid before the Court. That, if he had done so, he could not have recorded the acquittal which I have quoted above, the following extract from a letter which I have received from General Crawford Chamberlain will prove :—
 "Amongst the many complaints preferred there was one by a Duffadar of the Guides to the effect that he had not received payment for a horse upon the terms agreed. I do not remember whether there had been a change of horses between Hodson and the Duffadar, but anyhow there was a monetary transaction, and when the account-book came to be examined, it was found that the item had been tampered with ! Now R. Taylor may have seen many erasures and alterations in the account-books, and this item amongst them, but *unless he had knowledge of attendant circumstances, he knew little !* If the transaction had been fully carried out at the time, why was there an erasure and a re-entry ? *Hodson's explanation was unsatisfactory*, and the Court considered the claim established. 'I submit,' says General Chamberlain in another part of the same letter, 'that the opinion recorded by the Court, which was endorsed by the Government of India, is *much more likely to be right and just* than any conclusion come to . . . on partial information by Reynell Taylor. Had he known the ins and outs of the one item I have brought up, *he would never have acquitted Hodson of improprieties.*'"

accusation of another kind. The Peshawur valley swarmed with Mahometan fanatics, and with cut-throats who, at their bidding, would, at any moment, attempt the assassination of a European. In September, 1853, Colonel Mackeson, the Commissioner of Peshawur, was assassinated; and, a few months later, a murderous attack, which, however, proved unsuccessful, was made upon an officer of the Guides, called Lieutenant Godby. Hodson obtained what he regarded as convincing evidence that one Kader Khan, a chieftain of Euzofzai, had instigated both the assassination and the abortive attack. But, as his conduct on two subsequent occasions proved, Hodson was unfit to judge of the value of evidence; and he had, apparently, no idea that justice demanded that a prisoner should be tried and convicted before he was punished. Constituting himself the judge of Kader Khan, he confiscated his property, and sent him into Peshawur in chains. For five months the accused man remained a prisoner in the Peshawur gaol. At the end of that time he was arraigned by Hodson, in the Commissioner's Court, on the charge of having instigated the attack on Lieutenant Godby. The case for the prosecution completely broke down, and Kader Khan was honourably acquitted.*

* I have examined MS. copies of all the correspondence connected with the case. Robert Montgomery, the Judicial Commissioner of the Punjab, and Capt. James, the Deputy Commissioner of Peshawur, both agreed with Edwardes that Kader Khan was innocent, and that Hodson had treated him unjustly. It is to be observed (1) that Kader Khan was not originally confronted with his accusers; (2) that Hodson

Herbert Edwardes, who was then Commissioner of Peshawur, had been one of Hodson's warmest admirers ; but now he naturally felt that a man so hasty and so liable to be hurried by his feelings into committing acts of injustice as Hodson had shown himself to be, was unfit to be trusted with civil power over fierce tribes for the management of whom tact was needed as well as firmness. On public grounds, therefore,* he caused a report of the whole affair to be sent to the Governor-General. Lord Dalhousie severely condemned Hodson's proceedings, and directed that he should be dismissed from civil employment, and from the command of the Guides. Considering that that command was linked with the civil charge of a district, and that it was of vital importance that its holder should be not only a good soldier but also a civil officer of tact and judgement, no impartial judge will pronounce that the Governor-General was unduly severe.

Nevertheless, in writing to his friends, Hodson assumed the tone of a deeply-injured man ; and his letters were, to all appearance, inspired by such genuine feeling, that they would conquer the warm sympathy of any casual reader. "What a year this

did not enquire into the truth of the charge against him until after he had arrested him ; (3) that one of the witnesses told Edwardes that, when giving evidence against Kader Khan in Hodson's court, he had acted from fear.

* Mr. Hodson has stated (*Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, p. 123), without any foundation, that Edwardes "was, both on public and private grounds, opposed to" Hodson.

has been," he wrote, towards the end of 1855 ; " what ages of trial and of sorrow seem to have been crowded into a few short months. Our darling babe was taken from us on the day my public misfortunes began, and death has robbed us of our father before their end." Again, in a letter to his sister, " I trust fondly that better days are coming ; but really the weary watching and waiting for a gleam of daylight through the clouds, and never to see it, is more harassing and harder to bear up against than I could have supposed possible." Having been deprived of his command, he was obliged, in April, 1856, after eleven years of hard work and distinguished service, after enjoying the sweets of independent command, to rejoin his regiment, the 1st Fusiliers, as a subaltern. He had brought this degradation upon himself : but he bore it like a man. His colonel paid him the compliment of asking him to act as quartermaster, and afterwards bore testimony to the energy and thoroughness with which he had done his work. " I yearn to be at home again and see you all," he wrote towards the end of the year, " but I am obliged to check all such repinings and longings, and keep down all canker cares and bitternesses, and set my teeth hard, and will earnestly to struggle on and do my allotted work as well and cheerfully as may be, satisfied that in the end a brighter time will come." Months passed away ; and still the brighter time would not come. Weary of waiting for the redress which he did not deserve, Hodson at length resolved to go down to

Calcutta and endeavour to procure from the Governor-General an acknowledgement that his character had been cleared by Major Taylor's report.

But this resolve was never to be carried out. The wheel of fortune had suddenly spun round. On Tuesday, the 12th of May, the 1st Fusiliers received an order to hold themselves in readiness to march, at a moment's notice, for Umballah. Flashed up the wires from Delhi, this message had warned the authorities of the Punjaub:—"The sepoys have come in from Meerut, and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up." The Bengal army was in revolt.

By the following Friday the Fusiliers reached Umballah; and on the same day the Commander-in-Chief, General Anson, arrived thither from Simla. He had already received a telegram from John Lawrence, urging him to march with all speed against Delhi: but he had great difficulties to contend with; and, though he did his utmost, he lacked the force and the genius to overcome them. Hodson was, of course, eager for instant action. "Unless," he remarked in a letter to his wife, "very prompt and vigorous measures are taken, the whole army, and perhaps a large portion of India will be lost to us. Here alarm is the prevalent feeling, and conciliation, of men with arms in their hands and in a state of absolute rebellion, the order of the day. Oh for Sir Charles Napier now!" He was soon to find an opportunity of showing the metal of which he was

himself made. The day after his arrival at Umballah, he was sent for by the Commander-in-Chief, who appointed him Assistant Quartermaster-General on his own personal staff. On the 19th he was ordered to raise a new regiment of Irregular Horse, which afterwards bore his name, and distinguished itself on many fields under his command. On the previous Sunday he had set out in the mail-cart for Kurnaul, to make arrangements for the shelter of the advanced detachment of the troops which were being assembled for the march against Delhi. While he was engaged in this work he conceived a daring idea. Before the Commander-in-Chief could begin his march, it was necessary that he should communicate with the General at Meerut. But the road from Kurnaul to Meerut was believed to be in possession of mutineers. In this extremity, Hodson sent a message to the Commander-in-Chief, offering to open a passage to the distant station. Anson, who saw the difficulties of the undertaking, but did not fully appreciate the union of reckless daring and calm judgement which characterised Hodson, withheld his consent for a time: but Hodson's earnest remonstrances prevailed; and on the 20th of May the telegraph brought him a favourable reply. At two o'clock he rode off with no other escort than a few horsemen lent by a friendly chief, the Rajah of Jheend. "Hodson is at Umballah, I know," said an officer at Meerut, "and I'll bet he will force his way through and open communications with the Commander-in-Chief and ourselves." The

officer knew his man. In seventy-two hours, having ridden a hundred and fifty-two miles through an enemy's country, delivered his message, and obtained all the required information, Hodson returned to Kurnaul. Hurrying on in the mail-cart, he presented himself within another four hours before his chief at Umballah. Now that he had acquired the information for which he had waited, Anson drew up his plan of campaign, and recorded it in a despatch which he wrote for the instruction of the General at Meerut. But he was not suffered to execute even the first stage of his design. Sending on the main body of his troops before him, he followed with the last batch on the 25th of May. Two days later he was lying dead, of cholera at Kurnaul.

General Sir Henry Barnard, a veteran of the Crimea, who succeeded him in the command of the army, marched from Kurnaul on the 31st of May, and arrived at Aleepore, near Delhi, on the 5th of June. There, two days later, he was joined by the Meerut contingent under Brigadier Wilson, who, on his march, had gained two victories over the mutineers. On the following day the whole force broke up its camp, defeated a large body of mutineers, who had posted themselves at a group of buildings called Budlee-kaserai, in the hope of checking its advance, and, before night, encamped on the famous Ridge, which commands the northern and part of the western face of Delhi. John Lawrence afterwards declared that, if Barnard had followed up his victory over the dis-

heartened fugitives, he might, at one stroke, have made himself master of the imperial city. But the opportunity, if such it was, was lost.

Barnard soon saw that the task which lay before him was a hard one. The fortifications were too strong to be battered down by such artillery as he then had at his disposal ; and the city was far too extensive to be invested by his little force. All that he could do was to watch the portion, little more than a seventh of the whole, that faced the Ridge. But he knew that his Government and his countrymen, ignorant or heedless of the difficulties which beset him, expected him to recapture Delhi without a moment's delay ; and he therefore resolved, not with the resolution of the strong man, but with the desperation of the gambler, to try any enterprise that offered the remotest chance of success. A clever young lieutenant of Engineers, named Wilberforce Greathed, who was longing for an opportunity to distinguish himself, succeeded in persuading him that the city could be taken by a *coup-de-main*. Hodson, on whose judgement the General set a high value, expressed a similar opinion. To dare, and to dare, and to dare again, was the motto on which he always acted ; and he believed that, if the city were not assaulted at once, the siege might be indefinitely protracted. The General accordingly ordered him to join Greathed and two other Engineer officers in drawing up a detailed plan of attack. On the 12th of June orders were issued for the execution of the scheme : but an

accident prevented it from being even attempted ; and, after holding a council of war to consider the question, Barnard allowed the idea to drop. It is probable that, if the assault had been delivered on the night of the 12th, the city would have been taken : but, at the best, the attempt would have been a hazardous one ; and, if it had failed, the results would have been calamitous.*

It soon became evident that Delhi was not to be taken without a long and tedious struggle. For some time a battle was fought outside the walls, on an average every other day. The enemy were indeed invariably beaten : but no positive advantage accrued to the conquerors. Moreover, the victories were dearly bought. From the 30th of May to the 30th of June, the Rifles alone lost a hundred and sixty-five men, killed, wounded, and destroyed by disease. Barnard had proved himself a fair soldier on European fields ; but he knew nothing of Indian warfare. The evil results of his inexperience were intensified by want of decision. Hodson, who, like every other officer in the force, respected him for his conscientious performance of duty, and loved him for his personal qualities, could not help chafing against his incompetence. "The mismanagement," he wrote, about three weeks after the commencement of the so-called siege, "is perfectly sickening. Nothing the rebels can do will equal the evils arising from

* See my *History of the Indian Mutiny* (3rd edition), p. 334, and notes.

incapacity and indecision. With our present chiefs I see no chance of taking Delhi. It might have been done many days ago, but they have not the nerve nor the heart for a bold stroke requiring the smallest assumption of responsibility." A few days after these words were written, Barnard died of cholera. His successor, General Reed, who, in his prime, had never shown any particular sign of military talent, was now old, and enfeebled by hardship and anxiety, and had to go to the hills on sick leave a week after assuming the command. General Archdale Wilson, the fourth commander of the Delhi Field Force, was a good artillery officer; and many expected great results from his appointment: but he too was vacillating, irresolute, and despondent: like his predecessors, he soon became ill from the combined effects of heat, anxiety, and incessant toil; and he lacked the stoutness of heart which enabled some of his officers to triumph over physical prostration. The idea of an assault was more than once revived; but, from various causes, it was as often abandoned. Week after week the tedious struggle dragged on; and it was not till the siege had lasted nearly two months that the British began to feel that they were really gaining ground.

Meanwhile Hodson had been doing all that one man in such a position as his could do to make ultimate success certain. He had more than one enemy in the camp; and there were others who knew that he was an unscrupulous and dishonest man;

but the stories of his prowess were in everybody's mouth. He conducted the duties of the Intelligence Department with such tact and skill that the General was always kept supplied with information respecting the doings of the mutineers. Indeed it was jokingly said that Hodson could tell, day by day, how the King had dined. As a fighting man, he was admitted to be almost without a rival. Towards the end of June, Captain Daly, the commandant of the Guides corps, which had marched down from the valley of the Indus to take part in the siege, was severely wounded; and Hodson, at the earnest request of the General, but not without equally earnest remonstrances from Daly, once more took command of his old regiment. Under his leadership it earned, in a series of combats, a reputation second to that of no corps which took part in the siege. From time to time batches of recruits for his own Horse arrived from the Punjaub; and he was gradually training them for the distinguished part which they were afterwards to play. On the left and rear of the camp, which were specially exposed to attack, he kept watch with an eye which nothing could escape; and, at whatever point the battle might be raging, he was sure to appear in moments of difficulty, and restore the fortunes of the day by swift counsel or strong succour. Amidst such varied and arduous duties, he found time, nearly every day, to write to his wife. Sometimes he dashes off a bold sketch of the fight in which he has

just been engaged. Often he inveighs against the irresolution of his chief. He describes, but never in a querulous spirit, the hardships which he has to endure. He notes, with expressions of tender sympathy, how his friend, Colonel Thomas Seaton, who shares his tent, is suffering from a wound. Early in August he hears the first rumours of the death of the veteran soldier-statesman who, through good and evil report, has tried to believe in him, and helped him on. "God grant," he says, "for his country's sake and for mine, that it be not true. To me his death would be the loss of my truest and most valued friend." Again, a few days later, "I cannot rally from the fear of dear Sir Henry's fate." Often he broke forth in harsher accents. Alluding to the story of Cawnpore, "There will be a day of reckoning," he writes, "for these things, and a fierce one, or I have been a soldier in vain." Other men at that time, maddened by the thought of the outrages which their wives or their sisters had suffered at the hands of the rebels, let fall utterances as passionately vindictive as these. But a sad story, based upon the most authentic testimony, has been told of Hodson, which proves that there were moments when justice, even honour, could not prevail against the truculence of his spirit.

During the earlier days of the siege, it chanced that a native, named Shahaboodeen, came to Hodson's tent, and informed him that one Bisharut Ali, an officer of the 1st Punjaub Irregular Cavalry, had mutinied, and was living at his village, within a few miles of

Delhi. The man added that Bisharut Ali's relatives were mutineers. Hodson at once recognised the name. Bisharut Ali was the same man who, some years before at Peshawur, when he had been in sore distress, had staked his security to enable him to borrow a sum of money from the banker of the 1st Irregular Cavalry. Shahabooddeen, too, had known Bisharut Ali before. He had formerly been a trooper in the regiment to which Bisharut Ali belonged, but had been dismissed from the service for an assault on one of his comrades; and his conviction had been founded, mainly, on evidence furnished by Bisharut Ali. He was a man of infamous character; and it was to revenge himself on Bisharut Ali for having borne witness against him that he now turned informer. The story which he told to Hodson was a deliberate invention. As a matter of fact, Bisharut Ali was a brave and honourable man: he had been sent by his commanding officer, Major Crawford Chamberlain, to his village, on sick leave; and some of his relations, who were represented by Shahabooddeen as mutineers, had never, for a single hour, been in the Government employ. But Hodson was in no mood to ask himself whether the unsupported statement of an ex-convict deserved to be regarded as evidence. It was enough for him that a nest of mutineers were said to be lurking within his reach. Taking with him a few of his horsemen, he rode off to the village; sought out Bisharut Ali's house; and, after a fierce struggle with the inmates, in which much blood was shed on both

sides, established his footing within. Returning to his camp, whither Bisharut Ali had gone, he met him, and charged him with being a mutineer. Bisharut Ali indignantly denied the charge, and demanded that he should be taken to the British camp, and there formally tried. Common justice required that Hodson should grant the request. And it might, surely, have been expected that a motive more powerful than the sense of justice would impel him to give every chance of proving his innocence to the man who had helped him in his hour of need. But the desire to destroy a supposed rebel was uppermost in his heart; and justice and gratitude, if they pleaded at all, pleaded in vain. A hasty trial* was held; and Bisharut Ali was declared guilty. Raising his carbine to his shoulder, Hodson deliberately aimed at his benefactor, and fired. The shot did not kill Bisharut Ali; and, looking Hodson full in the face, he shouted, "Had I suspected such treachery, I would have fought it out instead of being shot like a dog." The troopers fired, at Hodson's command. Bisharut Ali was slain; his nephew, a child of twelve years, was slain, clinging to the knees of another uncle; his innocent relatives were slain; and Hodson, having taken possession of his horses, his ponies, and some of his personal property, rode off to another village to hunt down more mutineers.†

* The trial was not a trial in the true sense of the word.

† The main facts of this story are told in my *History of the Indian Mutiny*, p. 372. In a letter to the *Daily News* (Jan. 4, 1884), Mr.

There were others whom Hodson longed to slay, and of whose guilt he might, with a greater show of justice, feel assured. 'The time was coming when the King of Delhi and his sons were to be called to their account. John Nicholson, fresh from his victorious march through the Punjaub, led his column into camp early in August, and, a few days after his arrival, gained an important victory. It was the beginning of the end. "If I get into the palace," wrote Hodson, "the House of Timour will not be worth five minutes' purchase, I ween." Early in the following month the last reinforcements joined the army on the Ridge: the siege-train arrived: the siege-batteries were thrown up: day after day a storm of shot and shell dashed against the walls of the doomed city; and huge masses of stone crumbled, and tottered, and crashed down upon the ground. On the night of the 13th a daring party of explorers examined the breaches: the General issued orders for the assault: at daybreak the assaulting columns were let loose; and by the evening of the 14th the British, after a fierce struggle, had gained possession of the outer portion of the city.

Hodson denied the truth of the story. In a letter which appeared in the same paper on Jan. 14, I replied, stating that my informant (General Crawford Chamberlain) had learned the facts of the story, on the scene of Bisharut Ali's execution, direct from eye-witnesses. On Jan. 19, a letter appeared from General Chamberlain himself, vouching for the truth of the story as told by me. To this letter Mr. Hodson made no reply. In November, however, soon after the publication of my article on "Hodson of Hodson's Horse" in the *National Review*, he attempted, in a letter to that periodical, to defend his brother. My rejoinder appeared in the number for February, 1885.

Several days of street-fighting followed : the King's palace was reached : its gates were blown down : a few fanatics, who had remained in it, were slaughtered : the British flag was hoisted ; and the city of the Moguls, now resembling a city of the dead, was again subject to the Nazarenes.

While the actual siege had lasted, Hodson, as a cavalry officer, had of necessity played a comparatively unimportant part. But something more remained to be done before the British triumph could be deemed complete. The King was still at large. He had been urged to share the flight of the mutineers ; but one of his nobles, Meerza Elahee Buksh, wishing to purchase the favour of the conquerors by some signal service, had persuaded him that, by separating himself from his army, he would gain the credit of having originally acted under their compulsion. Yielding to the tempter, he had consented to remain with his family for a short time at the tomb of the Emperor Humayoon, which was situated about six miles from Delhi. Hodson was promptly informed of his whereabouts by a spy named Rujub Ali, and at once resolved to effect his capture. He went to Wilson with the story which his spy had told him, and, pointing out that the capture of the city would avail but little so long as the King remained at liberty, asked whether he did not intend to pursue him. Wilson replied that he had no European troops to spare. Hodson then volunteered to go himself with some of his own irregulars. Still Wilson refused. At

last, however, he gave way. Hodson then asked for permission to promise the King that his life should be spared, explaining that otherwise it would be impossible to induce him to surrender. To this request Wilson at first emphatically refused to assent; but, after some further argument, he reluctantly yielded to the remonstrances of those around him.* It must not, however, be imagined that Hodson was influenced by pity for the King. He had, indeed, himself declared that the King was old and well-nigh impotent; that he had throughout been a mere tool in the hands of others; but, nevertheless he longed to take his life, and regretted that policy forbade him to do so.† The truth was that he had a cogent reason for the persistence with which he urged Wilson to show mercy. Secretly, and doubtless for a substantial consideration, he had taken upon himself to sign a paper guaranteeing the safety of the King and Queen and of her family; and this transaction he naturally did not care to

* This is stated on the authority of Lieutenant-Colonel (then Lieutenant) Turnbull, who was Wilson's A.D.C. See also a letter from Sir T. Seaton (*Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, pp. 231-32). Hodson himself wrote on September 24, 1857, "I assured him (Wilson) it was nothing but his own order which bothered him with the King, as I would much rather have brought him into Delhi dead than living." (*Ibid.*, p. 223.) But, on February 12, 1858, he wrote, "General Wilson refused to send troops in pursuit of him (the King), and to avoid greater calamities I then, and not till then, asked and obtained permission to offer him his wretched life, on the ground, and solely on the ground, that there was no other way of getting him into our possession." (*Ibid.*, p. 230.) See the next note but one.

† *Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, pp. 223, 230.

reveal.* After receiving his instructions, he set out on his errand with fifty of his troopers. Approaching the Tomb, he concealed himself and his men in some old buildings near the gateway, and then sent messengers to demand the surrender of the King, on the sole condition that his life should be spared. Two hours after, they brought back word that the King would surrender, if Hodson would himself go, and pledge his word for the fulfilment of the condition. Hodson consented, and rode out from his hiding-place. A great crowd was gathered in front of the Tomb. Presently the Queen and her son passed out through the gateway, followed by a palkee bearing the King. Hodson rode up, and bade the King give up his arms. The King in reply asked Hodson to confirm the guarantee which his messengers had given. Hodson solemnly promised : but at the same time he threatened that, if there were any attempt at a rescue, he would shoot him down like a dog. Nor did he forget to improve the occasion as he had done when he slew Bisharut Ali. The Queen had with her about seven thousand rupees ; and this sum Hodson appropriated.†

* Stated on the authority of one of the most distinguished officers in the British Army, who learned the facts from the lips of the Queen herself, and saw the paper with Hodson's signature. He is prepared, if challenged, to support my statement under his own name. What was the price which Hodson received, the Queen did not say. But it is needless to point out that he would not have taken upon himself to grant the guarantee,—for doing which he might have been brought before a court-martial,—without a *quid pro quo*. (See Addenda.)

† Stated on the authority of the officer referred to in the preceding note. In this case too the Queen herself was his informant.

Then, in the presence of a crowd who were too awed to strike a blow in his behalf, with the glorious white marble dome of that imperial mausoleum to remind him of the majesty of his ancestors, betrayed by his own kinsman, his city captured, his army defeated and dispersed, his hopes shattered, the last king of the House of Timour gave up his arms to the English subaltern who had robbed him, and was led away captive to await his trial.

But the King's sons were still to be brought to their account.* Hodson resolved to go and capture them as he had captured the King. At first Wilson would not be persuaded to give his consent: but Hodson was importunate: Nicholson from his dying bed vehemently supported him; and Wilson at last yielded.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 21st, he started with Lieutenant Macdowell, his second in command, and a hundred picked men of his own regiment. Let the reader try to picture to himself the departing cavalcade, — wild-looking horsemen wearing scarlet turbans and dust-coloured tunics bound with scarlet sashes; their leader, a tall, spare man attired like them, riding his horse with a loose rein, with reddish-brown hair and beard, aquiline nose, thin, curved, defiant nostrils, and blue eyes which seemed aglow with a half-kindled light. Arriving at the Tomb, he sent in Meerza Elahee Buksh and Rujub Ali, both of whom he had brought with

* They were his children by another wife than the Queen; and therefore Hodson's guarantee did not apply to them.

him, to say that he had come to seize the princes for punishment, and intended to do so, dead or alive. For more than half an hour the two Englishmen were kept in suspense. At last the messengers returned to ask Hodson whether he would promise the princes their lives. He replied that he would not. The messengers went back. Hodson and Macdowell waited on, wondering whether the princes would ever come. They heard furious shouting within. It was the appeal of a fanatical mob of Mussulmans to their princes to lead them out against the infidels. At length a messenger came out to say that the princes were coming. Hodson sent ten men to meet them ; and Macdowell, by his order, formed up the troop across the road, to shoot them down if there should be any attempt to rescue them. Presently they were seen approaching in a small bullock-cart, with the ten troopers escorting them, and a vast crowd behind. Hodson and Macdowell rode up alone to meet them. Once more they begged Hodson to promise them their lives. "Most certainly not," he replied, and ordered the driver to move on. The driver obeyed ; and the crowd were following simultaneously, when Hodson imperiously waved them back, and Macdowell beckoning to his troop, formed them up between the crowd and the cart, the latter of which was thus free to pursue its way, while the former, baffled, fell slowly and sullenly back. Then Hodson galloped up to the troopers who were escorting the cart, and told them to hurry

on to the city as fast as they could, while he and Macdowell dealt with the mob. Hastily rejoining his subaltern, he found the mob streaming up the steps of the gateway into the garden of the Tomb. Leaving the bulk of the troop outside, he followed with his subaltern and but four men. Then, seeing the necessity of instantly awing the crowd, he commanded them in a firm voice to surrender their arms. They hesitated,—there were some six thousand of them confronting him. He sternly repeated the order ; and they obeyed.

Within two hours five hundred swords and more than five hundred fire-arms were collected ; and Hodson, having fulfilled his object of keeping the crowd occupied, rode off with the troop to overtake his prisoners. As he drew near, he saw a large crowd surging round the cart, and menacing the escort. He had intended to have the prisoners hanged : but now he believed that, unless he slew them on the spot, the mob would rescue them, and, emboldened by success, turn upon himself and his troopers.* He rejoiced that circumstances had given him the opportunity of playing the part of executioner.† Galloping into the midst of the crowd, he reined up and addressed them, saying that the princes had butchered the women and children of

* This was his own account of his feelings. Readers must decide for themselves whether they will accept it or not.

† “ I am not cruel, but I confess I did rejoice at the opportunity of ridding the earth of these wretches.”—*Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, p. 224.

his race, and that Government had now sent their punishment. Then, seizing a carbine from one of his men, he ordered the princes to strip off their upper garments, and, when they had done so, shot them all dead. Finally, while the crowd stood by, awe-struck and motionless, he ordered the corpses to be taken away, and flung out in front of the Kot-wallee. On this spot the head of a famous Sikh Gooroo, * Jey Bahadoor Khan, had been exposed by order of Aurungzebe. A prophesy had long been current among the Sikhs that they should reconquer the city of the persecuting emperor by the aid of the white men. The prophesy was now in their eyes fulfilled; and Hodson had avenged the martyr of their religion.†

"I cannot help being pleased," wrote Hodson, "at the warm congratulations I receive on all sides for my success in destroying the enemies of our race. . . . I am too conscious of the rectitude of my own motives to care what the few may say while my own conscience and the voice of the many pronounce me right." Since then, however, it has been asserted by some that the deed in the remembrance of which Hodson exulted, was a brutal murder, and that, if he had survived till men's passions had cooled down, he would have been a marked man for life. There were others even who went so far as to express the belief that one of his motives for slaying the princes had

* Gooroo,—a spiritual teacher.

† See *National Review* for August, 1884, note to p. 810.

been the desire to possess himself of their ornaments and to achieve a sensational renown. He himself afterwards asserted that, if he had not overawed the crowd by killing the princes, the crowd would have killed him: but, if his own conscience was satisfied with this excuse, it will not satisfy an impartial judge. It is impossible to believe that the man who, by his own resolute bearing, had overawed the crowd at the Tomb, would have failed, at the head of his hundred troopers, to repel the crowd that surrounded his prisoners.* Moreover, out of his own mouth Hodson was already condemned. He himself declared that he would have rejoiced to slay the aged and impotent king. By confessing his delight at having had the opportunity of slaying the princes, he forfeited the right to excuse himself, on the plea of necessity, for having slain them. A Neill or a Havelock, however strongly he might have been convinced of their guilt, would have insisted on the duty of giving them a fair

* It may perhaps be objected that what really overawed the crowd was the audacity displayed by Hodson in shooting the princes, and that, if he had contented himself with trying to escort them into Delhi, the troopers would have hesitated to support him in repelling the crowd. I do not, however, believe that anybody who impartially studies the narrative will attach the least weight to this objection. If Hodson had really wished to bring the princes into Delhi, he would have ordered the troopers to beat back the mob, which was too poor-spirited to attempt to avenge the slaughter of the princes whom it had attempted to rescue,—and the troopers would have obeyed him. Anyhow it is difficult to explain away the significance of his own admissions,—“I would have much rather brought the King into Delhi dead than alive,” and “the orders I received were such, that I did not dare to act upon the dictates of my own judgement to the extent of killing the King when he had given himself up.”—*Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, pp. 223, 239. (See Addenda.)

trial; and, if he had felt obliged by circumstances to slay them himself, would have done so under a solemn sense of responsibility. But Hodson, in slaying them, showed, as he had shown in the case of Bisharut Ali, that he was too eager for retribution to care about justice; he exulted in shedding their blood with his own hands. While then we may acquit him, for want of evidence, of the baser motives that have been laid to his charge, while we may not lightly condemn him for having assumed, as others did, that the princes were murderers, it is my deliberate opinion that, in slaying them as he did, he was guilty of an outrage against humanity.

For about a fortnight after this memorable day, Hodson remained at Delhi. On the 2nd of October he started, at the head of a portion of his Horse, with a column under Brigadier Showers, who had been entrusted with the duty of reducing the districts to the west, and south-west of Delhi. The operations of the column were not of an exciting character: but one episode, in which Hodson took part, deserves to be recorded. One day some fifteen hundred head of cattle were captured, and driven into camp. The Brigadier, on seeing them, exclaimed, "Hang me! what in the world am I to do with them? It would take half my force to convoy them back to Delhi. I can't take them." "Well, Sir," said Hodson, who was standing by, "will you sell them to me, and let me take my chance?" "Willingly," replied the Brigadier. A bargain was promptly struck; and Hodson paid

over three thousand four hundred and ninety-one rupees for the entire herd, or about four shillings a head, to the Prize Agent. He then sent off the cattle under the care of their drivers and a few of his own horsemen to Delhi, where they were sold at a large profit.

Soon after the return of the column to Delhi, Hodson obtained a few weeks' leave, and hurried up to Umballah, where his wife was then staying. But he was soon parted from her. Sir Colin Campbell, the new Commander-in-Chief, who, had lately relieved the garrison of Lucknow, decided that, as a preliminary to further operations for the pacification of Northern India, the Doab, that is the country between the Ganges and the Jumna, must be reconquered. Accordingly it was arranged that a column under Colonel Seaton should march from Delhi, through the Upper Doab, to Futtehgurh, and there join the main army under the Commander-in-Chief. Seaton earnestly begged Sir Colin to allow Hodson to accompany the column. "He is a soldier of the highest class," he pleaded; "I have unbounded confidence in him, and would rather have him than five hundred more men." The request was granted; and on the 2nd of December Hodson received an order to join the column with his Horse. The column gained three victories on its march through the Doab; and Hodson contributed largely to its success. His readiness in procuring information, his bold reconnaissances, his dashing charges in action, won the admiration of all. On the night of the 29th of

December the column was at the station of Mynpoorie; and it was believed that the main army was at Goorsaigunge, some forty miles distant. Hodson, knowing that Seaton wished to communicate with the Commander-in-Chief, offered to ride to Goorsaigunge with despatches. Seaton accepted the offer. The venture was a perilous one; for it was known that for some days past the road to Goorsaigunge had been closed against all Europeans; the Commander-in-Chief's whereabouts was uncertain; and it was quite possible that the volunteers might fall in with roving bands of the enemy. But Hodson always knew exactly what was possible, though, when there was an important object to be gained, he never hesitated to attempt what was all but impossible. At six o'clock next morning he rode off with his devoted subaltern, Macdowell, and seventy-five sowars.* After riding fourteen miles, they entered a village called Bewur. Here Hodson ordered a halt; and, after he and his friend had eaten a few sandwiches, they mounted again and rode on with five-and-twenty men, leaving the remaining fifty to await their return. At another village, fourteen miles further on, they left the twenty-five men, and proceeded alone to Goorsaigunge. There they were disappointed to learn that the Commander-in-Chief had moved to another spot fifteen miles off. On they rode, and entered the camp about four o'clock in the afternoon. Hodson was cordially welcomed by the Commander-in-Chief,

* Sowar,—a native cavalry soldier.

who invited him and Macdowell to dine at the Headquarters mess. It was already dark when the two set out on their return journey. For some time they met with no adventure. About midnight they were suddenly stopped by a native, who had for some hours been looking out for them. He told them that the twenty-five sowars had been attacked by a party of the rebels, and that the latter were probably lying in ambush near the road, a little ahead. For a few minutes the two Englishmen deliberated. At last Hodson decided that they must push on at all risks. "At the worst," he said, "we can gallop back; but we'll try and push through." At a foot's pace they went on, the native walking beside them. The moon shone brightly: but the night was piercingly cold; and every few minutes a bitter blast swept down upon them, and chilled them through and through. Fearing that the sound of their horses' hoofs might rouse the rebels, they moved off the road on to the soft strip of turf that ran alongside it. Still walking at their horses' heads, they listened for every faintest sound, and strained their eyes to see whether any dark figures were lurking behind the trees that lined the road. Suddenly the guide stopped, and, pointing to a garden in a clump of trees on the right, whispered, "They are there." A faint humming sound was distinctly audible. They were now just outside the village in which they had left the twenty-five sowars. Stealthily they made their way through it; and, as they passed along the main street, they saw

the corpse of one of the sowars lying stark and ghastly in the moonlight. Emerging from the further side, they bade their guide good-night, and then, springing into their saddles, dug their spurs into their horses' flanks, and galloped for their lives the whole fourteen miles into Bewur. As they rode in, they were met by a number of men whom Seaton had sent out to look for them. Dismounting, they entered a hut, and flung themselves down on mattresses to rest. "By George, Mac," said Hodson, "I'd give a good deal for a cup of tea!" and, turning over, he went to sleep. Next morning the column marched into the village; and Seaton joyfully congratulated the two friends on their escape.

Hodson's adventures were nearly at an end. The throbbing excitement which had sustained him in the first few months of the struggle had spent itself; and he was becoming very weary of campaigning. On the 5th of January he wrote to his wife, "The anniversary of the most blessed event in my life again to be spent in absence." Again, a few days later, "I can bear up manfully against absence and separation when we are actually doing anything; but when I see nothing doing towards an end, I confess my heart sinks and my spirit hungers after rest."

During the first few weeks of the new year he was constantly occupied. Notwithstanding the recent efforts of the Commander-in-Chief, the Doab was not yet secure from the incursions of rebel hordes; and small columns were continually sent into the field to

disperse marauders. In a skirmish, which took place towards the end of January, Hodson was wounded ; and his gallant friend, Macdowell, who had shared with him so many adventures, was killed. Hodson chafed against the inaction which his wound imposed upon him ; for preparations were now being pushed forward for the siege of Lucknow, and he looked forward to seeing more service of the kind which he loved.

Early in February he started from Futtchgurh to take part in the campaign. He was still so weak from the effects of his wound that he could not ride ; and, accordingly, one of his friends, Colonel Pelham Burn, drove him in his buggy. A story has been told respecting this journey, which contrasts painfully with the record of the gallant feats of arms performed by Hodson during the war.

Colonel Burn noticed that he had with him several boxes, besides his ordinary baggage. These boxes contained various articles of value, which Hodson had amassed, as booty, during the campaign ; and, after his death, their contents were seen by an officer whose duty it was to examine his effects. That this was not the only loot which Hodson had acquired, is proved by the fact that, whereas, at the outset of the mutiny, he was deeply in debt, he had just remitted several thousand pounds to Calcutta.*

* See letter from Mr. Bosworth Smith to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 5, 1884. Also Appendix to vol. ii. of *Life of Lord Lawrence*, pp. 527-8. A general officer who served on Sir Cohn Campbell's staff has told me that it was well known that Hodson had a list of all the places at Lucknow and Delhi where valuable plunder was to be got.

On the 16th he found himself at Onao, where Havelock had gained one of his most brilliant victories. "This," he wrote, "has been a red-letter day, for I have at last seen our friend Napier. God bless him! I do love him dearly, as if he were indeed my born brother." Meanwhile the Commander-in-Chief was completing his arrangements for the siege. The army was continually swelled by new reinforcements, and day after day dense battalions of infantry, bright squadrons of cavalry, batteries of artillery, hackeries laden with ammunition, commissariat waggons, and legions of camp-followers passed over the Cawnpore bridge, and moved up the road towards Lucknow. On the 28th of February, Sir Colin, having seen the last detachment start, quitted Cawnpore, and made a forced march to the village of Bunthecra, where the whole army was encamped. On the morning of the 2nd of March the advanced portion of the force quitted this spot; and before noon they could discern the domes and minarets of Lucknow. The siege began the same day. Hodson was still suffering from the effects of his wound; and for some days he had little to do except to post vedettes and picquets, and to watch the progress that was being made. On the 10th of March he received the welcome news that he had at last been promoted to a brevet majority. On the 11th he wrote, as though he had a presentiment that his end was near, "If anything occurs, I will get Colonel Napier or Norman to send you a telegram."

This was the last letter which he ever wrote. On

the same day, he happened to be in the headquarters' camp, when he heard the report of a signal gun. One of the palaces known as the Begum Kothee was about to be stormed. Hodson immediately mounted his horse and galloped away.* As he rode up to the palace, he found Colonel Napier examining the breach. "I am come to take care of you," said Hodson with a smile. He had no right to be there: but there was plunder to be got and fighting to be done.† In a few moments the signal was given; and Colonel Adrian Hope's brigade advanced to the assault. Captain Clarke, commanding the 93rd Highlanders, waved his sword in the air, and rushed straight upon the breach, shouting "Come on, 93rd!" The 93rd answered the call by a ringing cheer: a Punjaub regiment followed in support; and though for a few moments the garrison, trusting to their vast numerical superiority, maintained their footing in the breach, they were soon overborne by the vigour of the attack, and fled through the courtyard. After the first fury of the contest had spent itself, Hodson and Napier passed through the breach side by side. Many of the rebels had run for shelter into the dark arched buildings which surrounded the court of the palace; and the stormers were striving to dislodge them by throwing in bags of powder and lighted fuses attached

* I learned these facts from an officer who was with Hodson and Norman in the Adjutant-General's office, the moment before he started for the Begum Kothee.

† See the last note but one and Appendix to vol. ii. of *Life of Lord Lawrence*, pp. 520-21, 529.

to the ends. Suddenly Hodson, who had got separated from Napier in the confusion, saw two soldiers running towards him. They cried out that they were going to fetch some more powder-bags. Drawing his sword, Hodson instantly started off towards the spot from which they had come. Seeing an officer of the 93rd Highlanders standing by the corner of one of the buildings, he shouted to him, "Where are the rebels?" The officer pointed to a doorway. Hodson was just going to rush in, when the officer cried, "Don't, it's certain death; wait for the powder!" Heedless of the warning, Hodson pressed on; the officer stretched out his hand to drag him away from the doorway; and in a moment there was a flash, and Hodson rolled over on the ground. "Oh, my wife!" he cried. He could say no more, for he was choked with blood. His orderly, a powerful Sikh, raised him, and carried him a few paces off; and the officer helped to lift him into a litter which had just been brought round. As he was being carried to the place where the surgeons were at work, the powder-bags were brought up; and in a few moments the Highlanders rushed into the room, and drove their bayonets through the bodies of the rebels. Presently the surgeon of Hodson's regiment came to see him; and, after examining his wound, saw that it was likely to be mortal. All night long he lay beside him, holding his hand to help him to bear the pain. Rallying under the stimulants which had been given to him, the wounded man slept for a time; and, when day broke, he said, with a

touch of his old energy, that he felt very well. About nine o'clock the surgeon had him carried in the litter into a room, that he might suffer less from the din outside. Soon afterwards he began to bleed again profusely : and the surgeon told him that recovery was impossible. The dying man then begged that Colonel Napier might be sent for. Presently the colonel came, and sat down beside the litter. Hodson grasped his hand, and would not let it go. "I should like," he murmured, "to have seen the end of the campaign, and to have returned to England to see my friends, but it has not been permitted. I trust I have done my duty." Soon afterwards Napier had to go back to his work ; and when he returned, he found that his friend was dead.

Hodson was buried the same evening ; and the Commander-in-Chief attended the funeral. When the body was lowered into the grave, it was seen that tears were flowing down the old man's cheeks. "I have lost," he said, "one of the finest officers in the army."

There were others who grieved more bitterly that they had lost in Hodson a tried comrade and a valued friend ; for, if some could see only the darker side of his character, the few who loved him, loved him well. Among these was Thomas Seaton, a gallant, warm-hearted, noble-minded man, the spontaneous utterance of whose grief remains the most powerful and the most touching plea that Hodson's friends can quote on his behalf. "Hodson's care for

me," he wrote, recalling the months which they had spent together in their tent upon the Ridge, "I shall never forget. He watched and tended me with the affection of a brother. . . . I mourned for him as for a brother."

There must have been some redeeming features in the character of a man whose friend could write of him in terms like these. Posterity will not indeed be blinded by the glamour of his military exploits. They will not admit him to a place among the nobler heroes of the Indian Mutiny. But, while they will not be able to forget that he enriched himself by dishonest means, that, heedless of justice, of gratitude, and even of honour, he was swift to shed innocent blood, they will remember that he was a good comrade and a gallant soldier, that he rendered brilliant services to his country, and that he died, fighting to the last against the enemies of England.

NOTE.

The original authorities for the life of Hodson are as follows :—

- (1) Rev. G. H. Hodson's *Hodson of Hodson's Horse*.
- (2) Cave-Browne's *The Punjab and Delhi*.
- (3) *History of the Siege of Delhi*, by an officer who served there.
- (4) Kaye's *History of the Sepoy War*.
- (5) *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India* (in Political Department of India Office), 8 to 22 October, 1857, p. 128.
- (6) Seaton's *From Cadet to Colonel*.
- (7) Greathed's *Letters Written during the Siege of Delhi*.
- (8) Bosworth Smith's *Life of Lord Lawrence*. Sixth and cheaper edition (especially the Appendix to vol. ii.).
- (9) Verney's *The Shannon's Brigade in India*.
- (10) Russell's *Diary in India*.

(11) Letters to newspapers, viz., *Daily News*, May 22, 23, 29, 31; June 9, 1883; Jan. 4, 14, 19, 1884. *Globe*, May 28, 31, 1883; and *St. James's Gazette*, May 24, 1883.

(12) Letter of Rev. G. Hodson to the Editors of *The National Review* (Nov., 1884) and my reply (Feb., 1885).

(13) MS. copies of correspondence relating to the case of Kader Khan.

(14) Letters received by me from, and conversation with officers and old Rugbeians (see Addenda) who knew Hodson.

Mr. Bosworth Smith's Appendix is based upon first-hand information from honourable, impartial, and able men, who had seen with their own eyes, heard with their own ears, or learned from the study of original papers, or the cross-examination of eye-witnesses, the facts for which they vouched. Among these men may be mentioned General Crawford Chamberlain, C.B., General Sir Henry Daly, K.C.B., General Sir Henry Norman, G.C.B., and General Sir Neville Chamberlain, G.C.B. I have, as my footnotes show, received additional first-hand information from General Crawford Chamberlain, and from other general officers,—not mentioned in the above list,—of equal authority.

As for Mr. Hodson's book, while it contains much indispensable material, it is perhaps needless now to say that, on most of the matters in regard to which Hodson's character has been impugned, both from what it says, and what it leaves unsaid, its authority is next to worthless. No one, indeed, would think of doubting that, when Mr. Hodson gave his version of various painful episodes in his brother's career, he believed himself to be writing biography and not romance. But, with all respect to him, I must say that a book which depicted Hodson as a Christian hero,—a kind of fusion of Cœur de Lion with Wordsworth's Happy Warrior,—was simply calculated to provoke the decision of those who, while they admired his rare ability, had only too intimate a knowledge of the darker features of his character. Mr. Bosworth Smith has shown (App., pp. 526-27, note 2) that, in the edition of 1859, an eulogistic letter, purporting to have been addressed by Lord Clyde to Hodson's widow, was, in part, a forgery,—palmed off, it must be assumed, on Mr. Hodson, by some friend of his deceased brother. On p. xxxviii. of the edition of 1883, Mr. Hodson writes, "I have the authority of Sir Donald Stewart, now Commander-in-Chief in India, for saying," &c. Now I have in my possession a letter from Sir Donald, in which he writes, "You are welcome to say that Mr. Hodson had no authority to quote me at all in his introductory remarks." Sir Donald, however, expressly told me that he made no imputation whatever against Mr. Hodson. Possibly Mr. Hodson was misled by a third person to believe that Sir Donald had sanctioned the use of his name.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.

SOME five-and-twenty years ago, the name of Sir William Napier was, to the people of this country, a household word. Hardly a week passed in which the readers of the *Times* did not light upon some letter bearing his signature, and written in a style of which the passionate sincerity, the strange vehemence, it might be, the overflowing tenderness, could not fail to arrest attention. The fame of his great book was then still fresh. The public knew him as one of the most distinguished survivors of that band of officers who had helped Wellington to drive the French out of the Peninsula; and many were still alive who could tell how nobly he had shared in making the history which he afterwards so eloquently wrote. A few hero-worshippers, who saw him from day to day, as he drove his ponies in the neighbourhood of Clapham, and gazed upon his massive form and his eagle face, with its half fierce, half tender glance, and its halo of snow-white hair, might picture to themselves how he had looked when, half a century before, he had bounded up the rocks overhanging the Nivelle, and clambered, the foremost man, over the

wall of the fortress of La Rhune. But now his glory is becoming dim. His *History* was not written for all time ; and, with the exception of a few students of military affairs and a few lovers of good literature, the readers of our generation know it only by those isolated passages in which chronicle rises to the sublimity of epic poetry. He was not a great general, though he often allowed himself to fancy that, under happier circumstances, he too, like his brother Charles, might have led armies to victory. Moreover, his biography was so poorly written that, after the curiosity that demanded it had died out, it could not survive to attract the interest of future readers.

Nevertheless, of William Napier tradition will long have something to say ; for, though he was not a great warrior, he was an almost ideal type of the military character, and, besides, he was endowed with a genius which, if somewhat narrow, was genuine and rare. Before I knew anything of his life, I had studied, until I could almost repeat them by heart, the more famous passages of his writings ; and, as no historical writer was ever less impersonal, I felt that I knew him as well as any of those old friends who are always the same to us as we listen to their still, yet moving voices. But when I came to read his letters, and to see how he bore himself in the mess-room and on the battle-field, in the bosom of his family, and, at last, on his sick-bed, I felt for him that love which all of us to whom the past is real have felt for our heroes among the illustrious dead, and which make us hope against

hope that hereafter we may be allowed to converse with them and to see them face to face. And I was sure that, if I could succeed in drawing his portrait, even in outline, with some approach to fidelity, I should make others feel that they also had found a new friend.

Both the parents of William Napier were persons of noble birth and of remarkable personal gifts. His father, Colonel the Honourable George Napier, was descended from the inventor of logarithms and from the great Montrose. He was endowed with gigantic bodily strength and corresponding force of character : but he seems to have been one of those men who, from whatever cause, fail to win a general reputation at all commensurate with the opinion formed of them by the more discerning of their friends. One of the most striking features of his character was a disinterestedness which sometimes showed itself in a manner that, to his contemporaries in those days of corruption, must have seemed Quixotic. For example, by abolishing a system of fees which he regarded as unjust, he voluntarily reduced the emoluments of an office to which he was appointed in Ireland from £20,000 to £600 a year. Left a widower at a very early age, he had afterwards married the famous Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, and great-granddaughter of Charles the Second. This lady was eight years older than her husband ; but she still retained much of that beauty which, nearly twenty years

before, had captivated the heart of George the Third ; and the intense affection which her sons felt towards her may be regarded as an indication that her nature was as beautiful as her outward form.

William Francis Patrick Napier, the third son of this marriage, was born at Celbridge, a small town on the Liffey, near Dublin, on the 17th of December, 1785. Among the great writers of our country, hardly any has owed less than he to regular education. He attended, as a day boy, a large school in his native town, the master of which appears to have been totally unfit for the profession of teaching. Nevertheless, the time which he passed here was not wholly wasted. Idle as he was, he eagerly read, and he remembered all the romances, the histories, and the poems that he could obtain. The circumstances of his life tended, not less than his reading, to strengthen his adventurous instincts. Symptoms of the rebellion of 1798 had already begun to appear ; and William's eldest brother, Charles, who, though a military officer of two years' standing, was still his schoolfellow, had persuaded the boys to enrol themselves as volunteers in support of the Government. One day William was insubordinate on parade. Charles at once ordered him to be seized and tried by a drum-head court-martial. The court found him guilty : but he refused to accept the sentence. Thereupon the youthful commander ordered him to be drummed out of the corps. With loud shouts the boys thronged round William, who furiously

hurled his marbles among them, rushed upon the drummer, smashed the drum, and challenged the foremost of his assailants, who was much bigger than himself, to fight. In the struggle which ensued William was soon beaten : but, as he would not give in, the hearts of his comrades warmed towards him, and they voted that he should be allowed to rejoin the corps.

Nor was his early training for warfare derived only from the experience of school. One night, in the absence of his father, the house in which he lived was surrounded by several hundred rebels; who demanded that the arms which it contained should be given up to them; but a brave old nurse and a butler, for both of whom the children had an ardent affection, met the demand with defiance, and stood at bay until succour arrived. When the rebellion broke out, the Colonel fortified his house, and armed his five boys; and so great was the awe which he inspired, that the little citadel, though often threatened, was never attacked. Amid such stormy scenes, however, William found plenty of opportunities for the ordinary amusements of boyhood. He was constantly getting into scrapes, in company with a poacher of whom he was very fond. Lady Londonderry, a beautiful young woman, who was very intimate with his family, begged him off whenever his father threatened to punish him; and she prophesied that, though he hated his lessons, he would do something great when he was a man.

At the age of fourteen William left school to enter his father's profession. It was fortunate for him that he had not to pass an examination; for he would have had less chance of doing so than the youngest child in a modern infant school. Hardly a line in his letters was free from mistakes in spelling; and punctuation was a refinement of which he had not so much as an idea. But he had not suffered from over-pressure: his mind, following nature's prescription, had devoured and assimilated the food that suited it; and he had fought and played and run till his body had become vigorous and active as that of a young lion. Indeed, it may be said of him, as of other distinguished men whose early want of education their biographers have deplored, that he had learned what fitted him best for the work which he had to do. After passing through two regiments, he was presented by his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, with a cornetcy in the Blues, and went to Canterbury to join that regiment. But something better was in store for him. General John Moore, who was then at Shorncliffe, training the brigade which he was to make famous, offered him a lieutenancy in the 52nd Regiment. Napier accepted the offer; and Moore was so delighted with the readiness with which he gave up the high pay of the Household Brigade and the pleasures of London in order to study his profession, that from thenceforth he took a special interest in watching and assisting his progress. In 1804, Napier was made a captain in the 43rd, another of the regiments of

Moore's brigade. This regiment was at that time one of the worst in the army ; and Napier's company was the worst in the regiment. But the boy was resolved to become a real soldier. Before he had been three months at Shorncliffe, he was admitted to be one of the best captains in the corps ; and his company was reduced to perfect order. The influence which he gained over his men was in great part due to the fact that, while vigorously enforcing their obedience, he heartily joined in all their sports. With some of his brother officers, however, his relations were less smooth. "The greatest pleasure," he wrote, "I have had since I came was, when General Moore was made a knight, to make them drink his health. My fingers itched to throw the bottles at their heads when they seemed to make difficulties about it. Had they refused, I would have by myself drunk a bumper, broken the glass on the table, and left the mess immediately." In spite, however, of disagreements like these, the years that preceded his first experience of active service were singularly happy. He yearned, indeed, to be with his mother : but he wrote to her continually ; and his letters, ill-spelt and ill-written as they were, are delightful to read, now tender, now sparkling with fun, and abounding with warm expressions of love for his relations and of admiration for his chief. Fond as he was of athletic games, he spent much time, in quieter pursuits,—studying military history, and amusing himself by learning to draw. At this period of his life, he was at times almost

drunk with animal spirits. Many years afterwards he described how one afternoon, while staying at Putney with William Pitt, he and Lady Hester Stanhope and her two brothers had fallen in a body on their laughing host, and had ended by holding him down on the floor and blackening his face with burnt cork. Once, when engaged on special service in Ireland, he jumped over two cows standing side by side in the street of Ballina, having been dared to perform the feat by a local beauty. But to the temptations that especially beset a young man of vigorous bodily organisation, he never succumbed. Though he was so handsome and so fascinating that few women would have resisted him, though he passionately admired woman's beauty, he never injured one,—nay, he was as pure as a little child.

During these years Napier must have often chafed against the fate which forced his regiment to remain inactive while others were winning new laurels in Egypt, in Syria, and in India. But in 1807 his longing for active service was at last gratified. In the seven years that followed,—the one period of his life in which his sword was unsheathed,—he won for himself a splendid reputation as a fighting man, and, by dint of observation and reflexion, acquired a practical knowledge of the military art which proved invaluable to him when he entered upon his literary labours. Having served through the expedition to Copenhagen, he embarked in 1808 with his regiment for Spain. Before the campaign opened, he stayed

some days at Corunna, and during this time he often went to the theatre and to balls, where he waltzed to his heart's content with black-eyed beauties. But this short season of pleasure was followed by the stern realities of war. Within three months from the day on which the regiment marched out of Corunna, the men were retreating thither in grievous plight, with the rest of Sir John Moore's column, pursued by Soult's battalions. Of the miseries of that retreat Napier had his full share. For several days he had to march with bare feet, and with no clothes but a jacket and a pair of trousers: blood oozed from his feet at every step; and he must have perished, if Captain Macleod, his dearest friend, had not heard how he was suffering, and lent him a spare horse. But, being young and full of vigour, he soon recovered; and, after a short visit to England, he rejoined the army in the Peninsula. After the battle of the Coa, in which he was for the first time wounded, he was thanked on the field by his commanding officer for the gallantry and skill with which he had handled his company under an exceptionally heavy fire. Wounded again at Casal Novo, he was selected with ten other captains, by Lord Wellington, for the brevet rank of major. With the bullet which he had received in this combat lodged ineradicably near his spine, he fought again at Fuentes d'Onoro. Ill and worn out, he was forced by Wellington to return again to England; and there, in the spring of 1812, he was married to Caroline Fox, a niece of Pitt's great rival. Three weeks after his

marriage, learning that Badajoz was being besieged, he sailed the third time for Spain, but arrived too late: the assault had already taken place, and his friend, Macleod, who commanded the 43rd, had perished. "Macleod is dead," he wrote to his wife, "and I am grovelling in misery and wretchedness. You must be my friend and wife and everything." Though only twenty-six years old, he succeeded to the vacant command: but promotion obtained at such a price gave him little pleasure. His responsibility, however, was now so pressing, and he had to exert such force of mind for the fulfilment of his duty, that he was obliged to forget half his sorrow. Nearly all the field-officers of the regiment had been killed or wounded in the assault; and the men, thus released from control, and with their savage passions inflamed by the stubborn resistance of the defenders, and their lusts satiated by drink, debauchery, and plunder, were utterly demoralised. With terrific severity, yet with a heart wrung by grief at the thought that he must punish soldiers who had braved unheard-of terrors, Napier curbed their lawless spirit: but so stubbornly did they resist his will that, on the heights of San Christoval, near Salamanca, he was obliged to flog four of them within range of the enemy's guns, and while a skirmish was actually going on. * Then at last they submitted. At Salamanca, leading the column which drove back General Foy's division, they advanced in line for three miles, under a constant cannonade, as steadily as at a review. At Vittoria, they marched

over the richest articles of dress and furniture strewn about the field, not a man venturing to stoop and plunder. Twice again after his promotion, Napier was obliged to go to England on sick leave. He took part in the battles of the Nivelles and of Orthes ; but he missed the crowning victory of Toulouse. During his six years of warfare he had been thirty times engaged on the field of battle, and three times wounded ; he had gained three decorations and two steps in rank ; and,—what he valued far more,—he had won the love and admiration of every soldier in the Light Brigade.

The perfection to which Napier attained as a regimental officer was partly due to the generous and comprehensive spirit in which he regarded his duties. He did not think it enough to master the principles of warfare, to maintain perfect discipline, and so to lead his men that they should follow him into any peril : he impressed them with so deep a sense of his sympathy that they looked upon him as their friend and counsellor. Two anecdotes will show what a hold he had upon their hearts.

On the night before the battle of the Nivelles, as he lay on the ground, trying to sleep, Lieutenant Freer of the 43rd, a boy of nineteen, came to him and crept under the cover of his cloak, sobbing bitterly. Napier turned to him, and tried to soothe him. Between his sobs the boy faltered out that he was sure he would be killed in the coming battle, and that he could not bear to think how his mother and sisters would suffer when

they heard that he was dead. The presentiment was fulfilled : but it had been the boy's consolation, to feel that he had opened his grief to his commander.

On the day before the storming of La Rhune, an Irish private of the 43rd, named Eccles, having committed a crime against military law, was delivered over by Napier to a court-martial, which sentenced him to corporal punishment. Napier, however, revolted against the thought that a man should be flogged who, the day after his flogging, was to be called upon to fight for his country. "I pardon you," he said to Eccles, "if you will behave well to-morrow and justify that pardon." Next morning the French batteries on the rocky mountain of La Rhune opened fire. Napier formed up four companies of his regiment, and gave the word to advance. Forward he sprang at his utmost speed ; and the men, each of whom carried fifty pounds, sprang after him. Unencumbered himself, he kept ahead of all except one who passed him ; and, ashamed to think that that one, burdened as he was, should scale the rock before him, he strove with all his might to win back the lead. But Eccles, who was six feet three in height, mindful of the promise which he had given on the previous day, was resolved to shield his captain from hurt ; and, keeping always just before him on the right, he would not be passed, but leaped first into the rocks, and then fell exhausted.

Though, however, Napier had succeeded so remarkably, and was still quite young, there were two cir-

cumstances that quenched his early ambition to win fame as a warrior. The wound near his spine had destroyed the first vigour of his constitution, and he was in love with his wife. Towards the end of the war he wrote to her: "I find myself more inclined than ever to quit the army. My health is really so bad that my life is a perfect burden to me: pain and lowness of spirits are my constant companions; and this, added to an eager restless impatience about you, totally unfits me for a military life. God Almighty bless you, my own darling wife! You are the only comfort I have in the world; and I am determined that no silly hankering after fame shall prevent me from profiting by that comfort."

For the greater part of the next five years, however, he was debarred from this happiness. After the close of the war, he was obliged to accompany the headquarters of his regiment, which formed part of the army of occupation in France, to Bapaume, a small town in the Pas de Calais. There for some time, and afterwards at Valenciennes, he lived till 1819. He tried to solace himself for the absence of his wife and children by studying the works of Cobbett, and painting. At length his exile was over; and he returned to England.

Although he had gained a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy before the close of the war, he was at this time only a regimental major. An opportunity of purchasing the regimental lieutenant-colonelcy soon presented itself: but, owing to poverty, he was unable

to take advantage of it. He therefore went on half-pay, and took a house in Sloane Street. Notwithstanding what he had said to his wife about his contempt for fame, he was haunted at times by the thought that his boyish dreams of the distinction that he might win as a soldier would never be fulfilled. He tried to distract his mind by working at painting and sculpture. Eminent artists, who saw what he produced, asserted that he might have made himself one of the first of living painters or sculptors. But he was not absorbed in his work. His genius was forcing him in another direction, though he did not yet know whither he was moving. Besides painting and modelling, he read many books, and saw much of Chantrey, of Jones the painter, and of various Peninsular comrades. In 1821 he wrote for the *Edinburgh Review* a very able article on Jomini's great work. But, as he himself said, the worm still gnawed.

One day, early in 1823, he went for a walk with Lord Langdale, one of his intimate friends, over some fields which are now covered by the mansions of Belgravia. The conversation turned on Southey's recently published narrative of the Peninsular War. Lord Langdale was greatly struck by Napier's remarks on the events of the struggle and the characters of the principal actors. Suddenly he asked him what he was thinking of doing. "Do you mean," replied Napier, "where am I going to die?" "No," said Lord Langdale; "what are you thinking of

turning to as an occupation?" Then he urged him to turn to literature. The article on Jomini proved that he could write. He must not waste his life in mere amusement. Why should he not write a history of the war himself?

On returning home, Napier told his wife what Lord Langdale had said, and added that he himself felt doubtful whether he was clever enough to write properly such a book as a history of the war. But she, believing firmly in her husband, encouraged him to try. For several nights he lay awake, thinking over the matter. At last his scruples were overcome by the thought that he might be able at least to vindicate the calumniated memory of Moore; and he resolved to make the attempt. Those of his acquaintances who did not really know him were surprised to hear of his intention, and remarked that, being comparatively a young man, he was presumptuous to think that he could write such a history.

Having formed his resolve, he lost no time in proceeding to execute it. First of all, he called upon the Duke of Wellington, and asked him for the loan of his papers. The Duke replied that he had himself thought of writing a plain, didactic history of the war, which should be published after his death. Till then it would be impossible to make known the whole truth, without giving pain to many worthy officers, whose only fault had been dulness. For these reasons he told Napier that he could not lend him his private papers; but he entrusted him with a number of

important official documents, and gave him authority to obtain from the Quartermaster-General, Sir George Murray, all his Orders of Movements. Of his own accord, he also promised to answer any questions as to matters of fact which Napier might wish to ask him in the course of his work. Murray, however, refused to let Napier have the Orders of Movements, stating that he reserved them for a history which he himself intended to write.

After taking these preliminary steps, Napier went to Paris, to collect materials from the French side. He walked about the streets, exploring the contents of the bookstalls, and bought every book that seemed likely to be of any use to him. He also went regularly to the *Dépôt de la Guerre*, and made copious extracts from the documents which were stored on its shelves. On returning to England, he took up his abode for a time at Strathfieldsaye, for the purpose of consulting the Duke. Marshal Soult, with whom, when in Paris, he had struck up an acquaintance, lent him valuable papers: he corresponded with Marshal Jourdan, and received information from officers who had served on the staff of Ney and of Massena. He also collected an immense mass of letters and journals from British officers.

In 1826 he gave up his house in London, and went to live in a village near Devizes. One of his neighbours was Tom Moore; and a warm friendship, which was destined to be permanent, soon sprang up between the two families. Among the poor of the village

Napier made other friends, who loved him for the genuine sympathy with which he interested himself in their affairs, and respected him the more because they found his condescension quite untainted by arrogance. Day after day he laboured on at his history; and his progress was greatly accelerated by the never-failing help of his wife. Occupied, as she was by social duties and the cares of a large family, she copied out the whole manuscript of the work for the press; and, by dint of rare diligence and equally rare acuteness, she succeeded in deciphering the whole of King Joseph's secret correspondence, which had been taken at Vittoria,—a task which had baffled every expert who had previously undertaken it. The Duke of Wellington, on hearing of what she had accomplished, remarked, "I would have given twenty thousand pounds to any person who could have done that for me in the Peninsula."

At length, in the spring of 1828, the first volume was published.

I have already hazarded the opinion that the *History of the Peninsular War* was not written for all time. This remark may need explanation. There are isolated passages in the book that will to the end sparkle among the most brilliant gems of literature,—passages that will always be read, and, whenever read, will make the hearts of readers burn within them. But I do not believe that the book, as a whole, will continue to be read, at least by general readers. Forgotten it will never be: but its life will resemble

the ghostly existence of the *Faery Queen*, not the god-like immortality of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The truth is that, for general readers, the book is far too long. Not the most skilful story-teller that ever lived, not even Macaulay himself, if he were alive, could induce our generation, much less future generations, to wade through a detailed narrative of the innumerable combats, sieges, marches, and counter-marches of the Peninsular War. At the same time, it is probable that if Napier had written with greater brevity, he would have given less satisfaction to that large portion of his public,—the soldiers who had themselves acted in the scenes which he described. It is possible, also, that a military history, written in the first place for professional students and professional critics, could not, in the nature of things, satisfy literary critics and literary students as well. No fair critic would think of finding fault with the length of Napier's descriptions of such important events as the siege of Badajoz or the battle of Albuera. My complaint is, though I make it with diffidence, that he showed little sense of proportion, that he did not know when to contract his narrative. Moreover, hardly any purely military history, even if its execution left nothing to be desired, could rival in interest a history the subject of which offered a variety of topics. Napier has been placed, by a respectable critic, in the same class with Thucydides as a military historian. But Thucydides stands higher in the class than Napier, because he was much more than a mili-

tary historian. With an instinct marvellous in a contemporary writer, he saw how much, or rather how little, of the sum, the tangled web of events that made up the Peloponnesian War, was worthy of record for ever ; and the result has been that no part of his work has been putrefied by time, that the whole remains a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰεί*. His book is not only a history of the Peloponnesian War ; it is the literary reflexion of the eternal essence of the war itself.

Notwithstanding the fervour with which he loved and hated, Napier was thoroughly fair, at least in intention ; and in the wearing toil of research he showed a persistent patience which might not have been expected from a man of such impetuous temperament. Indeed, though he asserted, with characteristic candour, that, after all his care, his book was full of lies, competent judges have pronounced that he attained almost the highest possible degree of accuracy. In his description of a battle, as a whole, there is occasionally a want of lucidity : for the needs of stupid readers he is not considerate, and he lays a heavy tax on the attention even of the more intelligent. But he describes detached portions of a battle or of a siege with incomparable vividness and power. The paragraph which describes the charge of the Fusiliers at Albuera is, I think, finer than even the short chapter describing the decisive battle in the harbour of Syracuse. Though he occasionally violates the rules of syntax, his sentences roll on with a majestic music that charms the ear even when the mind is

dull ; and his felicity in the choice of words, and especially of epithets, has, perhaps, never been surpassed. Of simile he was as great a master as Macaulay was of illustration, or Carlyle of metaphor. His great fault is one to which the moderns are too prone,—want of self-restraint. Thucydides, by sheer directness of representation, continually excites the emotions of his readers, while always withholding the expression of his own. Napier could not combine with his sympathy and insight such aloofness as this : but even his most irrelevant outbursts were always prompted by a noble passion.

Towards the end of 1831, Napier moved with his family from Devizes to Freshford, near Bath. During the time that had elapsed since the appearance of his first volume, he had written the second and third : but eight years passed away before the whole history was completed. Part of this time, however, he was obliged to spend in work which, though it probably afforded considerable enjoyment to his combative nature, had no value but that of proving the trustworthiness of his narrative. He experienced the common fate of writers of contemporary history. A host of officers, whose blunders in the war he had exposed, relieved their wounded feelings by attacking him in worthless pamphlets. Distracted as he was by the necessity of vindicating his accuracy, his mental force was clogged by grief for the loss of children whom he tenderly loved, and by failing bodily strength. He was sometimes troubled by the fear

that he should never be able to finish his task. "I get worse and worse," he wrote, "and I am truly tired of a life which is nothing but pain and sorrow to me."

At last, in the spring of 1840, the concluding volume appeared. But, though his literary fame was established, he remarked that he felt no exultation; and at times, when he was saddened by the remembrance of those whom he had lost, he allowed himself to fancy that his life had been little better than a failure. A few months before, he had written to Lady Hester Stanhope, "Continual sorrow and continual pain have almost, if not quite, unsettled my reason. When I married I was sanguine and confident that I could go far in the world. Secretly I thought God had given me the head and heart of a warrior, and my body was then of iron. I strive to put off the tale of my sorrows as long as possible. I have had ten children. Seven still live, six girls and a boy, but he is deaf and dumb. Three girls died,—the first young, very young; it was written. I wept for her, and so it ended. The next died at five years old. She also was deaf and dumb; and that caused her death. I will not tell you how; I cannot: but twelve years ago she died, and I have not been as I should be since. Should I tell you how more than human her beauty was, and how exquisite her intelligence, you would not believe me: but, though I am at times insane, I am not doting."

The rare love which he bore his children was, indeed, manifested in daily acts, the most charac-

teristic of which his daughters delighted in describing to his biographer. Once, in the Peninsula days, when he returned from Spain on sick leave, his youngest child, a baby of twelve months old, was so frightened by the sight of his moustache that, whenever he tried to kiss her, she put up her hands to push him away. Though he was quite a young man and singularly handsome, he shaved it off, that he might not lose the pleasure of kissing her. Another of his daughters, when a little girl, was often harassed by frightful dreams. She slept in a room next her parents'; and, whenever her father heard her beginning to cry, he would get out of bed, go into her room, and taking her up in his arms, walk with her up and down till he had soothed her to sleep. Nor did he bestow his affection only upon his own children. One day, while walking in the country near Freshford, he met a little girl, sobbing over a broken bowl. She told him that, when she got home, she would be whipped: but suddenly she looked up at him and said, "But yee can mend it, can't 'ee?" He told her he was afraid he could not, but that he would give her sixpence to buy a new bowl. Finding, however, that he had no money in his pocket, he promised to meet her on the same spot and at the same time next day. The child went off quite happy. On returning home, Napier found awaiting him an invitation to dine in Bath the next evening to meet a person whom he particularly wished to see. He at once thought of his little friend. Would it be possible for him to go

and meet her, and then return in time for the dinner. Finding that it would be impossible, he wrote to decline the invitation, remarking to his daughters, "I cannot disappoint her : she trusted me so implicitly."

During a great part of the time in which he was writing his history, Napier took as active a part in politics as his circumstances would allow. He made a number of speeches at Devizes and Bath in favour of Reform. He was not an orator of the first rank : but, though he was often hurried by the torrent of his indignation and of his sympathy for suffering into rash utterance, he always spoke what he believed to be true. His eloquence, the effect of which was multiplied by a sonorous voice and a noble presence, created so strong and general an impression of his power, earnestness, and devotion to the welfare of the people, that the Liberals of Bath, Nottingham, and Glasgow successively asked him to come forward as a candidate for their respective constituencies. All these offers, however, deeply as they gratified his self-esteem, he felt it his duty to decline, partly on the ground of poverty, and partly because he knew that it would be impossible for him to finish his history without neglecting the work of a member of Parliament.

Comparatively obscure as was the part which he played in political life, there is an aspect in which his political opinions have a permanent interest. He called himself a Radical, and he was one : but his Radicalism would hardly have satisfied the inquisitors of a Caucus. He was able to co-operate generally,

though not invariably, with his Radical contemporaries : but he was not a docile party man. He belonged, if I am not mistaken, to that small and generally impracticable class of politicians who, while really consistent, would nevertheless, at any particular crisis, attach themselves to one party or to the other, according as the objects of either appeared to be, on the whole, the more desirable. He was a Radical, because his heart, overflowing with love and sympathy for his suffering fellow-men, was indignant at the thought that, while there were great political, social, and religious wrongs clamouring for redress, apathy and opposition to reform prevailed in high places. But, had his lot been cast in a time when imperial interests were at stake,—when he would have had to choose between advocating retrenchment and advocating a free expenditure of money in defence of the honour and the just interests of his country,—he would have told the taxpayers to their faces that they must make sacrifices if they would keep their liberty ; and he would have made them believe him. If sympathy made him a democrat, he was also a patriot, not only from martial ardour, not only from pride in his country's history, but also because he knew that, unless democracy were animated by patriotism, democracy would, sooner or later, be swept out of existence. "I like not republicanism," he wrote, in a letter to Lady Hester Stanhope ; "I desire to see men of all classes as God designed them to be, free in thought and unabashed in mien, but virtuous and

obedient to the just institutions of society." "In the spirit which these words expressed, he, who loved and was beloved by British soldiers, who, of all men, spoke and wrote most powerfully in their behalf, pleaded for the retention of flogging in the army as essential to the preservation of military discipline, in words that would find no favour with modern Radicals. "If," he wrote to his wife, "you have democratic institutions not calculated to support a standing army, in the midst of other standing armies and nations hating democracy, then you will be trampled upon; you must conform to what the world forces you to conform to. It would be a fine Government that handed you over to the first invader, and then consoled you by saying, 'You are now slaves, but you were free and well governed for a little time.'"

Towards the end of 1841, Napier became a major-general; and early in the following year he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey. The five years which he passed there were the most stormy of his life. The entire judicial power in the island belonged to the Royal Court, an assembly of fifteen members. These functionaries, who, in addition to their judicial powers, claimed the chief executive authority, were invariably selected from the principal families, all of whom were closely related to each other by ties of blood. Being irresponsible, they often used their power to oppress the inferior population. The sight of this injustice roused Napier to fierce indignation; and he instantly attacked what he

regarded as the anomalous power of the dominant clique. The result was that, during his whole term of office, he was involved in conflicts with them, and became the object of their bitter dislike. The poorer classes, on the other hand, liked and respected him, and, whenever he travelled through the island, greeted him with the warmest goodwill. Though he now suffered incessant pain, and could no longer walk a mile without difficulty, though he felt himself to be approaching old age, he worked as hard as if he had been trying to force himself for the first time into public notice. Nor did he fail, in spite of the opposition of his enemies, to achieve some durable results. He influenced the adoption by the States of the island of a new and beneficent constitution: he reorganised and rearmed the militia: he procured the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the civil and criminal laws; and he devised for the Channel Islands a system of defence which was adopted by the English Government. In the autumn of 1847 he resigned his office. Soon afterwards he received the command of the 27th Regiment, and was made a Knight Commander of the Bath; and he had the satisfaction of knowing that the greater part of the inhabitants of Guernsey felt that in him they had lost a true and strong friend.

In the midst of the toil and strife of his administration, he had found time to write another book. He wrote it, as he had written his *History*, in the spirit of a knight-errant, his motive now being to vindicate the

fame of his brother Charles, as before it had been to vindicate the fame of Moore. The conquest of Scinde and the controversies which it provoked between Sir Charles Napier and James Outram and their respective partisans, are now half forgotten: but among contemporaries they excited a keen interest. The conqueror of Meeanee and of Hyderabad was bitterly attacked by a large section of the press, by various members of the Court of Directors, and by a host of orators and pamphleteers; and Napier, burning with scorn and indignation against these assailants, and resolving to prove that their charges were false and malicious, and that his beloved brother was a great general and a great statesman, wrote the *Conquest of Scinde*. Animated by such a spirit as this, the narrative often strayed into untruth and unfairness: it lacked the rare merit of pure objectivity; and its splendid eloquence was marred by attacks upon honourable men, the injustice of which was only to be palliated by the wounded fraternal love which prompted them. Pamela, Lady Campbell, the beautiful and gifted daughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whom Napier regarded as a sister, pronounced upon it a judgement which perhaps expressed the opinion of the majority of those who read it. "Your attack," she said, "is done in a masterly manner: but you need not shake your enemy so when you have him by the throat. It is not noble to turn the vial of your wrath upside down, that no drop of bitterness may be lost."

The vials of his wrath and of his love were indeed ever flowing, and ever full; and the springs from which the two were replenished, were not far apart. For the rest of his life he lived mainly to glorify his brother, and to vilify both his brother's enemies and his honest opponents. In 1849 he moved with his wife and daughters to Scinde House in Clapham Park, where he remained till his death. Here he wrote the *Administration of Scinde*, of which Carlyle said, "It is a book which every living Englishman would be the better for reading."* In 1853 Sir Charles Napier died. The funeral, which took place at Portsmouth, was voluntarily attended by the Lords of the Admiralty, the naval officers of the port, and the whole of the troops forming the garrison. Conspicuous among the mourners walked William Napier, his still massive frame bent by age and suffering, his white hair and beard streaming in the wind. As he stood by the grave, he strove to thank the thousands who were doing honour to his brother's memory: but his voice was all but choked by his sobs. "Soldiers," he faltered out, "there lies one of the best men,—the best soldiers,—the best Christians,—that ever lived. He served you faithfully, and you served him faithfully. God is just." During the week that preceded the funeral, he had been trying to escape his sorrow by preparing for the press a book which his brother had written; and, as soon as he had completed this

* He might have added, if he had known, that, like all Napier's later works, it is a book which should be read with extreme caution.

task, he began to arrange the materials for his biography. While he was engaged in writing it a succession of heavy blows smote him. His brother Henry, the author of the *History of Florence*, died towards the end of 1853. Of his old Peninsula comrades, his brother Sir George, Lord Raglan, and Lord Hardinge died within eighteen months; and in the same period another of his daughters, after a lingering and painful illness, was taken from him. He had watched her for months bearing her pain with faithful patience; and by her example he had learned to chasten his impetuous spirit. Thinking of a bygone time, when he and his lost comrades had been young, he wrote to a friend, "This is the anniversary of the battle of Nivelle, in which I won my lieutenant-colonelcy. I was then strong and swift of foot: only one man got into the rocks of La Rhune before me, and he was but a step: yet eight hundred noble veterans, strong as lions, were striving madly to be first. I am now old, feeble, bent, miserable; and my eyes are dim, very dim with weeping for my lost child."

But neither age nor sorrow could weaken the energy of his mind, or wither the freshness of his sympathy. Working all the harder for his grief, he published the first two volumes of his brother's *Life* in 1857.* Marred by faults of the same kind and of the same origin as those which had pained the readers of the

* A full criticism of the *Life* will be found in App. M of my biography of Sir Charles.

Conquest of Stinde, the book, nevertheless, abounded in passages of fiery eloquence ; and an incident which followed its publication showed with what generous frankness Napier could acknowledge, with what passionate repentance he could expiate even an unpremeditated wrong. Mrs. Outram, whose eldest son he had thoughtlessly calumniated, wrote to rebuke him for the wound he had inflicted upon her. On receiving her letter, he threw himself upon the ground, weeping bitterly. "Your solemn and, to me, terrible letter," he wrote back to her, "has reached me, and to it I can give no answer. I hope God will pardon the pain I have given you, though unintentional. I pray God may alleviate the suffering of your aged heart and the self-reproach I feel."

For some years past he had hardly been able to walk ; and his only exercise had been driving in a carriage drawn by a pair of dun ponies, of which he was very fond. Often in the course of his drives he would stop to give alms to beggars who seemed to be really in want ; and if, from absorption in thought, he chanced to pass them by, he would presently turn back and look for them. In the autumn of 1858, he was seized by so violent an illness that for some weeks his recovery was despaired of ; and, though his great strength beat off the attack, he was never again able to leave his bedroom, except to be carried down to the carriage when the weather was fine enough to admit of his going out. He had a devoted servant, named George Gould, who remained by his bedside

night after night, and ministered to all his wants. Once, when pain had for a moment conquered his self-control, he spoke sharply to this man; presently, however, he began to reproach himself for his impatience, and urged that a message should be sent to him to beg his forgiveness. In the intervals of his paroxysms, he still talked, particularly on the great men of all ages, with such flashes of insight and such sympathetic force, that to sit with him was a pleasure. Throughout the next year he continued to write letters to the *Times*, and to correspond with public men, on the subject of national defence and other matters of public interest; and when he could no longer sit up to hold his pen, he forced himself to master the letters which he received, and to dictate replies.

But his course was nearly run. One day, towards the end of 1859, he was told that Lady Napier had been seized with a sudden insensibility, and that it was doubtful whether she would ever rally. The announcement shattered his vital power and his love of life. Loathing and rejecting the food that was offered him, he turned his face to the wall, and abandoned his strong heart to stronger grief. For some days he would see no one. At last one of his sons-in-law arrived at the house, and went into his room. The dying man lay weeping; he was thinking, he said, of forty-eight years of married happiness now drawing to its end. But, as the days went by, his bodily suffering left him. On Sunday morning, the

12th of February, as he was evidently about to die; his wife's sofa was wheeled into his room and placed beside his bed : there she lay for an hour. He did not speak ; but she said that she was sure he knew her. About four o'clock in the afternoon he imperceptibly ceased to breathe.

He was buried at Norwood ; and among many distinguished veterans of the Light Division who stood uncovered beside his open grave, there was one soldier whose name may be specially recorded. Twenty-one years before, at Bath, Napier had made the acquaintance of Shadrach Byfield, a war-worn pensioner, late of the 41st Regiment, and, having obtained for him an increase of pay, sent him every year an allowance of money. The old man, on hearing of his benefactor's death, had journeyed specially from Bath to attend his funeral.

Those who may look at this sketch of Sir William Napier's life will feel, perhaps, that, if it had been truly drawn, it would have been crossed by more and darker shadows. If, however, the portrait is unfaithful, the fault must be charged, to my authorities and to my failure of insight, not to my will. Let it be remembered, moreover, that the abundance of a man's good deeds, the fewness of his positive sins of commission or of omission, even the purity of his thoughts, do not of themselves constitute an approach even to such a degree of perfection as is attainable in this world. The highest men are those who, like a great soldier of our own day, strive ever, in sympathy with the

passionate aspiration of à Kempis, to forsake themselves, and go wholly from themselves, and retain nothing of self-love, and even then grieve that they are unprofitable servants. Of the few whose charity and purity and brave struggle to realise their ideals the world is ever ready to admire, only a very few do not, like the young man whom Jesus loved, shrink appalled as they contemplate the magnitude of this last effort ; and Napier sorrowfully acknowledged that for him it had been too great. But for the rest, his faults were only the exaggerations of his virtues ; and, because his heart was so great, in sympathy with it every generous heart will beat the stronger ; some spirits, perhaps, will be quickened by learning how he lived.

NOTE.—The principal authority for the life of Sir. W. Napier is the biography in two volumes edited by Mr. H. A. Bruce (Lord Aberdare). His own works, and his numerous letters to the *Times* and other newspapers, help one to understand his character. (See Addenda).

SIR HERBERT EDWARDES.

Herbert, Benjamin Edwardes, one of the most distinguished of Anglo-Indian soldier-statesmen, was born at Frodesley in Shropshire, a parish of which his father was the rector, on the 12th of November, 1819. One of his ancestors, Sir Thomas Edwardes, had been rewarded with a baronetcy for services which he rendered to Charles the First in the Civil War. Soon after the death of his father, which took place in 1823, Herbert was adopted by a relative, Mrs. Hope, who lived at Netley in Shropshire. He was educated at a private school in Richmond, Surrey, by the Reverend Charles Delafosse. As a boy he was delicate, and cared little for games: his chief delight was in reading poetry and romance, and taking quiet walks with some sympathetic friend. In 1836 he went to King's College, where he worked at little except modern literature. He was, however, a prominent member of the debating society; and often, after leaving the college, he and Charles Kingsley and others used to pace, arm in arm, up the Strand, and eagerly carry on the debate in which they had just been publicly engaged. At this time Edwardes was

restless, discontented, and impatiently longing to plunge into the realities of life. To relieve his feelings, he wrote a quantity of verses, which, if they had no poetical value, were signs of a gifted and aspiring nature. If he had been free to choose his own path, he would have gone to Oxford, and devoted himself to study. But his guardians refused to gratify his wish; and, as it was necessary that he should earn his own living, he obtained from an influential friend of his family a commission in the East India Company's army.

Depressed in spirits, and shrinking from the prospect of uncongenial work in a distant country, Edwardes embarked, in October, 1840, for India. Before long, however, he flung off his melancholy, and began to devise plans for beguiling the tedium of the voyage. He edited a weekly paper, to which he contributed a number of amusing articles. He produced a play, in which he acted the principal part. He drew caricatures of notable passengers. Arriving, after four months' sailing, in Calcutta, he proceeded up the Ganges to the pleasant station of Kurnaul, and there joined his regiment, the 1st Bengal Fusiliers. Dissatisfied with regimental work, he diligently studied native languages, in order to qualify himself for staff employment. Meanwhile he found time to manage the regimental theatre, and promote dramatic performances for the amusement of the men. He was already beginning to reflect upon the military, political, and social problems of Anglo-Indian life; and in

1845 he conceived the idea of expressing his opinions in a series of letters. These essays, entitled "Brahminee Bull's letters in 'India to his cousin John Bull in England," were published weekly in the *Delhi Gazette*. They attracted great attention; and Edwardes often chuckled to himself at mess, as he heard his brother officers discussing them, and attributing their authorship to some famous veteran. In November, 1845, he was appointed aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough. In the following month the first Sikh war broke out. Edwardes fought in the battles of Moodkee and Sobraon, in the former of which he received a wound.

Immediately after the conclusion of the war, a crisis in his fortunes occurred. The Governor-General had entrusted the Government of the Punjaub to a native Council of Regency, who were to act under the guidance of Captain Henry Lawrence as British Resident. Stopping at Simla, on his way to Lahore, Lawrence was introduced to Edwardes, and, having been favourably impressed by the Brahminee Bull Letters, asked him to become one of his assistants. Edwardes felt that he had at last found a field for using the powers of which he was conscious, and accepted the offer with enthusiasm. Then began a friendship to which he always looked back as the main source of all that was good in his Indian career. He acted as Lawrence's private secretary, and for three months lived with him in the same room. From

his precept and example he learned to work for the good of the natives, to protect the poor, and to teach the stronger how to govern. "Taking him all in all," wrote Lawrence, "bodily activity, mental cultivation, and warmth of heart, I have not met his equal in India."

In September, Edwardes was entrusted by his new friend with a political mission to Cashmere, which he accomplished with remarkable judgement and tact. He was now plainly marked out for distinction. A certain tendency to mawkish sentimentalism, which had shown itself in his boyish verses, was, if not destroyed, at least subdued. His character had strengthened and deepened: in a word, he had become a man. In February, 1847, he was sent, in command of a Sikh force, to Bunnoo, an Afghan valley west of the Indus, the inhabitants of which had long evaded paying their annual tribute to the Government of Lahore. His task was to induce them, amicably if possible, to discharge their obligations: but he also determined, with the sanction of the Governor-General, to bring their country under British occupation. The undertaking was one of extreme difficulty. The Afghans are the most depraved of Asiatics; and of all the Afghan tribes the Bunnoochees were the worst. Their turbulence was such that even the mighty Runjeet had failed, during a quarter of a century, to reduce them to obedience. This, however, the young English subaltern accomplished in less than three months. While he gained the liking of the chiefs by his unfail-

ing geniality, 'and persuaded them by his ready speech, he also made them feel that any who opposed him would inevitably be worsted. His leading principle was simply to balance two races and two creeds. For fear of the Sikh army, the Bunnoochees razed to the ground four hundred forts in the strength of which they had defied Lahore: for fear of the Bunnoochees, the Sikh army constructed the strong fortress of Dhuleepgurh, by which the Punjaub Government would be able to keep the valley under control. But Edwardes was not satisfied with mere conquest. He founded a town: he made a road through the trackless valley: he encouraged agriculture: he planned canals: above all, 'he taught disputants between whom the knife had hitherto been the only arbiter, to respect the authority of the law. All this he achieved without firing a single shot.

Meanwhile, an event had occurred destined to produce important results not only in the life of Edwardes, but also in the history of British India. Like the Bunnoochees, Moolraj, the Sikh Governor of Mooltan, had long failed to pay his annual tribute. Finding that the British would not brook the delay to which the impotent native Government had unwillingly submitted, he sullenly gave notice, that he intended to resign his office. Two English officers, Peter Vans Agnew and Lieutenant Anderson, were, therefore, sent to Mooltan, on the understanding that, before his resignation, he should instal them in office

as his successors. On the afternoon of the 22nd of April, 1848, Edwardes was sitting in a tent at Dera Futteh Khan, near the Indus, taking evidence in a trial. Suddenly he heard the patter of feet outside. The curtain of the door was lifted; and a half-naked messenger, dripping with sweat, stepped in and handed him a crimson letter-bag. Seeing that the letter, though not for him, was addressed to an officer under his orders, and gathering from what the breathless messenger said that its contents were urgent, he opened it,—as calmly as he could. While he read, there was dead silence; and he felt that every eye in the tent was bent upon him. Painfully moved, but feeling that he must hide his emotion, he read and re-read the last sentences with a forced expression of unconcern. At last, looking up at the messenger, he said, “Very good; sit down in that corner of the tent, and I’ll attend to you as soon as I have done this trial.” Then, turning to his gaping and disappointed clerks, he bade them proceed. But he heard not a word that was spoken; for what he had read was that Vans Agnew and Anderson had been murderously attacked, and that Mooltan was in open revolt.

What was he to do? Between him and Mooltan stretched ninety miles of difficult country; and two broad rivers, the Indus and the Chenab, barred the way. He had only a single native regiment, a few guns, and a few troopers at his disposal. He was little more than a youth, and he had had scarcely

any experience of war. But two of his countrymen were in deadly peril, and the safety of the British Empire was threatened.* For a brave man there was but one course to take. That very evening he wrote a cheery letter to Agnew, telling him that he had made arrangements to march at once to his aid.

Before midnight his little army began to move: by daybreak on the 25th it had succeeded in crossing the rushing waters of the great river; and on the same day he took possession of the town of Leia. By this bold move he had, to a great extent, restored the confidence of the people, and inflicted a blow upon Moolraj's prestige. But his first ardour was thus early damped by the sad news that Anderson and Agnew were no more. For the present it was useless, and, as he found, it would be impossible for him to march on Mooltan. His own position, too, was one of danger; for Moolraj, if he had sufficient energy and skill, might make a forced march, overwhelm his little force, and return to Mooltan before a British army could reach it from Lahore. All that Edwardes could do was to hold his ground, and wait. He proceeded, therefore, to enlist recruits among the wild Pathans of the province, with the twofold object of preventing them from joining Moolraj, and of getting a hold upon the country. "At present," he wrote to Sir Frederick Currie, who was acting as British Resident at Lahore, "I am very much like a Scotch terrier barking at a tiger."

* Moolraj did not long remain passive under this

defiance. His first step was to send emissaries to stir up the people on the western side of the Indus to rebel. Directly he heard this, Edwardes summoned General Van Cortlandt, the officer to whom Agnew's letter had been addressed, to hasten down to Bunnoo, and help him to protect the threatened districts. He provided for the safety of Bunnoo itself by directing Van Cortlandt to bring with him, nominally as recruits, but really as hostages, as many of the sons and brothers of the Bunnoo chiefs as he could enlist. On the same day a letter was put into his hands from the Sikh soldiers in Mooltan to his own Sikh regiment, calling upon them, in the name of their religion, to join the rebellion. An old native officer begged him to be on his guard, as the men meant mischief; and it was evident that the faithful sepoy and Pathan regarded them with distrust. Two days later he learned that Moolraj had actually sent a strong force to attack him. With an army of traitors, to attempt to resist would be madness. Edwardes, therefore, prepared, although sorely against his inclination, to recross the Indus. The traitors thronged round him, and begged him to stand his ground, vowing that they would make short work of the rebel army. Edwardes was not to be duped by so transparent a stratagem. By the aid of the loyal remnant he succeeded in transporting the baffled and reluctant traitors back to the further side of the river. He afterwards learned that they had bargained for twenty-four thousand rupees

to join the rebels in the expected fight, and to bring his head with them.

Edwardes, however, was too intent on his object to think about his personal safety. With the warlike Pathans, whom the magic of his name attracted, flocking to join him, he felt more secure. Living the same life as these rude clansmen, sharing their dangers and fatigues, talking to them in their own language, he won and returned their affection, while still maintaining the ascendancy of the white man. Even for such a leader, however, men would not fight without pay; and Edwardes's treasure-chest was almost empty. There was but one way of replenishing it,—to 'seize Moolraj's revenues. Thinking that he might be able to do this if he could find an ally to distract Moolraj's attention, he wrote to ask the Resident at Lahore for the assistance of the Nabob of Bhawalpore, whose country lay to the south of Mooltar, and beyond the river Sutlej. Some weeks, however, elapsed before he received an answer. Meanwhile, it had been decided by the Governor-General that it would be dangerous for a British army to take the field until the hot season should have passed; and accordingly the Resident directed Edwardes to confine his attention to the single object of getting possession of Moolraj's territory on the western bank of the Indus. The plan of campaign which the Resident devised was, that three columns in the service of the Sikh Government, and one under the Nabob of Bhawalpore, should gradually converge from different starting-

points, and confine Moolraj within a circle of some forty miles in diameter round Mooltan, in order to prevent the rebellion from spreading until the time should come for finally suppressing it.

Edwardes at once proceeded to carry out the task which had been allotted to him. He succeeded in raising enough revenue to pay his troops. Through the medium of a friendly chief he gained possession of the fort of Mungrota, the key of the northern district of the country which he had been directed to subdue. The capture of this stronghold opened the road southward to the important town of Dera Ghazee Khan ; and on the 12th of May Van Cortlandt marched in that direction. Edwardes himself remained behind in order to ascertain the designs of the rebel army, which Moolraj had recalled in a panic some days before. On the day after Van Cortlandt's departure, he heard that it was marching swiftly back against Leia. He now felt sure that, if his army and the country for which he was responsible were to be saved from ruin, the Nabob of Bhawulpore must march at once to threaten Mooltan, and thus force Moolraj to recall his army. Accordingly, he assumed the responsibility of sending the Nabob a request to undertake this movement. About the same time he heard from Van Cortlandt that another strong force of the enemy had appeared at the Pecronwalluh ferry, and were threatening to attack him. Instantly he set out to reinforce his comrade, and joined him on the evening of the 19th. The swiftness of his action

once more restored the prestige of the British arms ; and on the day after his arrival a victory gained by a loyal tribe over the rebels at Dera Ghazee Khan deprived Moolraj of the whole country on the western bank of the Indus.

Before the end of the month, Edwardes and Van Cortlandt were encamped together at Dera Ghazee Khan. ' The rebels were on the opposite bank of the river, determined to prevent them from crossing. Edwardes had never ceased urging the Resident to allow him to join the Nabob of Bhawalpore, and drive the rebels once for all into the fort of Mooltan. Single-handed, he could do no more than hold his own : indeed, it was doubtful whether he could do as much, for every Sikh in his camp was known to be disloyal, and only the recruits had their hearts in the cause : but, if only he might co-operate with the Nabob, the situation would be completely changed. The Resident's plan of campaign had failed ; for three of the columns had not fulfilled their part, and therefore, the Nabob, who commanded the fourth, was unwilling to stir. On the 6th of June Edwardes at last received from the Resident a letter which authorised him to cross the Indus, and co-operate with the Nabob, but still prohibited him from crossing the Chenab. The Nabob was by this time marching towards Mooltan ; and on the 10th of June Moolraj, now seriously alarmed, recalled his army. The river, swollen to thirteen miles in width, was rushing and roaring like a sea : but within a few hours Edwardes

and his Pathans, who were boiling for a fight, were across and hurrying in pursuit ; and on the 17th they reached the Gaggianwalluh ferry, on the western bank of the Chenab. There Edwardes received a letter from the Resident, giving him leave to act as he might think best. The rebel army, commanded by Moolraj's brother-in-law, Rung Ram, was on the opposite side of the river, about three miles south of Shoojabad, and thirty-seven miles from Moodtan. The Nabob's troops were entrenched at a point fifteen miles south of the rebel camp. Fortunately for Edwardes, Rung Ram had neglected to attack the Nabob before Edwardes's arrival. If he had moved on a battle, he could not have failed to gain a victory over the inferior army of the Nabob, and might even have prevented Edwardes from crossing the river. About noon he ascertained Edwardes's position ; and, as it would have been too late for him to attack the Nabob that day, he waited till the evening, and then moved to a village within an easy march of Kinyeree, the point where, as he knew, Edwardes must cross the river. This point he intended to occupy on the following morning ; and he hoped that by doing so he would be able to keep Edwardes on the further bank, while he himself should attack and defeat the Nabob.

Late in the evening Edwardes received a message from the political agent who accompanied the Nabob's army, informing him of the intentions of Rung Ram, and suggesting that the Nabob's troops should move to Kinyeree, secure the ferry, and thus

cover his disembarkation. Edwardes accepted his advice.

That night three thousand of the Pathans, under Foujdar Khan, a native officer by whose ability Edwardes had been greatly impressed, crossed the river, and joined the Nabob. Next morning, Edwardes, who intended to take a second division across, found, on looking out at the river, that the flotilla of boats had not returned. Two little ferry boats, however, were at hand ; and, stepping into these, he and a few troopers pushed off for Kinyeree. Meditating on his plans, he was startled, near the opposite bank, by the roar of artillery. "Allah ! Allah !" cried the excited troopers ; and Edwardes, as he leaped ashore, told himself that no Englishman could be beaten on the anniversary of Waterloo. As he put his foot in the stirrup, he was momentarily appalled by the thought of the dangers that he was about to face, and the calamities that must follow if he failed ; but knowing that his cause was just, he breathed a prayer for help, and, with renewed confidence, rode on.

His mettle was soon to be tried. On his way he learned that the Nabob's troops had been repulsed ; and, when he reached the battle-field, he saw them rushing back through the jungle in a confused mass. In a few minutes he had decided what to do. With a disorganised army and inferior guns, it would be madness to attack. Bidding the staff-officers, therefore, to make their men lie down under cover of the jungle, and to keep up an artillery fire, he wrote a

short note to Cortlandt, telling him that, unless he could send him guns before three o'clock in the afternoon, the battle must be lost. It was then eight. For seven hours he would have to endure an agonising strain. The minutes dragged by; and, as shot crashed into the jungle, man after man rolled over wounded or dead. Unused to the trial of remaining on the defensive, the Pathans became feverishly impatient. "Look here," men cried, springing up and pointing to their fallen comrades, "and there, and there! Are we all to be killed without a blow? Lead us on, and let us strike a blow for our lives." But Edwardes was inexorable. He knew that his only chance of victory was to wait; and patiently he tried to calm the agitated throng. At last the hostile cavalry and artillery actually advanced. Something must be done, or all would be lost. Imploring the infantry to lie still a few minutes longer, Edwardes ordered Foujdar Khan to charge the enemy with his horse. Solemnly the horsemen repeated the words of their creed. There was a thunder of hoofs, a flash of swords, a cloud of dust; and, taken wholly by surprise, the enemy's horsemen turned and fled. The crisis was past. The bugle-note of Cortlandt's artillery was heard: in another minute six guns came rattling on to the field; and two regiments of regular native infantry tramped after them. And now, joyful at receiving the word of command, the Pathans and the Nabob's troops had sprung to their feet, had grasped their swords,

and stood with ranks closed. Nearer and nearer the enemy advanced. Moving on himself with the guns, Edwardes ordered the regular regiments to follow, and the cavalry, under Foujdar Khan, to bring up the rear. At the first discharge of the guns, the hostile line crouched down beneath the long stalks of a field of sugar-cane. Still the artillery duel was maintained. Two of the enemy's guns were quickly silenced. Then one of the regular regiments charged, and carried at the point of the bayonet another gun. The rebel infantry, hearing their guns fall back, hastily retreated, and, on reaching them, formed again: but now the Pathans plunged with a wild yell into the smoke-enveloped space that separated them from their foes: the rebels, after making one last effort to rally, were driven in disorder up the heights of Noonar: thence, flinging aside their arms, they fled without one halt to Mooltan; and the Waterloo of the Punjaub was won.

For three days Edwardes remained on the field to bury the dead, and minister to the wounded. On the 22nd he marched to the fort of Shoojabad, the commandant of which had already sent in his submission. Disquieted by the news that recruits were marching to join Moolraj, he determined notwithstanding to hurry on, and strike a fresh blow at the rebels before the bulk of their reinforcements could arrive. By the 28th he had advanced to within six miles of Mooltan, marvelling at the folly of Moolraj, who had neglected to attack him among the deep nullahs by

which the country was intersected. One of these nullahs ran past his right; and the only bridge that spanned it had been destroyed. Now, when it was too late, Moolraj plucked up courage. Learning that he intended to bombard the camp from behind the shelter of the high bank on the further side of the nullah, Edwardes anticipated him by marching at dawn on the 1st of July, to a spot about four miles south-west of Mooltan, and close to a village called Suddoosam. There he calculated that, by threatening the city, he could prevent the rebels from taking him in the rear. At noon Moolraj advanced to the attack. A desperate battle followed: but at sunset the rebels were fairly defeated, and took refuge, for the last time, within the walls of Mooltan.

Flushed with victory, Edwardes was eager to besiege the rebellious city at once. But it was decided by the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief that such a course would be premature; and the youthful conqueror was obliged to restrain his zeal. For some weeks, indeed, he was confined to his bed, in consequence of an accident which had deprived him of the use of his right hand. Still, as he lay on his back, he mustered energy enough to dictate despatches, and wiled away his idle hours by meditating on the changing phases of the war. About the middle of August, in obedience to a summons from the Resident at Lahore, Major-General Whish arrived with a strong force; and the siege of Mooltan was begun. For the success with which

after five anxious months, his efforts were at last crowned, he acknowledged that he was, in no small degree, indebted to the loyal assistance of Edwardes. Early in 1849 Mooltan was taken by storm; and a few days later Moolraj himself surrendered.

After a serious illness, induced by the hardships which he had undergone during the campaign, Edwardes sailed on furlough for England. He was accompanied, as far as Egypt, by John Nicholson, a young officer of extraordinary force of character, with whom he had formed a close friendship. The imagination of his countrymen had been fired by the story of his exploits; and on his return he was greeted by a series of honours, almost unprecedented in the case of so young a man. He received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament and the emphatic commendation of the Duke of Wellington: the Court of Directors decorated him with a special gold medal; Oxford bestowed upon him her highest honorary degree; and dinners were given and speeches were made in his honour. "I feel afraid," he wrote to his dear friend, Cowley Powles, "of some great evil overtaking me after all this pride and adulation. It is not wholesome; but I must try and think large quantities of salt to season it." If, however, there was any chance of his being spoiled by prosperity, he had an effectual antidote. On the 9th of July he was married to Emma Sidney, whom he had first met when a lad at Richmond, and had ever since faithfully loved.

A few months more of rest and peaceful happiness were yet to pass before it would be necessary to go back to the East. To escape from distraction, Edwardes and his wife went to Festiniog, in North Wales ; and there he wrote *A Year on the Punjaub Frontier*, a vivid and sparkling, though somewhat prolix and egotistical narrative of his experiences in Bunnoo and Mooltan. On the 20th of March, 1851, the young couple embarked at Southampton for India.

On his arrival, Edwardes was appointed Deputy Commissioner of Jullundhur, a rich tract of country lying between the rivers Beas and Sutlej, which had been taken by the British Government, as an indemnity, after the first Sikh war. The Commissioner was Donald McLeod, a man of clear intellect, kind and pure heart, and singular modesty. Edwardes was glad to begin work again, and found that his duties were of a kind of which he had hitherto had no experience. In Bunnoo, his task had been to master wild tribes, and accustom them to the rudiments of civilisation. In Jullundhur, on the other hand, which was the quietest district in the Punjaub, the people were already used to an elaborate legal system. Fortunately, Edwardes was still young, versatile, and willing to learn. Rapidly mastering the technicalities of his work, he encouraged every man, however poor, who had a grievance, to come and tell him his story ; made his court renowned for justice and purity ; and aimed at effecting such social improvements as should

ultimately fit the people to appreciate the crowning labours of the missionary. One morning in February, 1853, he and his wife were startled at breakfast by a letter, informing him that he was to proceed at once to take charge of Huzara, a wild and mountainous country adjoining the western frontier of Cashmere, inhabited by semi-barbarous tribes. With many regrets he broke up his pleasant home, and resigned unfinished to others the work to which he had devoted his whole heart. But it was some consolation to him to read the judgement which his chief had pronounced upon his labours. "I regard Edwardes," wrote McLeod, "as a loss altogether irreparable, regarding him as the very best officer I have as yet been brought in contact with, from which I make no exceptions. It is not his ability that I admire so much as his weight of character and high tone and principles. I grieve over his departure more than I can tell."

In May, just as the hot weather was setting in, Edwardes arrived with his wife in Huzara. He was pleasantly surprised by the aspect of the country. Wild roses and clematis flourished in the hedges, hawthorn blossoms and blackberries abounded; and, as he looked at them and listened to the cry of the cuckoo, he could almost fancy that he was in England. Pitching his tent in a hill-girt valley, from which could be discerned the snow-clad peaks of the mountains of Cashmere, he induced the rude workmen of the place to build him a small cottage. But, before it was ready, he was again summoned to a new sphere

of duty. The news reached him that his chief, Colonel Mackeson, the Commissioner of Peshawur, had been assassinated; and, a few days later, he received a flattering letter from Lord Dalhousie, informing him that he had been appointed to the vacant post.

The office to which Edwardes had thus been promoted, at the early age of thirty-four, was one of the most important and onerous in British India. "Holding it," said Dalhousie, "you hold the outpost of the Indian Empire." Besides conducting the ordinary civil business of his Division, the Commissioner had to manage the political relations of the British Government with the neighbouring kingdom of Afghanistan. As the territory of Peshawur had once belonged to the Afghans, from whom it had been wrested by Runjeet Singh, and as it was the dearest wish of Dost Mahomed, the Ameer of Cabul, to win it back, these relations were naturally strained.

Peshawur stood on a small plain in the valley of the same name. Not a single building of any dignity relieved the dulness of its irregular streets and flat-roofed mud houses. The town was surrounded by a low mud wall, intended as a bulwark against robbers, and was completely dominated by a quadrilateral fortress, the walls of which rose to the height of ninety feet above its northern face. In striking contrast with the mean appearance of the town was the grandeur of the surrounding scenery. The valley formed a vast irregular amphitheatre, sixty miles in length, bounded on the east by the Indus, and girt

in on every other side by hills, some of which were bare and rocky, others clothed with vegetation. Conspicuous above all, two hundred miles to the south-west, rose the snow-capped peak of Takht-i-Suleimān, or "Solomon's Throne."

The inhabitants of the hills which surrounded the valley were remarkable for activity and physical strength. Accustomed from their youth up to constant internecine warfare, they went about armed to the teeth. With every vice, they possessed the great qualities of hospitality and courage.

Soon after entering upon his duties, Edwardes found that his predecessor had been in the habit of employing spies to watch the movements of the hill tribes. Edwardes felt a strong repugnance to this policy. Moreover, he was convinced that no spies who could be found would be trustworthy; and that, so long as spies were employed at all, the tribes could not but feel suspicious and unfriendly towards the British Government. He therefore resolved to abandon the system. Calling together the chiefs of the various tribes, he told them, in his impressive way, that the power which he represented was irresistible; and then, warning them that all who broke the peace should be swiftly punished, promised that the peaceable should be rewarded by his friendship and by free access to the markets of Peshawur. The chiefs vowed that they and their people would always behave well. Edwardes blandly accepted these promises, though he well knew that they would prove worthless unless he showed,

himself strong enough to enforce their fulfilment. Soon marauders reappeared in the valley. To punish them by force of arms would not only be costly, but also involve a deplorable expenditure of human life. Meditating on the difficulty, Edwardes hit upon the expedient of placing the whole tribe to which the marauders belonged under blockade; in other words, debarring them from access to the Peshawur market. The tribesmen would thus be forced to buy their supplies from their neighbours, who would be sure to cheat them mercilessly in the process; and not only the actual marauders, but also their accomplices and those who had screened their guilt, would have to pay the penalty of the crime. The efficacy of the penalty was soon proved. It happened that a native ambassador, despatched by Edwardes, was travelling through the Khyber Pass, on his way to Cabul, when a man belonging to the Sheranee tribe fired at him, but missed. The assassin escaped; and the ambassador wrote to Edwardes, to complain of the outrage which had been offered him. As the tribesmen refused to give up the offender, Edwardes ordered that they should be put under blockade. At the end of a year, the punishment having become unendurable, they sent a greybeard to Peshawur, to propose terms of accommodation. Shown into the presence of the Commissioner, the old man offered the humblest apologies on behalf of his tribe. Edwardes, mentally resolving that the best way of settling the question would be to impose a fine, asked how many matchlockmen the

Sheranées could turn out in case of need. Eager to magnify the power of his tribe and to propitiate the Commissioner, the greybeard mendaciously replied that a thousand men would always be ready to serve the British Government. Edwardes promptly informed him that the tribe should be pardoned if each of the thousand paid a fine of one rupee. Disgusted at his own indiscretion, the greybeard withdrew; and the fine was paid.

To win the confidence of the hill tribes, however, was not the only object which Edwardes kept in view. Throughout his Indian career, while striving to promote the material prosperity and social improvement of the peoples committed to his charge, he always believed that, by such work as this, he and his colleagues were only clearing the ground for the labours of the missionary. His predecessor had refused, on grounds of policy, to allow a mission to be established at Peshawur; but Edwardes unhesitatingly sanctioned the project, and promised to give it his support. He felt sure that no disturbances would result from the preaching of missionaries; for, he argued, in Benares, —a far more bigoted centre of Hindooism than Peshawur was of Mahometanism,—missionaries had long taught without provoking hostility. Nor did he himself lose any of his influence with the people of Peshawur by supporting the mission. Setting great store by religion themselves, they respected him for the boldness with which he avowed his own creed.

Meanwhile he was engaged in working out the details of an important political scheme. It was conjectured that the assassin of his predecessor had been instigated by a fanatical priest of Cabul; and the conjecture was supported by the fact that the bitter feelings created in the hearts of the Afghans by the policy of Lord Auckland were still alive. It was Edwardes's great ambition to heal those feelings, and to effect a radical change for the better in the British policy towards Afghanistan. He, therefore, wrote to Dalhousie, asking for permission to negotiate a treaty with Dost Mahomed on the principle that bygones should be bygones. Dalhousie, in reply, gave him full liberty to act as he might think best, remarking that such a treaty, though difficult of attainment, was most desirable. But John Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner of the Punjaub, thought differently. Again and again he told Edwardes that Dost Mahomed would never agree to a treaty, and would not observe it if he did; and exerted all his influence to convince Dalhousie of the futility of the idea. Dalhousie, however, was not to be seduced from his opinion; and the tact and transparent sincerity of Edwardes completely won the confidence of Dost Mahomed. When all the preliminaries had been arranged, Edwardes received a letter from Dalhousie, written in terms of the most cordial approval, and empowering him, inasmuch as he had alone conceived and worked out the idea of the treaty, to act as the sole signatory. But Edwardes was one of those rare characters to

whom the public good is dearer than the gratification of personal ambition. He wrote to Dalhousie in reply, urging that the stability of the treaty would be increased if the highest authority in the Punjab were to affix his signature to it. Dalhousie recognised the wisdom of this advice, and in March, 1855, John Lawrence on the one side, and Hyder Ali Khan, the eldest son of Dost Mahomed, on the other, signed a treaty which bound the Afghans to be friends of our friends, and enemies of our enemies. In 1856 the British Government declared war against the Shah of Persia, the inveterate enemy of Dost Mahomed, who was preparing to attack Herat. Edwardes now saw that a further developement of his policy was required. On the ground that he had cleared he desired to erect a bulwark which should defend the British and the Afghans against the assaults of their common enemies. He therefore urged Dalhousie's successor, Lord Canning, to secure the friendship of Dost Mahomed by granting him substantial aid against the Persians. Lawrence again opposed the suggestion of his lieutenant: but it was impossible to overlook the importance of making use of the Ameer's enmity to Persia; and accordingly Canning, though, remembering the events of 1841, he would not send a British force to co-operate with the Afghans, declared himself ready to subsidise any Afghan force which should march against the Shah. The Ameer was invited to a conference; and in January, 1857, he met Lawrence and Edwardes at the entrance to the

Khyber Pass, and discussed with them the terms of a treaty which both parties equally desired. It was agreed that the British should furnish the Ameer with four thousand stand of arms, and a subsidy of a lac of rupees a month, and that, in return, the Ameer should maintain an army of eighteen thousand men to act against Persia, and allow a British Mission to enter his country, to watch over the expenditure of the subsidy. "I have made an alliance," said Dost Mahomed, "with the British Government, and, come what may, I will keep it till death."

Having thus accomplished the purpose on which his heart had so long been set, Edwardes was obliged to go to Calcutta, in order to superintend the departure of his wife, who was seriously ill, for England. During his stay at the capital, he made himself acquainted with the new Governor-General. With generous enthusiasm he described the powers, and insisted on the claims of his friend Nicholson, who, for some months past, had been working with him as Deputy Commissioner of Peshawur. "If ever," he concluded,—“if ever there is a desperate deed to be done in India, John Nicholson is the man to do it.”

The time when his wife must leave him was drawing near. On the 23rd of March he bade her good-bye on board the steamer, and then, with a heavy heart, turned to prepare for his lonely journey back to Peshawur. The first symptoms of mutiny in the native army, at Barrackpore and Berhampore, had occurred, and were already half forgotten. At Cawnpore,

Edwardes turned aside, and went to Lucknow, to visit his old chief, Henry Lawrence, who was now Chief Commissioner of Oude. Ever since the father of his public life had gone from the Punjaub, Edwardes had kept him in loving memory ; and he was greatly rejoiced to see him once more. "What a dear good man he is," he wrote to his wife. "Occasionally we have such hearty laughs together till the rooms echo again, quite like old times."

But this peaceful oasis was soon to be left behind. On Good Friday evening Edwardes and his beloved master bade each other farewell. Three weeks later Edwardes reached Peshawur. His wife's books lying about the house reminded him sadly of her absence : but in the society of Nicholson, who now lived with him, he found consolation. Sometimes, in day-dreams he thought of quitting India for ever, and going back to England, there to live peacefully with his wife. But presently he was disquieted by doubts as to whether he would not thus be forsaking the path of duty.

"Where his immediate duty lay, was soon made clear. On the night of the 11th of May he received this telegram from Delhi :—

"The sepoys have come in from Meerut, and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up." A great crisis was evidently at hand. "This matter," wrote Edwardes, "cannot be talked down ; it must be put down." But even he, though he was ready to face

whatever might befall, did not fully realise what was portended by the outbreak of the Mutiny.

Comforting himself with the thought that his wife was safe, he began to consider what he could do for the protection, not only of his own Division, but also of the empire. Nicholson was at hand to share his counsels and his cares. Fortunately, he had also in Colonel Sydney Cotton, the commander of the Peshawur brigade, a wise and able coadjutor. General Reed, the commander of the Division, was there also, an easy-going old officer, who, while fully sensible of his own dignity, was easily manageable, and accommodating enough to let abler men act for him. With the consent of these two, Edwardes wrote to the station of Kohat to invite Brigadier Neville Chamberlain, the commander of the Punjaub Irregulars, to come over and take part in a council of war. On the morning of the 13th, Chamberlain arrived. The council rapidly and harmoniously drew up its programme. It was settled that General Reed, as the senior officer, should assume command of the troops in the Punjaub, and proceed to join the Chief Commissioner at Rawul Pindie. After what has been said of Reed's character, it will easily be understood that Edwardes congratulated himself upon an arrangement which, while conferring nominal command upon a man who was neither obstinate nor insensible to compliment, gave an assurance that the substance would be left in the hands of those best fitted to exercise it. It was further resolved that the

important fort and ferry of Attock on the Indus should be at once secured, and that suspected Hindostanee regiments should be, as far as possible, isolated.

Defensive measures, however, were not deemed sufficient. On first hearing the news from Meerut, Nicholson had proposed to Edwardes that a moveable column of trustworthy troops should be immediately organised, and held in readiness to swoop down upon any point in the Punjaub at which Mutiny might show itself. The plan had been communicated by telegraph to the Chief Commissioner ; and he had recommended it to the notice of the Commander-in-Chief ; but Edwardes and his colleagues felt that there was no time to be wasted in official formalities, and issued orders for the formation of the column on their own responsibility. To the report of the proceedings which Edwardes forwarded to the Chief Commissioner, he added a recommendation that the most trusted commandants of the Punjaub Irregulars should be authorised to enlist recruits from the Punjaub and the British frontier, not merely to fill the gaps made by the mutiny, but likewise to absorb and utilise the dangerous elements of the population. He also asked leave to raise levies among the Mooltanees of the Derajat, whom he had learned to know and trust years before. Lawrence at first, curtly refused his consent : but a few days later, convinced by the fiery eloquence of Edwardes that it was of vital importance to strengthen Peshawur as far as possible, he gave way.

On the 16th Edwardes was summoned by the Chief Commissioner to attend a council at Rawul Pindee. Returning to his own post on the 21st, he found a crisis impending. To enable the reader to understand aright the events which followed, it is necessary to present a general review of the state of the Peshawur Division before the Mutiny.

At the beginning of May there was perfect peace in the Peshawur valley and on the mountain borders. The population of the city itself were apt for treason and intrigue ; but there was no open opposition to be feared from them, though they would have been ready enough to aid and abet bolder traitors in murder and rapine. Beyond the border, however, the untameable tribes of Afreedees and Mohmunds were almost all under blockade for murders, highway robberies, and other crimes. Moreover, while the success of Edwardes's recent negotiations with Dost Mahomed could not quiet all apprehensions of danger from Cabul, the skirmishers of the Persian army were still hovering on the western frontier of Candahar. About eight thousand native and two thousand eight hundred European soldiers garrisoned the valley : but of the native regiments only one was at all trustworthy ; and another, the 64th, was so notoriously disloyal that, to keep it out of harm's way, it was broken up into detachments, which were sent off on the 13th to three of the outposts. Such were the conditions on which hung the chances of the security of Peshawur. Of what vital importance it was to main-

tain that security, may be gathered from the remark of a sagacious old Sikh sirdar, who, on being asked why he always enquired so anxiously about the safety of Peshawur, replied by rolling up the end of his scarf, and saying, "If Peshawur goes, the whole Punjaub will be rolled up in rebellion like this."

And indeed, although Edwardes never for a moment feared that Peshawur would go, there was soon evidence enough to convince him that all his powers would be strained to hold on to it. In the short period of his absence a succession of plots had been discovered. Letters were intercepted from Mahometan fanatics to sepoys of the ill-famed 64th, glorifying the atrocities which had been already committed by the mutineers in Hindostan, and urging those addressed to go and do likewise. Nicholson tried to persuade the chiefs of the valley to raise their armed retainers for the support of the Europeans in the coming struggle. But the chiefs, remembering the events of the Afghan war, and knowing that Delhi had fallen, refused to risk their people's lives in a cause which they regarded as desperate. "Show us that you are the stronger," they said, "and there shall be no lack of aid."

The proof which they required was soon forthcoming. On the night of Edwardes's return, he and Nicholson lay down together to rest in their clothes, feeling sure that there would be troubles before morning. Their presentiments were justified. At midnight a messenger came in to tell them that some

companies of the 55th, stationed at Nowshera, had mutinied, and that the cavalry at the same place might at any moment follow their example. They saw at once that a crisis was upon them. Probably by this time the main body of the 55th, which was stationed at Murdan, had also risen. Yet it would be impossible to send a force to reduce them without dangerously weakening Peshawur. Moreover, the troops at Peshawur could not long be kept in ignorance of what their comrades had done; and then they would be sure to do likewise. There was only one way of grappling with the danger. Before the 55th could be dealt with, the troops at Peshawur must be disarmed, and afterwards the people of the country must be appealed to, to furnish men to supply their places. The experiment was a hazardous one; but the two friends were resolved that it should succeed. Accordingly, they went off at once to the quarters of Cotton, roused him from his sleep, and told him what they had heard. He saw as clearly as they the dangers which it portended. All the commanding officers were therefore summoned to attend a council at the Residency. By daybreak they were assembled; and for two hours they remonstrated with generous indignation against the disgrace with which their "children" were threatened. The colonel of one regiment went so far as to declare that his men would attack the guns if called on to give up their muskets. After this, Cotton could hesitate no longer. Within an hour four regiments were paraded, and ordered to

lay down their arms. Taken aback by the suddenness of the command, and overawed by the presence of the European troops, they obeyed without demur ; and it is said that, as their muskets and sabres were about to be carted away, some of their British officers indignantly flung their own spurs and swords upon the pile. "How little worthy," wrote Edwardes, "were the men of officers who could thus almost mutiny for their sakes." But the people of the country took a wiser view of the conduct of Edwardes and his colleagues. A few chiefs had attended the parade, curious to see which side would prove the stronger ; but, when all was over, and the Englishmen having quietly asserted their supremacy, were riding back to their quarters, a multitude of natives came swarming up, protesting the warmth of their attachment, and eagerly offering their services. From that day there was no difficulty in raising levies.

It was now possible to act against the 55th at Murdan, who had been joined by some of their mutinous comrades from Nowshera. The hero of the enterprise was John Nicholson. His friend has related in eloquent language how he pursued the fugitive mutineers all day from Murdan to the hills of Swat, dealing death as he rode ; how he drove the survivors across the border ; and how, finally, they perished miserably at the hands of the wild mountaineers of the Kohistan. After this great exploit, Nicholson disarmed a detachment of the treacherous 64th,

stationed in the fort of Abasye ; and, on the 10th of June, he rode back to Peshawur.

There, thanks to the wise government of Edwardes and Cotton, disaffection had not dared to show itself. Whenever the necessity had arisen for inflicting the punishment of death on deserters or mutineers, Cotton had compelled the native troops to witness the execution ; and, well knowing that the slightest breach of discipline would bring down the same fate upon themselves, they had stood like statues while their comrades were being hanged or blown away from guns. "Even the criminals themselves," wrote Edwardes, "seemed to take a pride in the very discipline they had dared, and stood up in line to be shot with the accuracy and steadiness of machines." But he and Cotton had too deep a knowledge of the people with whom they had to deal to trust to coercive measures alone. Their fearless and defiant bearing had so impressed men's minds that, if they now showed a desire to conciliate, they need not apprehend the suspicion of weakness. With Edwardes, indeed, coercion and conciliation went hand in hand ; and it was to this happy balance of opposites that he owed his unsurpassed genius for managing Asiatics. In the overwhelming force of character beneath which rebellion was paralysed, Nicholson was his superior : but with the fear which that awful sternness inspired, love could hardly co-exist ; and, therefore, as intelligent natives testified, the people would not, during the Mutiny, have done as much for Nicholson as they

did for his friend. One mode of conciliation which Edwardes adopted was an appeal to that avarice which he knew to have more sway over the hearts of the Afghan population of the valley than even the passion of religious fanaticism. A proclamation was issued, authorising any one who found a deserter to kill him, and take possession of his personal property. A militia was levied to keep the peace, and to counterbalance the Hindostanee regiments. To raise cavalry was not so easy, for good horses were scarce ; but still plenty of candidates for enlistment came forward. When the crisis was at its worst, Edwardes was often to be seen in the Residency garden, manfully concealing the disappointment which some gloomy telegram had given him, and listening with a humorous smile to the arguments with which owners of vicious or unsound horses tried to prove their perfection. But the quality of the horses was of very little importance in comparison with the enthusiasm and good feeling which these scenes aroused among the people. The very men who would have been ready, at the bidding of the first eloquent fanatic who appeared, to draw their swords against us, were converted by the promise of pay, the hope of plunder, and the skilful management of the Commissioner, into the chief props of our power, and lost all sympathy with the mutineers.

Meanwhile a controversy, relating to the siege of Delhi, had arisen between Edwardes and the Chief Commissioner of the Punjaub. So early as the 27th,

of May, Edwardes, who looked with a longing eye at the reinforcements which his chief was preparing to despatch against Delhi, begged him to divert a portion of them for the relief of Peshawur. "You know," he pleaded, "on what a nest of devils we stand. Once let us take our foot up, and we shall be stung to death." But Lawrence had more fear of the devils in Hindostan. Delhi was lost. Within its walls were gathered together the arch-traitors, the ringleaders in mutiny. It was the focus of rebellion, the vital point upon the recovery of which was staked the honour, nay, the very existence of the empire. He might have said, in the spirit of Queen Mary, "If I were to die now, the word 'Delhi' would be found engraven upon my heart." His voice had been the loudest to urge its recovery. He must bend all his strength to support those who were marching against it in obedience to him. When, therefore, he saw that its recovery might be a question of time, he was only the more firmly resolved to continue his support. On the 9th of June, he wrote to tell Edwardes that, if the besiegers should be in danger of failing for want of reinforcements, he thought of sending the European troops in the Peshawur valley to help them, and asking Dost Mahomed to occupy the valley with his soldiers, on the understanding that, if he proved a faithful ally, it should be ceded to him in perpetuity. "Peshawur," he said, "would accomplish his heart's desire, and would do more to make the Afghans friendly to us than anything else which we could do."

"One thing," he added, "appears to be certain, which is, that if disaster occurs at Delhi, all the native regulars, and some of the irregulars (perhaps many) will abandon us."

Edwardes was amazed at the proposal; and Nicholson and Cotton shared his feelings. He knew indeed the importance of Delhi; but his own station was all in all to him. He spoke of it as the anchor of the Punjaub, the removal of which would allow the whole ship to drift to sea. He ridiculed the idea that Dost Mahomed would show himself grateful for the cession. Rather, "he would assume our day to be gone in India, and follow after us as an enemy." "Europeans cannot retreat," he urged; "Caulbul would come again."

Lawrence treated these arguments with the respect which the experience of their author demanded; but he was not convinced by them. A few days later he sent a telegram, announcing the march of a fresh brigade of mutineers for Delhi, and implying his resolve to give effect to his proposal regarding Peshawur if the prospects of the besiegers should become worse. Then Cotton and Edwardes sat down to address a last remonstrance to their chief. Cotton urged that the abandonment of Peshawur would cause the border tribes, and all who had hitherto remained faithful, to turn upon us, as, however plausibly we might explain it, their keen instincts would seize upon it as a proof of weakness. Edwardes's letter was much more than a remonstrance. It reads,

like the passionate outburst of a man who, in his eagerness, feels that he is pleading, as it were, face to face with one bent upon rushing to his own destruction. The whole Punjaub would be sacrificed by giving up Peshawur. "If General Reed," he insisted, "cannot take Delhi with eight thousand men, he will not take it with nine thousand or ten thousand. Make a stand! 'Anchor, Hardy, anchor!' If you hold the Punjaub, you will facilitate the reconquest of India from the seaboard. Whatever takes place in Central India, we shall stand in a firm and honourable attitude if we maintain the capitals on the sea and the frontiers here. Between the two it is all a family quarrel, an insurrection in our own house. Make sure of one practicable policy. If General Reed, with all the men you have sent him, cannot get into Delhi, let Delhi go." So strongly convinced, indeed, was he of the truth of his opinions, that he wrote privately to Lawrence, begging him not to order him to abandon Peshawur, as, rather than obey such an order, he would feel bound by conscience to resign his post, and explain to Government his reasons for doing so.

Before this letter was written, the Chief Commissioner had asked the Governor-General to decide between himself and his lieutenant. He had requested that an answer might be sent to him in one of two forms: "Hold on to Peshawur to the last," or, "You may act as may appear expedient regarding Peshawur." On the 24th of July he wrote again, as though to win

over the Governor-General to his own view :—"The Punjaub will prove short work to the mutineers when the Delhi army is destroyed." But before the Governor-General received this letter, he had decided in favour of Edwardes.

The wisdom of this decision is beyond all doubt. Lawrence agreed with Edwardes in thinking that it was more important to hold the Punjaub than even to prosecute the siege of Delhi. The question then is narrowed to this,—would the abandonment of Peshawur have involved the loss of the Punjaub? Even if our knowledge of Asiatic character and Anglo-Indian history did not incline us to accept Edwardes's view of the results that would have followed the abandonment of Peshawur, the correctness of that view would be rendered probable by the fact that a mere rumour that the Trans-Indus was to be ceded to Dost Mahomed caused the greatest uneasiness and distress to the staunchest supporters of the Government. The Afghans were longing to invade the Punjaub; and, if Dost Mahomed had not appreciated the solid advantages which he derived from his treaty, if he had not felt a wholesome respect for the resolute bearing of Edwardes, Nicholson, and Cotton, he would doubtless have undertaken an invasion. It is absurd to suppose that he or his subjects would have regarded the cession of Peshawur as anything but a sign of weakness; and, if they had remained content with the cession, if they had not taken advantage of our embarrassment to clutch at so splendid a prize as the

Punjaub, they would hardly have been human beings, they would certainly not have been Asiatics. It is as certain then, as any conjecture can be, that, if the cession had taken place, the Punjaub would have gone. On the other hand, the fact that the mere delay in reducing Delhi caused the most dangerous symptoms to appear in the Punjaub proves how disastrous the abandonment of the siege must have been.

To sum up, perhaps, the weightiest words in the whole controversy were those in which Edwardes counselled the maintenance, at any cost, of the frontier and the capitals on the sea, because "between the two it is a family quarrel." If it had been necessary either to abandon Peshawur, or to abandon temporarily the siege of Delhi, it would have been wiser to choose the latter alternative. The choice, however, would have lain between two great, though, unequal evils. It is fortunate indeed that such a choice never became necessary.

But there is another light in which, strange to say, this celebrated question has never been regarded. In one sense its merits were settled, in Edwardes's favour, by a practical test. For, while to abandon Peshawur would have been to court a certain and fatal calamity, it was not, in fact, necessary to abandon the siege of Delhi; and, though Lawrence was forbidden to reinforce the besiegers with the Peshawur troops, the city was recaptured without their aid.

For some time past Edwardes had been deprived of the companionship of his dearest friend. Before

the end of June, Nicholson left Peshawur to join the Moveable Column, which had been raised at his suggestion, and at the head of which he was now to march for Delhi. Debarred from sharing with his comrade in the action and glory of the decisive struggle, Edwardes was left alone to watch and wait. Early in August, he was shocked by the news that Henry Lawrence had been killed at the commencement of the siege of Lucknow. Writing to Nicholson, he spoke from his full heart of the beauty of the life which their common friend and master had led. Deeply touched by the letter, Nicholson replied, "If it please Providence that I live through this business, you must get me alongside of you again, and be my guide and help in endeavouring to follow his example; for I am so weak and unstable that I shall never do any good of myself." "It is something," wrote Edwardes to his wife, "to get an acknowledgement of human weakness in such a fine strong fist. I fear it is little good I could do him personally, but the help he wishes for will surely come from a surer source."

Accustomed as he himself was to rely on the hope of which he spoke, Edwardes toiled on night and day, always serenely confident of the happy issue of the struggle. There were others who, in that great ordeal, showed themselves as strong as he, as prompt to decide, as swift to strike: but that which specially distinguished him among the heroes of the Mutiny was the light-heartedness, nay, the gaiety of his bearing. The humorous aspects of the conflict,—and they were many,

—he never failed to enjoy. When he was driving back from the council of war, he made his colleagues roar with laughter by his acting of the scene, taking off the way in which old General Reed's foibles had been humoured. It was fortunate for him that he possessed this buoyancy of temper; for, as the days dragged by, his position did not become easier. The minds of the Punjaubees generally had gradually passed from confidence in the power of the English to doubt, and from doubt to disbelief. An unmistakeable sign of this appeared in Peshawur. About the middle of July, Edwardes summoned the chief native gentlemen of the city to consult on a loan which had been lately opened. They looked very grave when he introduced the subject, and, though professing themselves quite superior to the vulgar belief that the British power was coming to an end, evidently thought that no one would care to risk his money in supporting it. They promised, however, to send the chief capitalists to Edwardes to discuss the question. Next day accordingly, but two hours after the appointed time, the capitalists appeared, slinking into the room, and each trying to keep himself as far as possible in the background. Edwardes began by fining them all round for their unpunctuality, and then asked them what they had to propose. After deliberating apart, they replied that they thought fifteen thousand rupees might possibly be raised by good management in a few months. Edwardes saw at once that the matter was resolving itself into a trial

of strength between the Government and its subjects, and that, if the former were beaten, its prestige would be destroyed. He therefore bluntly told the capitalists that they could easily afford to subscribe five hundred thousand, and must do so. Seeing that he was in earnest, they gave in at once. The Government treasurer was appointed to assess their respective shares; and in the end about four hundred thousand rupees were collected. The victory thus gained was as decisive as the disarming of the mutinous regiments had been. The people chuckled over the defeat of the capitalists, and felt an increased respect for the Government. The capitalists themselves saw that thenceforth their interests must be identical with those of the power to which they had lent their money.

Other dangers, however, still remained to be confronted. Special messengers from Delhi were busily proclaiming the overthrow of the Nazarenes; and a number of Ghazees, catching up the cry, planted their standard in a strong mountain village called Now-runjee, and defied, for a time, all the efforts of Edwardes's lieutenants to reduce them. Towards the end of August, the 51st regiment at Peshawur, incited by a fanatic named Syud Ameer, mutinied: but retribution followed, swift and sharp, and only sixty of the mutineers escaped with their lives. "Seven hundred comrades," wrote Edwardes, "who yesterday were ripe for the murder of European officers, and ladies, and little children, to-day lay dead in three deep trenches."

Thenceforward their surviving comrades were as still as they.

And now, as it became known that Delhi was indeed to be assaulted, the anxiety of all, Europeans and natives alike, became hourly more intense. As each successive message came in from below, the natives closely scanned their rulers, to see how the news had affected them. The outlook, indeed, was still gloomy enough. All was calm at Peshawur ; but the horizon was overhung by black thunder-clouds. Suddenly Syud Ameer reappeared with a few survivors of the 51st, and a horde of Mohmunds, and presented himself by night before the fort of Michnee. The garrison had hitherto remained faithful among the faithless ; but would they stand such a test as this ? The Mohmunds, eager to recover a fief of which they had been deprived by the Government, as a punishment for former misconduct, were sending the fiery cross to the neighbouring tribes. There were no troops to send against them. But the emergency only revealed more clearly the quality of Edwardes's statesmanship. His one course, he saw, was to yield gracefully. He therefore sent to tell the Mohmunds that they did not know their own interests. Their true policy was to support the Government. For instance, let them send Syud Ameer a prisoner to Dost Mahomed. Then he would intercede with the Governor-General for the restitution of their fief. The Mohmunds listened and obeyed. Syud Ameer was sent off to Cabul ; and Edwardes felt that a great load had been taken off his mind.

But this relief did not last long. One more letter was received from Nicholson. On the 14th of September the telegraph brought the news that the assault of Delhi was going on. "Who knows," wrote Edwardes to his wife, "if John Nicholson be safe?" On the 15th another telegram informed him that his friend was wounded. From hour to hour, as he tried to give his mind to his work, he was distracted by anxiety as to what the next telegram would say. On the 23rd he read, "Poor John Nicholson is worse, and there is little or no hope now." Deeply grieved, he telegraphed back, "Give John Nicholson our love in time and eternity, and read him Acts xvi. 31, and Rom. x. 9. God ever bless him. I do not cease to hope and pray for him as a dear brother." Next day he learned that Nicholson was dead.

"I feel," he wrote, "as if all happiness had gone out of my public career."

But the victory, for which this heavy price had been paid, was won. Delhi was again in British hands; and its reconquest greatly eased the strain under which the loyalty of the Punjab had so nearly given way. As soon as the news reached Peshawur, the inhabitants vied with each other in displays of respect towards the power which had proved its strength. For two successive nights, from sunset to sunrise, the city was illuminated.

Now that the issue of the struggle was no longer doubtful, Edwardes found time to reflect upon its lessons. Believing that God was giving back India as

a new trust to his countrymen, he thought that the Government ought to be thoroughly reorganised. He therefore composed a memorandum on the elimination of all unchristian principle from the administration of British India, and sent it to Lord Shaftesbury, inviting him to use it in any way which he might think proper. In this paper he argued that the extent of the suffering caused by the Mutiny proved that it was intended as a chastisement for sin committed by the British, and that the seat of the calamity proved that that sin had been committed in India. The Indian Empire had been given to us for the benefit, physical and moral, material and spiritual, temporal and eternal,—primarily of India itself. This fact we had failed to recognise: we had excluded the Bible, and Christian teaching of any kind from the Government schools. Yet there could be no safe system of education that was not based upon Christianity. In future, therefore, the Bible ought to be adopted as a class-book in every college or school with which the British-Indian Government had any connexion. The objection, sure to be put forward by some, that such a course would empty the schools, or cause a religious panic, was groundless; for, though some fear might perhaps be excited at first, it was impossible that, in the long run, the performance of a plain duty could fail; and, moreover, mission schools were generally preferred by natives to those of the Government. Besides, as India had been ruled for a century on non-Christian principles, and the Empire

had, in consequence, been shaken to its foundations, it was only fair that Christianity should now be tried.

But in this reasoning there was a fatal flaw.' The scholars of the mission schools attended of their own free will: but the effect of Edwardes's proposal would be to refuse the benefit of secular instruction to all who objected to the enforced study of an alien creed. "As John Lawrence, with calm good sense pointed out, such proselytising zeal was likely to retard, rather than to promote, the progress of true religion. Bible teaching ought, he considered, to be offered, as far as possible, to those who were willing to receive it, but on no account to be made compulsory.

Meanwhile, Edwardes was labouring with undiminished zeal at his ordinary official work. The matter which chiefly engrossed his leisure was the conquering, menacing advance of the Russians through Central Asia towards India: Between us and them extended the mountains of Afghanistan. That country was difficult to conquer, difficult to hold, difficult to sustain an army in, and most difficult of all to leave. Within its borders military operations could only be carried on at an enormous sacrifice of money; and no army, English or Russian, could enter it without encountering desperate resistance and bitter hatred from the mountaineers. Why then, argued Edwardes, should we voluntarily share these difficulties with the Russians? Why should we not throw on them the labour, the odium, and the cost?

Our true policy was, first to secure our hold upon the people of India by wise government, and then, guarding our existing frontier, from Peshawur to Kurrachee, by a chain of forts, and linking them to the railways by good roads, calmly to await the threatened attack. Thus the Afghans would be convinced that we had no designs against them, and would regard their own interests against Russia as identical with ours.

But since the excitement of the critical months of 1857 had cooled down, Edwardes had been growing more and more weary. His health, which had never been robust, had been sapped by the toil, the anxiety, and the long vigils of the Mutiny: he was sick at heart for the loss of his two dearest friends; and he was longing to see his wife again. At the end of the preceding year he had written to her: "May we grow younger in simplicity of heart and spirit as we grow older in days. May each new grey hair be a beauty in our eyes, and mark us as more loving and more worth being loved. May our home put us more and more in mind of heaven as it grows more sweet and happy with each other's love and God's! May we live in peace and charity with all men, and neither have nor make enmities. May we not be parted much, my beloved!" And now it seemed almost certain that in a very few months they would meet. Lord Canning had promised to let him go home in October. When, however, Edwardes had made all his preparations and was about to start, the promise.

was revoked ; and he had to make up his mind to wait until the following year. *

At last the time for general furlough arrived. Before leaving Peshawur, Edwardes presented his house to the Peshawur Mission, intending that the rent of it should serve as a permanent subscription. On the 23rd of May he embarked. Meeting his wife at Folkestone, he went with her to see his relatives in Shropshire. After paying a round of visits, they started for a tour in Scotland. The winter was passed at East Barnet ; and in the spring of 1860 they took a house at Eastbourne.

In the course of this year Edwardes was invited to stand as a candidate for Glasgow. Assuring the friends who had addressed him on the subject, that, if he were elected, he should invariably vote, not in obedience to the dictates of Party, but to those of his own conscience, he sought for the grace of God to help him to decide whether he ought to accept the offer. As a member of Parliament, he believed that he would be able to plead with effect on behalf of the highest interests of India ! on the other hand, he could not silence the still, small voice, which told him that, if he accepted the invitation, he would be choosing the easier path. Finally he decided that, as he had had no clear call, he would not be justified in forsaking the country in which his lot had so long been cast.

Meanwhile, though his health greatly needed rest, he persisted in working. Before his departure from

India, he had been asked by the Lawrences to write a biography of their brother Henry. He undertook the task with enthusiasm ; for he longed to show the world how noble was the character of Henry Lawrence, and he hoped that many young Englishmen might be won to follow such an example. Moreover, he was often asked to speak at religious and other meetings ; and in all that he said his aim was to guide public opinion upon Indian questions, and to rouse his countrymen to give or to work for the benefit of India. In a lecture which he delivered at Manchester he expressed the hope that, if the natives should ever tire of our rule, we should not even desire to maintain it. But in order to prevent that internal rebellion which might cause the loss of the empire, we ought, he urged, to aim at diminishing the moral distance which separated the governors from the governed, and anchoring the religious faith of the latter to the real Governor of the world. England, he concluded, ought first to fit India for freedom, and then to set her free. Again, speaking at the May meeting of the Church Missionary Society to an enthusiastic audience, he contended that the policy of Christianising the Anglo-Indian Government was the only sound policy. "You know," he said, "that between us and the Indian people the great want is the want of a link. We are divided by our religions. There is no amalgamation between the races. We shall only find that link in Christianity. If we Christianise one man, we have made one friend. If we

Christianise a race, we have got an army. If we Christianise a province, we have founded a government. If we Christianise a people, we have made an Empire."

The time was coming when he was to return to the people for whose welfare he so unceasingly worked. Early in the summer of 1861 he was offered the post of Commissioner of Umballah and agent for the Cis-Sutlej States, on condition that he should return to India at the beginning of the following year. This offer he accepted. In July he started for Kissingen with his wife, who had been ordered to drink the waters of that place. Finding that her health greatly improved under this regimen, he drank the waters himself: but, as he neglected the rule which prescribed complete rest, he became dangerously ill. For three weeks no medical aid was to be found. Then fortunately an English physician appeared. At the end of another week Edwardes had recovered sufficiently to undertake a tour in Switzerland. In the first week of January, 1862, he and his wife set sail for India, and, on their arrival, were warmly welcomed by Sir Robert Napier, Sir Neville Chamberlain, and many other friends.

Edwardes had had only a short experience of his new work when he found that the spirit of Anglo-Indian administration had undergone a change, which robbed his public life of all its charm. In the old days he and his colleagues had been comparatively free. Much had been left to their own discretion;

and the sense of responsibility had happily stimulated their self-reliance. They had worked with all the more zest because they had felt free to use all their faculties for good without restraint. But now, in the evolution of the administrative system, the era of Individualism had been succeeded by that of Centralisation. The sense of power was gone. Each public servant felt himself to be only a portion of a great machine. To some degree, however, Edwardes was able to make his influence felt outside the range of his official routine. Towards the end of the same year, Sir John Lawrence became Viceroy of India. The government of the Punjab was likely soon to become vacant, and Edwardes had a claim to succeed to it. The post was the only one which he at all desired to obtain. But he thought that his old friend, McLeod, ought to be preferred to himself; and so greatly did he love and admire him that he felt it no sacrifice to retire in his favour. He therefore wrote to the Viceroy, begging him to consider the claims of McLeod; and, when the appointment became vacant, McLeod was chosen to fill it.

Edwardes had now no longer any motive for desiring to remain in India. Towards the end of 1864, his wife fell dangerously ill of fever. He nursed her day and night, throughout her illness, and on her recovery decided to take her home. On the first day of the new year they began their journey. To avoid the English winter, they lingered in Italy and Swit-

'zerland till May'. Soon after their arrival in England, they settled once more at Eastbourne.

In spite of failing health, Edwardes still devoted himself to every good work which he could in any way forward. He took up again his biography of Henry Lawrence, which, owing to the pressure of official duties, he had been obliged to lay aside in India. He did not live to complete the book: but that portion of it which he wrote, though, if I may use the word, somewhat gushing in style, has, even from a literary point of view, considerable merit; while the fact that he was an intimate friend of Lawrence, and personally familiar with all that he described, gives it a peculiar reality. From time to time he spoke at religious meetings. In the autumn he received a telegram from John Lawrence, asking him to go to Southgate, and take charge of his children. He at once telegraphed back that he would go. After little more than a year, however, he was obliged to resign the care of the children to other friends, and go, for the sake of his health, to Bonchurch.

Edwardes had had his full share of honours and rewards. He had received a good service pension; and he had been made an honorary doctor of the University of Cambridge, a Knight Commander of the Bath, and a Knight Commander of the Star of India. But he had one sore disappointment to endure. The service to which he proudly looked back as the most important that he had ever been

permitted to render to his country was the securing of the friendship of Dost Mahomed by the treaties of 1855 and 1857. During the Mutiny, the value of these treaties had been proved; and even John Lawrence, who had opposed them, grudgingly admitted it. But Edwardes never received the credit to which his statesmanship had entitled him: by the world at large it was believed that John Lawrence, who had only signed the treaties, had been their actual author. It was owing to the generosity of Edwardes that this mistake had arisen; and while, as he confessed, he could not help repining at being deprived of his fair share of fame, it grieved him to think that the old friend whose many great qualities he so heartily admired, was not generous enough to place the facts in their true light, and to give honour where honour was due.

But Edwardes was soon to pass beyond the reach of earthly honours and rewards. In March, 1868, he had a bad attack of pleurisy; and for some weeks it was doubted whether he would recover. One day a telegram came, asking whether he would accept the post of Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub, if, as was expected, it should soon become vacant: but of course he could only send back an uncertain reply. On becoming convalescent, he went to stay at Kinloch House, near Dunkeld, which had been lent to him by the Honourable Arthur Kinnaird. So rapidly did he regain strength in that peaceful scene,

* See my *History of the Indian Mutiny* pp. 72-74 and foot notes.

breathing that exhilarating air, that he was soon able to take long walks over the hills. He used often to carry a jug of soup to a poor old woman who lived in a cottage near the house. Sitting down by her chimney corner, he would talk to her with such courtesy and deference that her heart was completely won. He and his wife were very happy together at this time. Sometimes, indeed, he looked so delicate, that she was seriously alarmed; but then the vivacity of his manner would give her new hope. When the summer was over, they returned to England, and paid visits to all his relatives in Shropshire. On the 5th of November he reached London and took up his residence at a hotel. Dr. Gull wished to see him for a few days before deciding where he ought to spend the winter. Though he suffered no pain, and insisted that he was quite well, it was necessary that he should be watched day and night; and his wife never left him. He was quite cheerful, and continued to show all his old interest in schemes for the public good. At ten o'clock on the night of the 23rd of December, he was attacked by severe hæmorrhage. Then the doctors said that they could help him no more. His wife asked him whether he felt that he was leaving her. "I'm not sure," he whispered, "I don't feel anything but weak from loss of blood. God knows what is best, and He'll do right. But I do ask Jesus to raise me up again, if it is His will, for your sake, darling,—sweet wife,—tender, loving wife . . . I am quite happy. I love God. I

rust entirely to Jesus. I put full confidence in Jesus, and I couldn't do more if I lived a thousand years." Then he sent messages of love and gratitude to all his friends. A few minutes later he died.

He was buried in Highgate Cemetery; and in Westminster Abbey a monument was erected to his memory, close to that which commemorates the deeds of Warren, Hastings. When the news of his death reached India, the people of the frontier, who had long been hoping for his return, were deeply grieved; and one of them exclaimed, "God cannot intend good for India if He has taken away from us such a man as Sir Herbert Edwardes."

What more need be said? The story of the work which Edwardes accomplished in the Punjaub, as a soldier, as an administrator, and as a statesman, needs no comment. As for his teaching, on the highest mission, as he regarded it, of his countrymen in Asia, what there was of vitality in it will not be known until the drama of Anglo-Indian history is played out. His impassioned plea for the enforcement of Biblical study in the schools perished, it is true, as soon as it was uttered; for the zeal that outran discretion was repellent to calmer minds. But it does not follow that, when Edwardes urged that our work in India would be incomplete until the people were influenced by the religion of Nazareth, the spirit of his advocacy, was of no avail. The form, indeed, of the faith which he desired to see propagated is, in the opinion of many, passing

away. But, if the husks of religion are of many shapes and hues, the kernel has ever been essentially the same. To Edwardes the doctrine of the Thirty-Nine Articles was literally, eternally true: but with him, as with all whose lives have melted the hearts and won the reverence of mankind, the essence of religion was this: "To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." What distinguished him among the many sincere Christians whose names find record in Anglo-Indian history, was the absence of painful effort, the gaiety of his spiritual life. Once he felt assured that it was God's will that he should do this or that, his heart turned joyously to do it. He would hardly have understood the pathetic saying of Lamennais, that man is the most suffering of all animals, because he stands with one foot in the Finite, with the other in the Infinite. For he was one of the very few to whom it has been given to follow the exhortation of the world-worn Preacher, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

NOTE.

The following is a list of the original and the principal secondary authorities for the life of Sir Herbert Edwardes:—

- (1) Lady Edwardes's *Letters and Memorials of Sir Herbert Edwardes*.
- (2) Bosworth Smith's *Life of Lord Lawrence*.

- (3) Edwardes's and Merivale's *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*.
- (4) *Parl. Papers*, Vol. xli. (1849).
- (5) Edwardes's *Year on the Panjab Frontier*.
- (6) *The Panjab Mutiny Report*.
- (7) Aitchison's *Treaties, Engagements, and Sunnuds*, vol. ii.
- (8) *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 23rd July, 1858, pp. 124, 151-52, 169, 197.
- (9) Cave Browne's *The Panjab and Delhi in 1857*.
- (10) Cotton's *Nine Years on the North-Western Frontier of India*.
- (11) Kaye's *History of the Sepoy War*.
- (12) Holmes's *History of the Indian Mutiny*.
- (13) MS. Correspondence shown to me by Lady Edwardes. Letters written to me by Lady Edwardes and the Rev. Cowley Powles.
- (14) Ruskin's *A Knight's Faith*.

For the controversy between Edwardes and John Lawrence regarding the proposed abandonment of Peshawur, see Kaye's *Sepoy War* (Library edition), vol. ii. pp. 607-23, Holmes's *Indian Mutiny* (3rd edition), pp. 344-48, *Letters and Memorials of Sir Herbert Edwardes*, vol. ii. pp. 4-26, and *Life of Lord Lawrence*, vol. ii. pp. 46-74; for Edwardes's memorandum "on the elimination of all unchristian principle from the Government of India, see *Letters and Memorials*, vol. ii. pp. 84-110, and *Life of Lord Lawrence*, vol. ii. pp. 205-16.

ADDENDA.

P. 52, 55. It is not easy, within a reasonable compass, to give a perfectly accurate account of Napier's views as to the intentions of the Ameers during the period referred to in the text; for his conclusions varied from time to time according to the information which he received, and perhaps also according to his own humour. Early in November, for instance, he wrote, "They say they will fight,—*F'en doute !*" but on the 26th of the same month he remarked, in a letter to Lord Ellenborough, "I am entirely of your Lordship's opinion that all the defensive measures of the Ameers are only so till an opportunity offers of making them offensive." The prevailing bent of his opinion, however, was that they were only waiting for a favourable opportunity to fight. (See Life, vol. ii., pp. 236, 246, 248, 250, 257-58, 279, and *Correspondence relative to Sind* [1838-43], No. 410, 418, 422, 445,—which contain virtually the whole of the evidence on this point for November-December, 1842).

P. 54. It was not till January 28, 1843, that Napier wrote to the Governor-General about the undue demands which had found their way into the treaty; and he then said that the matter had only been brought to his notice on the previous day. (Enclosures to Secret Letters from the Governor-General, 1843,—No. 2,—8-13, 28 Jan. 1843). But Outram, in his Commentary, states most positively that he pointed out the facts to Napier on November 12, 1842, directly Napier showed him the draft; and there can be no doubt that Napier, who appears to have been impatient of attending to the complicated details of the treaty, forgot, if he did not neglect, to report to the Governor-General what Outram had said.

P. 70.* It is possible, no doubt, that the Ameers of Hyderabad, although, as Napier was aware, they had, before January 30, 1843, refused to receive or aid those of Khyrpore, might in any case have been prevailed upon to support them; but the fact remains that Napier did nothing to prevent the alliance.

The passage in one of Outram's letters (Jan. 26, 1843), which, I think, may have misled Napier, ran as follows:—"I . . . hope I may possibly do something at Hyderabad, both with the Upper and Lower Scinde Ameers, should you send me there." On the 22nd, however, he had asked Napier to let him go to Hyderabad, expressly on the ground that he might prevent the Ameers of Lower Scinde from "giving aid or refuge" to their kinsmen; and this request he had renewed on the 24th. Moreover, in his Commentary, he over and over again charged Napier with having caused the most serious harm, (1) by not consenting in time to let him try to prevent the Upper Scinde Ameers from throwing themselves on the hospitality of those of Hyderabad, and (2) by actually ordering them to go thither. Writing was notoriously not Outram's forte: he wrote long letters, and had to write in a hurry; and I can only conclude that, in his letter of the 26th, what he meant to say was that he hoped, if Napier sent him to Hyderabad, to do something *for*, not *with*, the Ameers of Khyrpore.

P. 73. Napier afterwards complained that Outram had kept assuring him throughout the negotiations that there was "not a man in arms in Hyderabad." It is true that Outram, trusting to the assurances of the Ameers (who could not, if they would, have dispersed the Beloochees), told Napier on the 12th of February that all the troops had been dismissed on the previous day: but he repeatedly warned him that, unless he were empowered to give a pledge to the Ameers that the army would not advance beyond Hala, they would, in self-defence, reassemble them.

P. 109. "But it was in the collection of the land-revenue . . . expense of the Government." It is very difficult to arrive at the exact truth about Napier's collection of the land-revenue: for the data, though voluminous, are, as compared, for instance, with those furnished by the Punjab Board of Administration, insufficient on essential points. The general impression produced by the article in the *Calcutta Review* on "British

Administration of Scinde" (see note to p. 118, App. M, No. 15, and p. 169) is, I think, too unfavourable: but it seems clear that Napier's method of collection was needlessly expensive, and that the robbery of which his inexperienced assistants were the victims, was such as a strong revenue officer like John Lawrence would have known how to prevent.

Of course, as the collectors gained experience, they became able to detect the more glaring frauds of their native subordinates.

P. 154. Outram and others have denied that the Ameers were guilty of infanticide: but the testimony of Sir Richard Burton (Sindh, pp. 44, 244) appears to me conclusive.

The statement,—“Humble offenders were punished with merciless rigour” (p. 36) needs qualification. Minor offences, e.g., theft, were frequently punished by mutilation: but the Ameers were exceedingly reluctant to inflict the penalty of death.

P. 226. I have got some slight additional information about Hodson's Rugby days from two of his old schoolfellows, both of whom have since achieved high distinction, and one knew him very well, and liked him. He had literary tastes: one of the earliest recollections of his former intimate friend is of having heard him read, with enthusiasm, some verses by Clough. He was not, says this informant, a boy of any high principle, though he was susceptible of good impressions. Strange to say, though he did good service as a præpostor in Cotton's house, he was not remarkable among his schoolfellows for courage,—at least in the football field. (See Mr. Thomas Hughes's article on Hodson in vol. 59 of *Fraser's Magazine*.)

P. 178. I might have added, in the foot note to this page, that George Lawrence, as many old Indians could testify, would have been the last man to make a statement injuriously affecting the honour of another, unless he had been certain of its truth.

P. 188. The story,—originally published by Mr. Bosworth Smith (Appendix to *Life of Lord Lawrence*, pp. 513, 517),—of Hodson's having spent the pay of one of his subalterns, and of what followed, is told on the authority of the subaltern himself (now a Major-General), to whom I applied for confirmation of its truth.

Pp. 208-9. The words, "secretly,* and doubtless care to reveal" (p. 208), coupled with the foot note to p. 209, will, I think, have made it clear that my informant had no *positive proof* that Hodson received a bribe for the unauthorised guarantee of safety which he gave to the Queen. But, to prevent any possible misconception, I write this note. What my informant positively vouches for is that the guarantee, which, I repeat, he himself saw, was given *before* the Royal Family left the Palace of Delhi. The Queen, when casually asked what she had paid Hodson, only laughed. But my informant agrees with me that Hodson must have received a *quid pro quo*;* and, indeed, that he did so is self-evident (see note to p. 209). The fact of Hodson's having already given the unauthorised guarantee accounts for the persistency with which he urged Wilson to let him promise the King his life. He did not think it necessary to make any such request in the case of the princes.

P. 214. "The orders I received," wrote Hodson, in a letter to his wife, "were such that I did not dare to act upon the dictates of my own judgement to the extent of killing the King when he had given himself up." These words appear inconsistent with his own statement,—already quoted in a foot note to p. 208,—“General Wilson refused to send troops in pursuit of him (the King), and to avoid greater calamities I then, and not till then, asked and obtained permission to offer him his wretched life, on the ground, and solely on the ground, that there was no other way of getting him into our possession.” They also appear inconsistent with the testimony of Colonel Turnbull (p. 208, note) and of another officer, both of whom have told me that they *heard* Hodson urge Wilson to let him promise the King his life. Possibly the inconsistency is to be accounted for by assuming that Hodson, when he wrote the letter to his wife, wished it to be thought that he had reluctantly submitted to a positive *order* to promise the King his life, lest people might suppose that he had had secret reasons of his own for giving the promise. For, as he has told us himself (Rev. G. Hodson's *Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, p. 231), he was blamed for giving it: people who believed that the King was responsible for the murder of Europeans, were naturally anxious that he should be tried, and, if he were found guilty, hanged; and of course it

was for this reason that Wilson was reluctant to make any terms with him. If Hodson really meant that his "own judgement" would have led him to kill the King when he had given himself up, his admission amounted to this:—that his own judgement would have led him to kill one whom he himself described as "very old and infirm and a mere tool in the hands of" the princes; whom he had induced to surrender by a promise which he had himself asked his General for permission to give; and to whom moreover he had already secretly given a guarantee of safety (see pp. 208-9); in other words, that he would have committed murder aggravated by flagrant breach of faith! One need not, however, believe that he was so black as he painted himself. Doubtless he would, as he said, "have much rather brought the King into Delhi dead than alive,"—if he had been free to gratify his inclination. Had he not fettered himself by giving the unauthorised guarantee of safety to the Queen, his "judgement" would doubtless have led him to slay the King, as he slew the princes. At least, if this is a calumny, he was himself the author of it. But it is hardly credible that, whatever Wilson's "orders" had been, he would have gone so far as to kill the King after giving the Queen that secret guarantee.

P. 259. In the last paragraph of the life of Sir W. Napier (written in 1884) the words, "Napier sorrowfully acknowledged that for him it had been too great," were partly suggested by some recollections of his, recorded by his biographer (vol. ii. p. 443), which, perhaps, will hardly bear such an interpretation.

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